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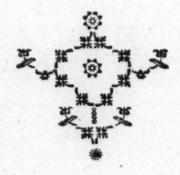
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M. MARMONTEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY C. DENNIS AND R. LLOYD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



LONDONS

Printed for HARRISON and Co. Nº 18, Paternofter Row. M DCC XCII.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

HAVING been engaged some time since in writing upon comedy, I searched into nature for the rules and means of the art. This study led me to examine if it were true, as has been said, that all the great strokes of ridicule had been seized by Moliere, and the poets who have sollowed him.

In running over the canvas of society, I thought I perceived, that in the inexhaustible combinations of follies and extravagancies of all conditions, a man of genius might still find sufficient employment. I had even collected some observations to propose to young poets, when my friend, M. De Boissi, defired me to supply him with some pieces in profe, to insert in the Mercure. It came into my head to make use, in a tale, of one of the strokes in my collection; and I chose, by way of essay, the ridiculous pretension of being loved merely for one's self. This tale had all the fuccess that such a trifle could have. My friend pressed me to give him a second. I proposed to myself to display the folly of those who use authority to bring a woman to reason; and I chose for an example a sultan and his slave, as being the two extremes of power and dependence. This fresh essay also succeeded; and, pleased with having hit the taste of the public in a species of writing which they deigned to look upon as new, I continued to exercise myself in it.

I shall say little concerning the style: when it is I that speak, I deliver myself up to the actual impression of the sentiment or image which I mean to present: my subject surnishes me with the manner. When I make my characters speak, all the art I employ is to fancy myself present at their conversation, and to write down what I imagine I hear. In general, the most simple imitation of nature, in the manners and language, is what I have endeavoured in these tales: if they have not this merit, they have none.

I proposed, some years since, under the article Dialogue in the Encyclopedia, to banish the said he, and said she, from lively and animated dialogue. I have made the experiment in these tales, and I think it has succeeded. This manner of rendering the narration more rapid is uncouth only at first; as soon as we are accustomed to it, it makes the talent of reading well appear with greater lustre.

E

The success which the story of Soliman has had upon the stage, as treated by a gentleman who writes with much ease and elegance, permits me to hope that the same use will be made of some of these little pictures of human life; and for the suture I shall employ myself (as I have done in the three new tales, The Good Husband, The Connoisseur, and School of Fathers) in chusing stories easy to be brought upon the stage, in order to give authors less trouble.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

ALCIPIADES ON SELE.

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give you a proof of the most perfect love, Yes, I content, fince you will be have it list this out fact only may be and brow you not said him began at . I will ade dorning mores ... The prude condenned this refolds tion with an air tufficient to have detroped it. Algorisades, however, kept to the test, She was inspired And paqued but was obliged to differible.
The day following, every temptation which the most enchanting diffiability could afferd was made ute of The tiveline Look define top kied in bor eyes i a-voluntuous negligerace in her sire The Rightest covering, the most favourable disorder, every thing about her invited. Alcibrides to ranger himself. He percentled the finare . What a victor). faid note their "Madami what a victors have I now as gun over myfait! I fee r plainly that Love is putting me to the sural, and I am glad of the deep Licacy of my fentiments half-appear with great laftre. Thele coverings, to thin and maniparent, thefe couches of which Pleafure herself feems to have formed her throne; your beauty; my defines; how-many enemies are their to subdue! Utyfies could not have elcaped them; Heicules would have railen before them. I will be wifer than Ulyfles, and lefs frail than idet cules. Yes, I will convince you, that the fingle pleature of loving can take place of all other pleatures, — You are a charming creature, 'faid the and I may pride mytelf in having a very extraordinary lover! all I dread is, lest your passion should be weaken-

P. A. TURE and former A learned to have confinited to awards the happiness of Aleibjades, Richest, taflower of youth, and of den whet titles for the policinon of new topper of Alcibrades had but and white to be level for himself and y ron the lightest coquette up to the react prode, he shad foddeed every case to Athens—but in loving him a A A O My brayely that they loved to s whitefield place of delicacy leased n one marring as he was tall come bod paying his court to a product this s the moment for reflection A killiaes erhangere thirmed paon, what is callthe finiteerial, the metableyith of o throw away ony attention on a wo-near who perhaps loves me ordy for berown lakes I will know the truth of it, by all the godst and it shat be the cafe. the may look out among our office deliters for a lover to leave m Thy giaca.

The charming prude, according to come the charms that opposed some teeble resistance to the charms of Alcihiades. It was a dreadful affair the could not so think of it without blushings it is muchiny to be smitten as deeply as he was, in order to come to such a restouched. She could have willied for all the world that he were iels young and will pressing i Alcibiades took her at her word. "I perceive, Madam," faid he, word as, "that these compliments cost one day, "that these compliments cost wondear. Well, I am determined to



MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

ALCIBIADES; OR, SELF.

ATURE and fortune feemed to have conspired towards the happiness of Alcibiades. Riches, talents, person, birth, the flower of youth, and of health; what titles for the possession of every foppery! Alcibiades had but one: he wanted to be loved for bimself only. From the lightest coquette up to the greatest prude, he had seduced every female in Athens-but in loving him, was it really bimfelf that they loved? This whimfical piece of delicacy feized him one morning as he was just come from paying his court to a prude: this is the moment for reflection. Alcibiades's thoughts turned upon what is called the fentimental, the metaphyficks of love. I am a pretty fool, faid he, to throw away my attention on a woman who perhaps loves me only for her own fake! I will know the truth of it, by all the gods! and if that be the case, the may look out among our prize-fighters for a lover to ferve in my place.

The charming prude, according to custom, still opposed some feeble resistance to the desires of Alcibiades. It was a dreadful affair! she could not even think of it without blushing! it was necessary to be smitten as deeply as she was, in order to come to such a resolution! She could have wished for all the world that he were less young and less pressing! Alcibiades took her at her word. I perceive, Madam, said he, one day, that these compliments cost you dear. Well, I am determined to

give you a proof of the most perfect love. Yes, I consent, since you will have it so, that our fouls only may be united, and I give you my word that I will ask nothing more.

The prude condemned this resolution with an air sufficient to have destroyed it. Alcibiades, however, kept to the text. She was surprized and piqued; but was obliged to dissemble.

The day following, every temptation which the most enchanting dishabille could afford was made use of. The liveliness of desire sparkled in her eyes; a voluptuous negligence in her air. The flightest covering, the most favourable disorder, every thing about her invited Alcibiades to forget himself. He per-ceived the snare. What a victory, faid he to her, 'Madam! what a victory have I now to gain over myself! I see plainly that Love is putting me to the trial, and I am glad of it. The delicacy of my fentiments shall appear with great luftre. These coverings, fo thin and transparent; these couches of which Pleasure herself seems to have formed her throne; your beauty; my defires; how many enemies are thefe to fubdue! Ulyffes could not have escaped them; Hercules would have fallen before them. I will be wifer than Ulysses, and less frail than Hercules. Yes, I will convince you, that the fingle pleasure of loving can take place of all other pleasures. - You are a charming creature, faid fhe; and I may pride myfelf in having a very extraordinary lover! all I dread is, left your passion should be weaken-

ed by it's rigour. - On the contra- not know you! I perceive that I have ty, interrupted Alcibiades brikly, it will only become the more ardent. - But, my dear child, you are young; there are moments when we are not matters of ourselves; and I should think your fidelity in great danger, if I were to deliver you up to your defires. — Be eafy, Madam, I will be answerable for every thing. If I can conquer my defires towards you, who is there towards whom I shall not be mafter of them?'- You promite me, at least,' said she, that if they become too violent, you will fairly confess it? Do not let any mistaken bashfulness rettrain you. Do not with me: there is nothing I would not flooner pardon you, than an instance of infidelity. - Yes, Madam, I will confess my weakness to you with the greatest fincerity in the world, whenever I am ready to yield to it: but fuffer me, at least, to try my own freugils; I feel that it will yet go a great way, and I hope that love will give me new force. The prude was now quite enraged; but, without giving herfelf the lye, the could not complain. She ttill checked herfelf, in hopes that on a new trial Alcibiades would give way. He received the day after, as form as he awoke, a billet conceived in thefe terms-

· I Have passed a most cruel wight; without you!

He arrives at the prude's. Her window-curtains were but half open : a gentle day fole into the apartment on waves of purple. The prude was yet in a bed threwed with roles. " Come," faid the to him, with a plaintive voice; come, and ease my inquietudes. A frightful dream has difturbed me all night. I thought I faw you at the feet of a rival. Oh! I shudder at it even yet! I have already told you, Alcibiades, that I cannot live under the apprehenfions of your proving unfaithful; my misfortune would be the more cutting, as I should my elf be the cause; and I would at least have nothing to reproach myself. It is in vain for you to promise me that you will subdue yourself; you are too young to be able to do so long. Do I

required too much of your I am fenfis ble that It is both improdest and cruel to impose such hard terms on you. As the spoke these words with the most touching air in the world, Alcibiades threw him elf at her feets 'I am very onhappy, Madan, faid he, if you have not a fufficient efteem for me, to · believe me capable of attaching myfelf to you by the ties of fentiment only! After all, of what have I deprived myfelf? Of that which is a dishonour to love. I blush to see that you fet any value on fuch a facrifice. But were it as great as you imagine it, I fhould but have the more glory.'-No, my dear Adcibiades, faid the prude, giving him at the same time her hand, I with not for a facrifice that colls you to dear : I am too well affured, and too much pleased, with the pure and delicate love you have so fully testified for me. Be happy; I consent to it. — I am so, Madam, cried he, in the pleasure of living for you. Cease to suspect and complain of mey you fee before you the most faithful, most tender, and most respectful of lovers . And the foolin-· est !' interrupted she, drawing the curtains roughly, and calling to her flaves. Alcibiades fallied out in a rage, to find that he had been loved only like another man, and fully resolved never more to fee a woman who had taken him merely for her own pleafure. It is not thus, feid he, ' that we love in the age of innocence; and if the young Glycerium should feel for me what her eyes seem to declare. I am very certain it must be love in it's utmost purity."

Glycerium, just fifteen years, began already to excite the wifnes of the hand-fomest young men. Let us form to ourselves the image of a rose-bud just opening; such were the freshness and

splendor of her beauty.

Alcibrades prefented himself, and his rivals disappeared. It was not yet the custom at Athens to marry, in order to hate and despise one another the next day; but they gave the young folks time, before wedlock, to fee and converie with each other with a becoming freedom: the young ladies did not commit the care of their virtue to their guardians; they were different of themfelves. Modelty did not begin to make a feeble relitance, till after it was robbed robbed

robbed of the honours of victory. Glycerium's made the handfomest defence. Alcibiades omitted nothing to furprize Athenian lady for the talents, her graces, her beautys he made her perceive, in every thing the faid, a refinement the never meant to give it, and a delicacy of which the had not to much as thought. What a pity, that with fo many changes the was not endued with a fensible heart! I adore you, faid he to her; f and I am happy if you lave me la Do not be afraid to tell me for an ingenious candour is the virtue peculiar to your age. It is in vain that they have given the name of prudence to diffimulation: that beautiful mouth is not made to difs guife the fentiments of your heart; let it rather be the organ of Love, fince it was for himfelf that he formed it.'- If you would have me be fincore, replied Glycerium, with a modefly mingled with tenderness, contrive at least that I may be so withthe fentiments of my heart, neither would I wiolate my duty; and I hould betray either the one or the other, if I were to fay more.' Glycerium withed that their marriage fould be agreed upon before the explained herfelf. Alcibiades wanted her to explain herfelf before they should think of marriage. It will be a fine time, 'indeed,' faid he, ' to affure me of your love, when marriage shall have made it a duty, and I shall have reduced you to the necessity of counterfeiting; it is now that you are free, that it would please me to hear from that mouth the difinterested confellion of a natural and pure senand reproach me not with wanting a fensible heart; it has at least been so fusice I have seen you. I esteem you fusiciently to trust you with the secret of my heart; but now it has sescaped me, I ask one favour of you: interviews, till you have adjusted the affair with those on whom I depend. The confession which Alcibiades had just obtained would have compleated the happiness of any other, less difficult, lover, but his whim fill possessed him ... He wanted fill to fee whether he was loved for bimself. I will not

conceal from you, faid he, that the offer which I am going to make, may not be attended with success. Your relations received me with a cold civility, which I should have taken for a dismission, if the pleasure I have in feeing you had not overcome my delicacy; but if I oblige your father to explain himfelf, there will no longer be any room for distembling. He is a member of the Areopagus: Socrates, the most virtuous of men, is there suspected and odious; I am the friend and disciple of Socrates, and I greatly fear that the hatred they have for him may extend to me. My apprehensions, perhaps, carry me too far; but, at laft, if your father facrifice us to his politicks, if he refules to give me your hand, what do you determine to do?" - To be unhappy, replied Glycerium; ' and to submit to my deltiny.'-You will fee me then no more?'-If they forbid me to see you, I must obey. - You will obey, then, also, if they promise another husband to you? - I shall become the victim of my duty.'—' And out of duty, likewife, you will love the husband they shall chuse for you?'—' I shall endeavour not to hate him. But what questions you put to me! What would you think of me yourfelf, if I entertained any other fentiments?" That you loved me as you ought to love me. - It is too true that I do love you. - No, Glycerium! Love knows no law; he is above all obstacles: but to do you justice, this fentiment is too great for your age. It requires firm and courageous fouls, whom difficulties animate, and illfortune does not shock. Such a pas-sion, I confess, is rare. To wish for an estate, a name, and a fortune, at. one's disposal; to throw one's self, in thort, into the arms of a husband; to protect one against one's parents; this is what is now c ll d love, but what I call a defire of independence. This is downright tyranny, faid Glycerium, with tears in her eyes,
to add injury to reproaches! I
have faid nothing to you but what
was tender and honelt. Did I balance one moment to facrifice my
lovers to you? D.d I helitate to confels to you your triumph? What is it you ask farther of me! I ask of

you, faid he, to swear a constancy to me proof against every thing; to fwear to me, that you will be mine, whatever happens; and that you will be only mine. Indeed, Sir, said the, that is what I will never do.

Indeed, Madam, I ought to have expecked this answer, and I blush that I
have exposed myself to it. At these
words he entired, transported with anger,
and sa ing to hinstell— I was well set
to work to tall in lose with a child,

who has no foul, and whose heart disposes of itself only by the advice of

her parents "

There was in Athens a young widow who appeared inconfolable for the lofs of her hulband. Alcihiades paid her, as all the world did, his first devoirs, with that grave air which decorum enjoins towards persons afflicted. The widow found a sensible consolation in the difcourses of this disciple of Socrates, and Alcihiades an inexpressible charm in the tears of the widow. Their moral discourtes, however, grew more lively every day. They joined in praises on the good qualities of the deceased, and agreed as to his bad ones. He was the honestell man in the world! but his understanding, fluctly speaking, was but ordinary. He had a pretty good figure, but without elegance or grace: full of attention and care, but his affiduity was tirefome. In short, she was in despair for having lost so good a hufband, but fully refolved not to take a fecond. 'What,' faid Alcibiades, ' at your age renounce matri-" mony !'- I confets to you,' faid the widow, that as averte as I am to · flavery, yet liberty frightens me as " much. At my age, delivered up to my * own guidance, and being quite independent, what will become of me! Alcibiades failed not to infinuate, that between the boudage of matrimony and the abandoned state of widowhood, there was a middle path; and that with refred to de corums, nothing in the world was eafier to be reconciled to them than a tender attachment. She was startled at the proposition; the had rather die! Die at the age of loves and graces!' It was eafy to show the ridiculousness of fuch a project, and the widow deaded rothing to much as ridicule. It was refolved, theretoie, that the should not dies it was ralready decided, what the could her even live without being pro-

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ante do teda ya Leversia

tected by somebody; this somebody could be only a loves; and, without prejudice, she knew no man more worthy than Alcibiades to please and attach her. He redoubled his assiduities: at first she complained of them; in a short time she accustomed herself to them; at length the asked the meaning of them; and to avoid all improdence they settled

matters decently. W

Alcibiades was now at the pinnacle of his defires. It was neither the pleafures of love, nor the advantages of matrimony, that were to be loved in him: it was he bimself, at least he imagined fo. He triumphed over the grief, prudence, and pride of a woman, who required nothing in return but fecrefy and love. The widow, on her fide, plumed herfelf on holding under her dominion the object of the jealoufy of all the beauties of Greece. But how few perfons know how to enjoy without a confidante! Alcibiades, while a lover in fecret, was only a common lover like another man; and the greatest triumph is no farther pleasing, than in proportion as it is publick. An author has faid, that it is not enough to be in a fine country, if we have no one whom we can fay to- What a fine country!' The widow found in like manner, that it was not fufficient to have Alcibiades for a lover, if the could not tell any one-I have Alcibiades for a lover. She communicated it, therefore, in confidence, to an intimate friend, who communicated it again to her lover, and he to all Greece. Alcibiades, aftonished that his adventure was become publick; thought it his duty to acquaint the widow of it, who accused him of indiscretion. If I were capable of any such ' thing,' faid he, ' I should suffer those reports to prevail, which I had been defirous of propagating; but I with for nothing fo much as to flife them. Let us be upon our guard: let us savoid meeting in publick; and whenever accident may happen to bring us sogether, be not offended at the strange and carelels air I shall affect towards you. The widow received all this but very indifferently. I perceive, indeed. faid fhe, that you will be the more at eafe for it : affiduities and sattention confine you too much, and you alk nothing better than the power of wandering. But for me, what fort of a countenance would you have me suggestive glowed with a first to noble put on? I know not how to act the coquette: weary of every thing in your abience, penfive and embarrafied before you, I shall have the appearance of being trifled with, and, in fact, perhaps shall be so. If they are per-fueded that you possess me, there is ho remedy: the world is not to be brought back. Where will be the good, then, of this pretended mystery? We shall have the appearance, you of a disengaged lover, I of a forsaken mistress. This answer from the widow furprized Alcibiades : her conduct compleated his aftonishment. Day after day the gave herself greater freedoms and liberty: at any publick show she expected that he should be seated behind her, and that he should hand her to the temple, and be of the party in her walks and suppers. She affected above all things to have him among her rivals; and in the midft of them it was her pleafure that he should see nobody but her: the commanded him in an absolute tone of voice, viewed him with an eye of my ftery, fmiled at him with an air of meaning, and whispered him in the ear with that familiarity which betrays to the world the connection there is between two persons. He saw plainly that she led him every where like a slave chained to her car. I have taken airs for sentiments, faid he, with a figh; tit is not myfelf that the loves; it is the glory of having conquered me; she would despise me if the had no rivals. Let me teach her, that vanity is unworthy to fix love."

The envy of the philosophers could not forgive Socrates, that he taught nothing in public but truth and virtue: they preferred every day to the Areopagus the heaviest complaints against this dangerous citizen. Socrates, employed in doing good, let them fay all the harm of him they thought proper; but Alcibiades, devoted to Socrates, opposed his enemies. He presented himself before the magistrates; he reproached them with liftening to bale persons, and countenancing impoltors; and spoke of his matter as the justest and wifest of mortals. Enthufialm creates eloquence : in the conferences which he had with one of the members of the Areopagus, in prefence of the wife of the judge, he spoke with fo much sweetness and vehemence, with fo much fense and reason, his beauty glowed with a fire so noble and affecting, that this virtuous woman

was affected to the bottom of her foul. She took her persurbation for admiration, 'Socrates,' faid the to her fpoufe, is really a divine man, if he makes fuch disciples. I am charmed with the eloquence of this young man; it is impossible to hear him without im-The magistrate, who provement.' was far from doubting the prudence of his wife, informed Alcibiades of the praises she bestowed on him. Alcibiades was pleased with them, and asked the husband's permission to cultivate the esteem of his wife. The good man invited him to his house. 'My wife, faid he, ' is a philosopher too, and I shall he very glad to see you disputing together.' Rhodope (for that was the name of this respectable matron) prided herself, indeed, on her philosophy; and that of Socrates from the mouth of Alcibiades pleased her more and more. I forgot to mention, that the was of that age in which women are past being pretty, but in which they may fill be reckoned handjome; in which perhaps they are a little less lovely, but in which they know better how to love. Alcibiades paid his devoirs to her. diftrufted neither him nor herself. study of wildom filled up all their con-versations: the lessons of Socrates pass-ed from the soul of Alcibiades into that of Rhodope, and in their passage gathered new charms; it was a rivulet of pure water running over flowers. Rhodope became every day more changed: she accustomed herseif to define, according to the principles of Socrates, wildom and virtue, truth and justice. Friendship came in it's turn; and, after examining it's effence—' I should be glad,' said Rhodope, ' to know what difference Socrates makes between love and friendship?'- Though Socrates is not one of those philosophers, replied Alcibiades, nalyse every thing, yet he distinguishes three forts of love; the one grofs and base, which is common to us with other animals; that is to fay, the impulse of necessity, and the relish of pleasure. The other pure and celeftial, by which we approach the gods; this is the most ardent and tender friendfhip. Lattly, the third, which participates of the two first, preferves the medium between the gods and the brutes, and feems the most ' natural to man; this is the union of fouls, cemented by that of the fentes. Socrates

Socrates gives the preference to the poor charm of friendship: but as he thinks it no crime in nature to contain spirit united to matter, so he thinks it none in man to lavour of this mix-Above al, when Nature has taken pains to unite a fine person with a fine soul he would have us respect the work of Nature: for however ill-favoured Socrates may be himself, he does jus-tice to beauty. If he knew, for ex-ample, with whom I hold these dis-courses concerning philosophy, I make no doubt but he would reproach me for having fo ill employed my leffons." - A truce with your gallantry, in-terrupted Rhodope, I am talking to a lage; and young as he is, my with is, that he would instruct, and not fiatter me! Let us return to the principles of your master. He permits love, you say, but does he know it's errors and excesses? — Yes, Madam, as he knows those of drunkenness, and nevertheless allows the use of wine, - The comwe may chuse our wines, and moderate the use of them: have we the same liberty in love? It is without choice or mealure. Yes, without doubt, joined Alcibiades, in a man without rejoined Alcihiades, morals or principles; but Socrates begins by making men wife and virtu-ous, and it is to them only that he permits love. He well knows that they will love nothing but what is hones, and there we run no rifk of loving to excess. The mutual inclination of two virtuous fouls cannot but render them Rill more virtuous.' Every answer of Alcihiades removed some deficulty in Alcibiades removed fome deficulty in the mind of Rhodope, and rendered her inclination for him more infinuating and rapid. There remained now only conjugal fidelity, and there was the Gordian knot. Rhodope was not one of those with whom one might cut it, there was a necessary for undoing it for her; Alcibiades sounded her at a distance. As they were one day on the subject of fociety— Necessary, faid Alcibiades, has united mankind, common interest has regulated their duties, and the abuses of them have produced laws. abuses of them have produced laws. All this is facred; but all this is squeed, but all this is squeed, but all this is squeed, but externally, the mutual duties which they impose upon each other

established to that he because a sale of

pals not beyond the furface. Nature alone is the legislatres of the heart: she alone can inspire with gratitude, friendship, love. Sentiment cannot be a dury by inftimion. Thence comes it, for example, that in marriage we can neither promise nor require any more than corporal attachment.' Rho-dope, who had relished the principle, was faid fhe, could I have promifed my husband only to behave as if I loved him! - What elfe was it in your power to promife him?'- To love him in reality, replied fire, in a very indeterminate tone of voice. He has o promised you, then, in his turn, to be not only amiable, but of all men the most amiable in your eyes? - He has promifed me to do all in his power towards it, and he keeps his word."-Very well, you also do all in your power to love him only; yet neither the one nor the other of you are fure of fuccels. - This is frightful philosophy! eried Rhodope. 'Happily, Madam, it is not fo frightful: there would be too many criminals, if conjugal love were an effential duty."- What, Sir! do you doubt it?"- I doubt nothing, Madam! but my frankness may dis-please you, and I do not see you disposed to imitate it. I thought I was Speaking to a philosopher, but I find I was speaking only to a woman of a lively genius. I retire, confounded at my militake, but I would give you at parting an instance of fincerity. I believe I have morals as pure, as honest, as the most virtuous woman; I. know, too, fullias well as the, to what the honour and religion of an oath engages us; I know the laws of marhowever, had I married a thousand women, I mould not have repreached myfelf in the least for thinking you alone handlomer, and a thousand times more umiable, than these the Find women put togethers According to you, in order to be virtuous, we must · have neither heart nor eyes; I congratulate you on being arrived at fuch 2 degree of perfection! This discourse, pronounced with a

tone of vexation and anger, left Rhodope in an attorishment from which the had some difficulty to recover. From that time Alcibiades discontinued his He rook beinby the hatch

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vifits. She had discovered in his adjeus a warmer interest than that occasioned by the heat of the dispute: the perceived on her own fide, that the loss of his philosophical conferences was not what the regretted most a A dislike of every thing, diguit to herfelf, a fecret repugnance to the attentions of her bulband; laitly, the confusion and blothes which the name alone of Alcibiades created. All thefe things made her dread the danger of feeing him again; and yet the burned with the defire of feeing him once more. Her husband brought him back to her. As the had given him to understand, that they had differed a little in a ditpute concerning words, the magistrate railied Alcibiades on it, and obliged him to return. The interview was grave; the hufband amufed himfelf with it fome time; but his affairs foon called him away. I leave you, faid he to them; and I hope, that after having quarrelied about words, you will come to a reconciliation upon things." good man meant no harm; but his wife could not help blufhing for him.

After a pretty long filence, Alciblades began- Our conferences, Madam, were once my delight; and with 'all the tendency imaginable to diffipation, you had raught me to relish and prefer the charms of folitude. I was o no longer one of the world, I was no longer myfelf, I was wholly and entirely yours. Think not that a foolish hope of feducing and leading you aftray had stolen ioto my foul: virtue, much more than wit and beauty, had enflaved me to your laws. But loving you with a passion as delicate as it was tender, I flattered myfelf I should have inspired you with the like. This pure and virtuous love offends you, or rather is only troublesome to you; for it is impossible that you hould condemn it in reality. All that I feel for you, Madam, you yourfelf feel for another, you have confessed it to me. I cannot reproach you onthe account, nor complain of it; but allow, that I am not happy. There ' allow, that I am not happy. is perhaps but one women in Athens who really has love for her hulband, and it is for this very woman that I am diffracted.'- Indeed, you are a great simpleton for the disciple of a ' tage,' faid Rhodope with a smile. He replied very gravely; she answered again jeeringly. He took her by the hand;

the grew angry; he kiffed her hand, the would have withdrawn; he detained her, the blushed; and the heads of both the philosophers were turned topfy-turvy.

It is unnecessary to say how much Rhodope was grieved, and how she consoled herself. All this is easily supposed in a virtuous and captivated woman.

She trembled above all for the honour and peace of her husband. A cibiades fwore inviolable fecrefy; but the malice of the publick rendered any indifcretion on his part absolutely needless. It was well known, that he was not the fort of man to talk for ever about philosophy to an amiable woman. His affiduities created suspicions; suspicions in the world always go as far as certainties. It was decided that Alcihiades had Rhodope. The report came to the ears of her husband: he was far from giving credit to it; but his honour, and that of his wife, required that the thould put herself above suspicion. He spoke to her of the necessity of putting away Alcibiades, with fomuch good-humour, reason, and confidence, that she had not the courage to reply. Nothing is more grievous to a foul naturally fensible and virtuous, than the receiving marks of effeem which it no longer delerves.

Rhodope from that moment resolved never more to fee Akibiades; and the more weakness she perceived in herself to wards him, the more firmnels the ditplayed in her resolution of breaking with him. In vain did he endeavour to subdue her by his eloquence. 'I have fuffered myself to be pertuaded,' said the to him, 'that the fecret injuries we do a husband were nothing; but the very appearances of them become real injuries from the moment they attack his honour, or ditturb his peace. . I may be willing to believe that I am not obliged to love my hab and; but to render him happy, as far as in me lies, is an indispensible duty. - So then, Madam, you pieter his happinels to mine? - I prefer, faid fie to him, my engagements to my inclinations: this word, which has now escaped me, shall be my last weaknefs. - Alas I I thought myfelf befure. ' Farewei, Midam; I fee plainby that I owed my happiness only to the caprice of a moment. Se! ih.fe are our virtuous women! continued he. When they take to us, it is an excels of love; when they for lake us, it is an effort of virtue; and, at the bottom, this love and this virtue are nothing more than a mere phantafy, which feizes them at one time, and leaves them at another. —' I have deferved this affeont!' faid Rhodope, burfting into tears. 'A woman who has not maintained a proper respect for herself, is not to expect it from others. It is very just that our weak-nesses should bring us into contempt.'

Alcibiades, after to many proofs, was thoroughly convinced, that there was no longer any dependence upon women; but he had not confidence enough in himfelf to expose himself to new dangers; and fully resolved as he was not to love again, he yet perceived in a contused manner the necessity of loving.

In this fecretinquietude, while he was walking one day on the fea-shore, he faw a woman advancing towards him, whose gair and beauty might have made him take her for a goddefs, if he had not discovered her to be the courtezan Erigone. He would have shunned her, but the made up directly to him. 'Alcibiades,' said she, 'philosophy will make a fool of you. Tell me, my dear boy, is it a time, at your age, to bury one's felf alive in thefe chimerical and melancholy ideas? Take my advice, and be happy; we have always time enough to be wife. '- ' I have no ambition to be wife,' faid he to her, 'but in order to be happy. -A pretty road, indeed, to happinels! Do you think I wear myfelf out in the " nudy of wildom? Not I. And yet is there any of your honest women note content with her condition? This Socrates has spoiled you: it is a s pity! but yet the e is a cure for you, if you will take tome leffons from me. I have had a defign upon you for fome s time I am young, handsome, and fensible; and I believe I may lay, without vanity, of as much value as any I ng bearded philosopher of them beal ? "I hey teach mortification; horof rible ference! Come to my school, and I wilreach you the art of enjoyment. - I have earned it but too offenial on and pleature have ruined to unie. 101 am no lenger that opulent and his nifeent perfon whom his fellies selidered to famous, and I have

not at present even a fripport but at the expense of my creditors. Very well; and is it that which chagrins you? Be comforted; I have gold and e jewels in abundance, and the follies of others fhall ferve to repair thine. - You fatter me greatly, replied Alcibiades, ' by these obliging offers; but I shall not make an ill use of them.'-What do you mean by this delicacy? Does not love make all things common? Besides, who will imagine that you owe any thing to me? You are not fool enough to boaft of it, and I have too much pride to publish it myfelf.'- You furprize me; for, to fay the truth, you have the character of being avaricious. - Avaricious! Aye, to be fure, with those whom I do not love, in order to be lavish to the man that I love. My diamonds are very dear to me, but you are ftill dear. er: if you want them, fay but the word; to-morrow I will facrifice them to you, '- ' Your generofity,' replied Alcibiades, confounds and penerrates me: I would give you the pleasure of exercising it, if I were able at least to flew my gratitude like a young fellow; but I ought not to diffemble with you, that the immoderate use of pleasures has not only ruined my fortune, but I have found out the fecret of growing old before my time.'-I believe to, replied Erigone imiling; you have known fo many virtuous women! But I am going to furprize you fill more: a lively and delicate fentiment is all that I expect from you; and if your heart, too, is not ruined, you have yet enough to latisfy me. You rally! faid Alcibiades. Not at all. If I took a Hercules for a lover, I mould with him to prove himfelf a Hercule; but I would have Alcibiades love me only like Alcibiades, with all the delicacy of that tranquil pleasure whose source is in the heart. If on the fentual fide you intend me any furprize, fo much the better! I allow you every thing, and exact nothing. — Indeed, faid Alcibiades, I am as much charmed as aftonished; and but for the uneafinels and jealoufy I thould feel on account of my rivals - Rivals! you thall have none but unformnate ones, I friend, women do not charge but either through coquetry or curtofity;

and with me, you know, both the one and the other are exhaufted. If I were unacquainted with mankind, the promile I now make you might be a little rafh; but in facrificing them to you, I know very well what I am doing. After all, there is one certain way of making you easy: you have a farm at a good distance from Athens, where no impertments will come to trouble Do you think yourfelf capable of supporting a tête à tête there with me? We will set out whenever you will. — No, said he to her, 'my engagements detain me for some time in town; but if we should settle matters together, need we advertise our-selves? — Just as you please: if you think proper to own me, I shall proclaim you; if you chuse secresy, I will be more discreet and reserved than a prude. As I am dependent on nobody, and love you merely for your own fake, I neither fear nor defire to attract the eyes of the publick. Put no constraint on yourself; consult your heart; and if I am agreeable to you, my supper is ready for us. Let us go and call the gods of joy and pleafure to witness to our vows!' Alcibiades seized Erigone by the hand, and kused it with transport. 'At last,' faid he, 'I have found true love; and from this day my happiness commences.

They arrive at the courtezan's. The most delicate and exquisite of every thing that taffe could invent to gratify all the fenses at once, seemed to have concurred in this supper to enchant Alcibiades. It was in such an apartment that Venus received Adonis, when the Loves poured out nectar, and the Graces ferved ambrolia. 'When I took,' faid Erigone, ' the name of one of the miftreffes of Bacchus, I did not flatter myself with possessing one day a mortal handsomer than the conqueror of India. What do I fay? a mortai! It is Bacchus, Apollo, and the god of love himself, that I posses; and I am this moment the happy rival of Erigone, Calliope, and Psyché. crown you then, my young god, with the vine-leaf, the laurel, and the myrtle. May I be able to bring before your eyes all the attractions adored by those immortals, whose charms are united in you!' Alcibiades, intoxicated with feif-love and defire, display-

ed all those enchanting talents which might have seduced wisdom itself. He fong his triumph on the lyre; he compared his happiness to that of the gods; and he found himself happier than they, as he had before been found to be more amiable.

After supper he was condusted into a neighbouring apartment, but separated from that of Erigone. Repose yourfelf, my dear Alcibiades, faid she, leaving him: ' may love possess you in your dreams of nothing but me! Vouchsafe at least to make me believe so; and if any other object should prefent itself to your imagination, spare my delicacy, and by a complaisant falshood repair the involuntary wrong you shall have done me in your sleep. 'Ah, what,' replied Aicibiades tenderly, ' will you reduce me to the pleafure of illufion?'- You fhail never have with me, faid the, ' any other laws than your defires.' At thele words the withdrew into her own apartment, humming a tune. Alcibiades cried out in a transport of joy- O modesty! O virtue! what then are ye, if in a heart where you refide not there is found pure and chafte love; love, fuch as it descended from the tkies to animate man while yet innocent, and ' to embellish human nature!' In this excels of joy and admiration he gets up, and goes to furprize Erigone.

Erigone received him with a smile. Inspired with a sensibility tempered with delicacy, her heart seemed only to take fire from the desires of Alcibiades. Two months glided away in this delicious union, without the courtezan's ever belying for one moment the character she had assumed; but the satal day now approached that was to dissipate so flatteraing an illusion.

The preparations for the Olympick Games engrossed the conversation of all the youth of Athens. Erigone spoke of these games, and of the glory of bearing away the prize in them, with so much warmth, that she made her lover form the design of entering into the course, and conceive a hope of triumphing. But he wanted to delight her by an agreeable surprize.

The day on which these games were to be celebrated, Alcibiades lest her, in order to repair thither. If they should fee us to gether, faid he, fat these spectrum tacks, they would not fail of drawing

inferences; and we have agreed to avoid even suspicion. Let us repair

to the Circus, each on different fides. We will return here after the fealt,

and I expect you at Supper.

The reople affemble, and feat themfelves. Erigone presents herself, and attracts the eyes of all. The handsome women view her with envy, the ngly with indignation; the old men with regret, and the young with universal transport. However, the eyes of Erigone, wandering over the vaft amphitheatre, looked for nothing but Alcibiades. All on a fudden the law appear before the barrier the courfers and the chariot of her lover. She durst not believe her eyes; but, soon after, a young man, more beautiful than the god of love, and more gallant than Mars, vaults into the glittering car. 'It is Alcibiades! it is he himf. It! The name palles from mouth to mouth; the hears no longer any thing around her but these words : It is Alcibiades, the glory and ornament of the Athenian youth!" Erigone turned pale with joy: he cast a look at her, which feemed to be the presage of victory. The chariots range themselves in a line, the barrier opens, the fignal is given, the ground refounds in cadence under the feet of the horses, a cloud of duft enfolds them. Erigone no longer breathes: all her foul is in her eyes, and her eyes purfue the chariot of her lover through the clouds of duft. The chariots separate, the swift. est get the start; that of Alcibiades is of the number. Erigone, trembling, puts up vows to Castor, to Pollux, to Hercules, to Apollo. At last the perceives Alcibiades at the head, and having only one who kept pace with him. Ir was then that fear and hope held her foul futpen fed. The wheels of the two chartors feemed to turn on the fame axle, and the horses guided by the same reins. Alcitiades redoubles his ardour, and the heart of Erigone begins to dilare; his rival increases his speed, and the neart of Erigone shuis itself up again! Every alternate revolution produces a suiden change in her. The two charlots arrive at the gool; but Alcibiades's antagonist has outstripped him by a fingle shoot ferwards. Immediately a thousand cries made the air related with the name of Pificrates of Sanios. Alcibiades, confounded, retires in his chariot; his head hung down,

and the reins floating loofely, avoiding that fide of the circus where Erigone, overwhelmed with confusion, had hid her face beneath her veil. It appeared to her as if all eyes were fixed upon ber, to remoach her for loving a man who had just been conquered. A general murniur, however, is heard round her; the looks up to fee the caufe; it is Pificrates, who is bringing back his chariot on the fide where the is placed. A new occasion of confusion and grief! But what is her furprize, when the chariot stopping at her feet, the fees the conqueror alight, and present her with the Olympick crown! " I uwe it to you, " Madam,' faid he, ' and I come to pay you the homage of it.' Let us conceive, if possible, all the emotions of the fool of Erigone at this speech; but love was predominant. You owe me nothing, faid the to Pificrates, blufting; ' my wishes, pardon my frank-· nefs, my wishes were not for you.'-' The defire of conquering before you,' replied he, has not the less on that account acquired me this glory. If I have not been happy enough to interest you in the contention, let me be at least sufficiently so to interest you in the triumph? He then preffed her anew, with the most affecting air, to receive his offering: all the people invited her to it by redoubled flours of applause. Self love at length prevailed over her love for Alcibiades: The received the fatal laurel, to yield, the faid, to the acclamations and inflances of the people; but who could believe it? She received it with a smiling air; and Pisscrates remounted his chariot, intoxicated with love and glory.

As foon as Alcibiades was recovered of his first dejection, 'You are very weak, and very vain,' faid he to himself, to afflict yourfelf to this immoderate degree! and for what? because there is found in the world one man more dexterous, or more happy, than thyfelf. But I fee what it is that tor-" ments you would have been transported to have conquered in the preferce of Erigone; and you dread " the thought of being loved lefs, after being vanquiffed. Do her more " justice: Erigone is not like the ordis anary run of women; the will he * pleafed with you for the ardour you have flewn to conquer; and as to · your ill fuccets, the will be the first

to make you blush for your sensibility on so small a missertune. Let
me go and see her with considence;
I have even cause to rejoice at this
moment of adversity; it is a new trial
of her heart, and Love contrives me a
unumph more pleasing than that of the
course. Full of these consoling ideas,
he arrives at Erigone's, but finds the
chariot of the conqueror at the door.

This was a clap of thunder to him. Shame, indignation, despair, seize his soul. Distracted and raging, his disordered steps turn, as it were of them-felves, to the house of Socrates.

The good man, who had been prefent at the games, ran out to meet him. Sol' faid he, ' you come to confole younfelf with me, because you have been vanquished. I dare say, young man, that I should not have seen you, had you triumphed. I am not, however, the less thankful for the wifit. I love to have people come to ome in advertity. A foul intoxicated with it's good fortune, vents itself wherever it can; the confidence of a. foul in affliction is more flattering and affecting. Confess, however, that your horses did miracles. Why, you miffed of the prize only by one fpring. You may boalt, therefore, 4 that, next to Pificrates of Samos, you have the best coursers in all Greece, and indeed it is a most glorious thing for a man to have excellent horses! Alcibiades, confounded at his misfortune, did not even hear the raillery of Socrates. The philosopher, guesting at the trouble of his heart by the alteration of his countenance- 'What, then,' faid he to him in a graver tone, ' does a trifle, a mere childish amusement, affect you thus? If you had loft anempire, I could scarce pardon your being in the state of humiliation and dejection wherein I now fee you.'- Ah! oning to himself, how unhappy are we in having sensibility! We ought to have a foul of marble to live in the age we do.'- I confess,' replied Socrates, f that fensibility costs us dear 4 lometimes; but it is fo good a quality, that we cannot pay too dear for it. Let us know, however, what has · befallen you?'

Alcibiades recounted to him his adventures with the prude, the young

lady, the widow, the magistrate's wife, and the courtezan who at that very inthant had just facrificed him to another. "What's in that you bemoan vourtelf for?" faid Socrates, after hearing his complaint; it appears to me, that each of them leved you after her manner with the greatest finecrity in the world. The prude, for example, loved pleafure; the found it in your, you deprive her of it, the dimities you; and fo with the reft. It was their oden happinels, never doubt it, that they fought in their lover. The young lady faw in you a husband whom the could love with freedom and decency; the widow, a glorious triumph which did benour to her beauty; the magistrate's wife, an amiable and discreet man, with whom, without either danger or noile, her philosophy and her virtue might take some relaxation; the courtezan, a man admired, applauded, and univerfally defired, whom the should have the fecret pleafure of possessing alone, while all the beauties of Greece should vainly dispute with each other the glory of captivating him.'- You confess, then, faid Alcibiades, that not one of them loved me for myfelf?" For your felf!' cried the philotopher; "ah, my dear child! who has put this ridiculous pretention into your head? None love but for themielves. Friendthip itself, purely sen imental as it is, founds it's preferences only on perfonal interest; and if you demand that it should be differented, you I am amazed,' purfued he, ' to fee how foolish self love is, even in those who have the best understanding. fhould be very glad to know, what is this SELF that you would have them love in you? Birth, fortune, glory, youth, talents, and beauty, are but accidents. Nothing of all this is your-SELF, and yet this is all that renders you amiable. The felf, which unites all these charms, is no more than the canvas of the tapeftry : it is the embroidery that gives it value. In loving all thele endowments in you, they confound them with you. Do not, I advise you, run into imaginary dittinctions; and receive, it is given you, the result of this mixture: it is a coin of which the alloy forms the conditience, but which

- lofes it's value in the crucible. bot forry that your delicacy has de-
- tached you from the prode and the widow; nor that the relolution of Rhodope, and the vanity of Erigone,
- has reftored you to liberty : but I regret the lois of Glycerium, and ad-
- vife you to return to her.'- You jell! faid Alciniades; " fhe is a
- mere child, who only wants to be
- married.'- Very well, you shall marry her then.'- Did I hear right? Socrates advise me to marriage!'-
- Why not? If your wife be wife and reasonable, you will be a happy man;
- if the be a wanton or a coquette, you will become a philosopher; you can-
- not, therefore, do otherwise than gain
 - by it.'

SOLIMAN II.

IT is pleasant to see grave historians racking their brains, in order to find out great causes for great events. Sylla's valet de chambre would perhaps have laughed heartily to hear the politicians reason on the abdication of his master; but it is not of Sylla that I am now going to speak.

Soliman II. married his flave, in contempt of the laws of the fultans. It is natural at first to paint to ourselves this flave as an accomplified beauty, with an elevated foul, an uncommon genius, and a protound skill in politicks. No fuch thing : the fact was as follows.

Soliman grew splenetick in the midst of his glory: the various, but ready pleafures of the feraglio, were become infipid to him. 'I am weary,' faid he one day, of receiving here the careffes of more machines. These slaves move my pity. Their foft docility has nothing poignant, nothing flattering. It is to hearts nourished in the bosom of liberty, that it would be delightful to make flavery agreeable.'

The whimfies of a fultan are laws to his ministers. Large sums were instantly promised to such as should bring European flaves to the feraglio. In a fhort time there arrived three, who, like the three Graces, seemed to have divided among themselves all the charms of beauty.

Features noble and modelt, eyes tender and languishing, an ingenious temper, and a fensible foul, diftinguished the touching Elmira. The entrance of the foraglios the idea of fervitude, had chilled her with a mortal terror: Soliman found her in a fwoon in the arms of his women. beHeapprenaches, he recalls her to life; he encourages her; the lifts to-

or to the out

wards him a pair of large blue eyes, bedewed with tears; he reaches forth his hand to her; he supports her himfelf; the follows him with a tottering she is alone with her- It is not with fear, beautiful Elmira, faid he to her, that I would inspire you. Forget that you have a master; see in me only a lover. - The name of a lover, faid fhe to him, ' is not less unknown to " me than that of master: and both the one and the other make me tremble. They have told me (and I still shudder at the thought) that I am destined to your pleafures. Alas! what pleafure can it be to tyrannize over weakness and innocence! Believe me, I am not capable of the compliances of fervitude; and the only pleasure possible for you to taste with me, is that of being generous. Restore me to my parents, and my country; and in the respect you shew for my virtue, my youth, and my missortunes, ment my gratitude, my esteem, and my re-

This discourse from a slave was new to Soliman: his great foul was moved by it. 'No,' faid he, 'my dear child, I will owe nothing to violence. You charm mel I will make it my happiness to love and please you; and I prefer the torment of never feeing you more to that of feeing you unhappy. However, before I restore you to liberty, give me leave to try, at least, whether it be not possible for me to diffipate that terror which the name of flave firikes into you. I ask only one " month's trial; after which, if my love cannot move you, I will avenge myfelf no otherwise on your ingratitude, than by delivering you up to the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind. — Ah, my lord! cried Elmira, with an emotion mixed with joy, how unjust are the prejudices of my country, and how little are your virtues known there! Continue such as I now see you, and I no longer reckon this day unfortunate.

Some moments after, the saw slaves enter, carrying baskets filled with stuffs and valuable trinkets. 'Chuse,' said the sultan to her; 'these are cloaths, 'not ornaments, that are here presented to you: nothing can adorn you.'—
Decide for me,' said Elmira to him, running her eyes over the baskets. 'Do not consult me,' replied the sultan; I hate, without distinction, every thing that can rob me of your charms.' Elmira blushed, and the sultan perceived the preserved the colours most favourable to the character of her beauty. He conceived a pleasing hope from that circumstance: for care to adorn one's self

is almost a desire to please.

The month of trial passed away in timid gallantries on the part of the fultan, and on Elmira's fide in complaifance and delicate attentions. Her confidence in him increased every day without her perceiving it. At first he was not permitted to see her, but after the bufiness of the toilette, and on condition to depart when the prepared to undress again; in a short time he was admitted both to her toilette and dishabille. It was there that the plan of their amusements for that day and the next was formed. Whatever either proposed was exactly what the other was going to propose. Their disputes turned only on the stealing of thoughts. Elmira, in these disputes, perceived not some small slips which escaped her modesty. A pin milplaced, or a garter put on unthinkingly, &c. afforded the fultan pleafures which he was cautious not to tellify. He knew (and it was much for a fultan to know) that it was impolitick to advertise modelty of the dangers to which it exposes itself; that it is never fiereer than when alarmed; and that, in order to subdue it, one should render them familiar. Nevertheless, the more he discovered of Elmira's charms, the more he perceived his fears increase, on account of the approach of the day that might deprive him of them.

The fatal period arrives. Soliman causes chests to be prepared, filled with stuffs, precious stones, and performes. He repairs to Elmira, followed by thefe presents. ' It is to morrow,' faid he, that I have promifed to reftore you to liberty, if you still regret the want of it. I now come to acquit myfelf of my promise, and to bid adieu to you forever.'- What I faid Elmira trembling, ' is it to-morrow? I had forgot ' it.'- ' It is to-morrow,' refumed the fultan, that, delivered up to my despair, I am now become the most unhappy of men.'- You are very cruel. then, to yourfelf, to put me in mind of it!'- 'Alas! it depends only on you, Elmira, that I should forget it for ever.'- I confels, faid the to him, that your forrow touches me; that your proceedings have interested me in your happiness; and if, to shew my gratitude, it were necessary only to prolong the time of my flavery-No, Madam, I am but too much accustomed to the happiness of possessing you. I perceive that the more I shall know of you, the more terrible it would be to me to lose you: this facrifice will coft me my life; but I shall only render it the more grievous by deferring it. May your country prove worthy of it! May the people whom you are going to pleate, deserve you better than I do! I afk but one favour of you, which is, that you would be pleased cordially to accept these prefents, as the feeble pledges of a love the most pure and tender, that yourfelf, yes, that yourfelf, are capable of inspiring.'- No,' faid the to him, with a voice almost smothered, I will not accept of your presents. I go; you will have it so! But I shall carry away from you nothing but your image.' Soliman, lifting up his eyes to Elmira, met her's bedewed with tears. Adieu, then, Elmira!'- Adieu, So-' liman!' They bid each other to many and fuch tender adieus, that they concluded by swearing not to separate for The avenues of pleasure through which he had paffed to rapidly with his flaves from Alia, appeared to him fo delicious with Elmira, that he found an inexpressible charm in going through them flep by flep; but arrived at the happiness itself, his pleasures had from that time the same defect as before; they became too easy of access, and in a fho. s a short time after too languid. Their days, so well filled up till then, began to hang heavy. In one of these moments, when complatiance alone retained Soliman with Elmira—' Would it be agreeable to you,' said he, ' to hear a ' slave from your own country, whose ' voice has been greatly commended to ' me?' Elmira, at the proposal, plainly perceived that she was lost; but to put any constraint on a lover who begins to grow tired, is to tire him still more. 'I am for any thing,' said she, ' that you please;' and the slave was ordered to enter.

Delia (for that was the finger's name) had the figure of a goddess. Fier hair exceeded the ebony in blackness, and her skin the whiteness of ivory. Two eye-brows, boldly arched, crowned her sparkling eyes. As soon as she began tuning, her lips, which were of the finest vermilion, displayed two rows of pearl set in coral. At first she sung the victories of Soliman, and the bero felt his soul elevated at the remembrance of his triumphs. His pride hitherto, more than his taste, applauded the accents of that thrilling voice, which filled the whole saloon with it's harmony and

ftrength.

Delia changed her manner, to fing the charms of pleasure. She then took the theorbo; an inftrument favourable to the display of a founded aim, and to the movements of a delicate and light hand. Her voice, more flexible and tender, now refounded none but the most touching founds. Her modulations, connected by imperceptible gradations, expressed the delirium of a foul intoxicated with pleasure, or exhausted with fentiment. Her founds, fometimes expiring on her lips, some imes swelled and lunk with rapidity, expressed by turns the fighs of modefty and the veha mence of defire; while her eyes still more than her voice animated thefe lively descriptions,

ber both with his ears and eyes. 'No,' faid he, 'never before did so beautiful 'a mouth utter such pleasing sounds. 'With what delight must she, who fings so feelingly of pleasure, inspire and relish it! How charming to draw that harmonious breath, and to catch 'again in their passage those sounds animated by love!' The suitan, loss in their reflectious, perceived not that all

the while he kept heating time on the knee of the trembling Eimira. Her heart oppressed with jealousy, she was scarce able to breathe. 'How happy is Delia,' said she, in a low voice, to Soliman, 'to have so tuneful a voice! 'Alas! it ought to be the organ of my heart! every thing that she expresses, 'you have taught me to feel.' So said Elmira, but Soliman did not listen to her.

Delia changed her tone a fecond time to inconstancy. All that the change. rul variety of nature contains, either interesting or amiable, was recapitulated in her fong. It feemed like the flutter, ing of the butterfly over roses, or like the zephyrs lofing themselves among the flowers. ' Liften to the turtle, faid Delia, ' fhe is faithful but melan, choly. See the inconstant sparrow; pleature moves his wings; his warb. ling voice is exerted merely to return thanks to love. Water freezes only in stagnation; a heart never languishes but in constancy. There is but one mortal on earth, whom it is possible to love always. Let him change, let him enjoy the advantage of making a thousand hearts happy; all prevent his withes, or purfue him. adore him in their own arms; they love him even in the arms of another. Let him give himself up to our defires, or withdraw himfelf from them, still he will find love wherever he goes, wherever he goes will leave the print of love on his footsteps.

Elmira was no longer able to diffemble her displeasure and grief. She gets up and retires: the fultan does not recal her; and while the is overwhelming herfelf with tears, repeating a thousand times- 'Ah, the ungrateful! Ah, the 'perfidious man!' Soliman, chaimed with his divine fongstress, prepares to realize with her some of those pictures which he had drawn fo much to the life. The next morning the unhappy Elmira writ a billet filled with reproach and tendernels, in which the puts him in mind of the promise he had made her. ' That is true,' faid the fultan; ' let us fend her back to her country, laden with marks of my favour. This poor girl loves me dearly, and I am to blame on her secount.

The first moments of his love for Dalia were no more than an intexication; but as foon as he had time for reflection,

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reflection, he perceived that the was of pleasure than flattered in administering it; in a word, fitter than himfelf to have a feraglio at command. To feed his illusion, he sometimes invited Delia. that he might hear that voice which had enchanted him; but that voice was no longer the same. The impression made by it became every day weaker and weaker by habitude; and it was now no more than a flight emotion, when an unforeseen circumstance dissipated it for

The chief officer of the feraglio came to inform the fultan, that it was imposfible to manage the untractable vivacity of one of the European flaves; that the made a jest of his prohibitions and menaces; and that the answered him only by cutting railleries and immoderate bursts of laughter. Soliman, who was too great a prince to make a state affair of what merely regarded the regulation of his pleasures, entertained a curiofity of feeing this young madcap. He re-paired to her, followed by the eunuch. As foon as the faw Soliman, ' Heaven be praifed!' faid the, here comes a human figure! You are without doubt the sublime sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be? Do me the favour to drive away this old knave, who ' shocks my very fight.' The fultan had a great deal of difficulty to refrain laughing at this beginning. 'Roxacalled, ' hew some respect, if you please, to the minister of my pleasures: you are yet a stranger to the manners of the feraglio; till they can inttruct you in them, contain yourfelf and obey.'- ' A fine compliment!' faid Roxalana. 'Obey! Is that your Turkish gallantry? Sure you must be mightily beloved, if it is in this strain you begin your addresses to the ladies! Respect the minister of my pleasures! You have your pleasures, then? and, good Heaven! what pleasures, if they resemble their minister! an old amphibious monster, who keeps us here, penned in, like sheep in a fold, and who prowls round with his frightful eyes always ready to devour us! See here the confidante of your pleasures, and the guardian of our prudence! Give him his due, if you pay him to make yourself hated, he does not cheat you of any of his wag:s. We cannot take a flep but he growls. He forbids us even to walk, and to receive or pay visits. In a short time, I suppose, he will weigh out the air to us, and give us light by the yard. If you had feen him rave last night, because he found me in these solitary gardens! Did you order him to forbid our going into them? Are you afraid that it thould rain men? and if there should fall a few from the clouds, what a misfortune! Heaven owes us this miracle.

While Roxalana spoke thus, the fultan examined, with furprize, the fire of her looks, and the play of her countenance. 'By Mahomer!' faid he to himself, ' here is the prettiest looking romp ' in all Asia. Such faces as these are ' made only in Europe.' Roxalana had nothing fine, nothing regular in her features; but, taken all together, they had that imart fingularity which touches more than beauty. A speaking look, a mouth fresh and rosy, an arch smile, a nose somewhat turned up, a neat and well made shape; all these circumstances gave her giddiness a charm which difconcerted the gravity of Soliman. But the great, in his fituation, have the refource of filence; and Soliman, not knowing how to answer her, fairly walked off, concealing his embarrassment unde an air of majefty.

The eunuch asked him what orders he would be pleased to give with respect to this saucy slave. She is a mere child,' replied the fulran; ' you must pass over some things in her.'

The air, the tone, the figure, the difposition of Roxalana, bad excited in the foul of Soliman an anxiety and emotion which sleep was not able to dispel. As soon as he awoke, he ordered the chief of the eunuchs to come to him. 'You feem to me,' faid he, 'to be but little in Roxalana's good graces; in order to make your peace, go and tell her I will come and drink tea with her.' On the arrival of the officer, Roxalana's women hastened to wake her. ' What does the ape want with me! cried the rubbing her eyes. 'I come,' replied the eunuch, ' from the emperor, to kits the dust of your feet, and to inform you that he will come and drink tea with the delight of his foul. - Get away with your strange speeches! My feet have no duit, and I do not drink tea to early. The

The eunuch retired without replying, and gave an account of his embaffy. She is in the right,' faid the fultan; why did you wake her? You do every thing wrong. As foon as it was broad day with Roxalana, he went this ther. 'You are angry with me?' faid he; ' they have disturbed your sleep, and I am the innocent cause of it. Come, let us make peace; imitate met you see that I forget all that you said to me yesterday. You forget it! fo much the worse: I said some good things to you. My frankness difpleases you, I see plainly : but you will foon grow accustomed to it. And are you not too happy, to find a friend ' in a flave? Yes, a friend, who interefts herself in your welfare, and who would teach you to love. Why have not you made a voyage to my country? It is there that they know love; it is there that it is lively and tender; and why? because it is free. Sentiment is involuntary, and does not come by force. The yoke of marriage amongst us is much lighter than that of flavery; and yet a husband that is beloved is a prodigy. Every thing under the name of duty saddens the soul, blafts the ' imagination, cools defire, and takes off that edge of felf-love which gives all the relish and seasoning to affection. Now, if it be so difficult to love a husband, how much harder is it to love a master, especially if he has not the address to conceal the fetters he puts upon us?- And I, replied the fultan; 'I will forget nothing to loften your fervirude; but you ought in your turn- ' I ought! nothing but what one ought! Leave off, I pr'ythee, now, these humiliating phrases. They come with a very ill grace from the mouth of a man of gallantry, who has the honour of talking to a pretty woman.'- But, Roxalana, do you forget who I am, and who you are?" Who you are, and who I am! You are powerful, I am pretty; and fo we are even. - May be so, replied the fultan haughtily, ' in your country; but here, Roxalana, I am mafter, and you a flive. '- 'Yes, I know you hive purchased me; but the robber who fold me could transfer to you only " those rights over me which he had himself, the rights of rapine and violence; in one word, the rights of a f robber; and you are too honeft a man

to think of abusing them. After all, you are my master, because my life is in your hands; but I'am no longer your flave, if I know how to despife life; and truly the life one leads here is not worth the fear of lofing it.'-What a frightful notion!' cried the fultan: ' do you take me for a barharian? No, my dear Roxalana, I would make use of my power only to render this life delightful to yourself and me.'

-' Upon my word,' said Roxalana, the prospect is not very promising. These guards, for instance, so black, so disgusting, so ugly, are they the smiles and sports which here accompany love?'—'These guards pany love? - Thefe guards are not fet upon you alone. I have five hundred women, whom our manners and laws oblige me to keep watched.'-And why five hundred women?' faid the to him, with an air of confidence. It is a kind of state which the dignity of fultan imposes upon me.'- But what do you do with them, pray? for you lend them to nobody. - 'Inconstancy, replied the fultan, has introduced this custom. A heart void of love stands in need of variety. Lovers only are constant, and I never was a lover till I faw you. Let not the number of these women give you the shadow of uneafiness; they shall serve only to grace your triumph: you shall fee them all eager to please you, and you shall see me attentive to no one but yoursels. " Indeed, said Roxalana, with an air of compassion, 'you deserve better luck. It is pity you are not a plain private gentleman in my country; I should then be weak enough to entertain some fort of kindness for you: for, at the bot-tom, it is not yourself that I hate, it is that which furrounds you. You are much better than ordinary for a Turk: you have even something of the Frenchman about you; and, without flattery, I have loved fome who were not to deferving as yourfelf. -You have loved!' cried Soliman, with horror. Oh, not at all! I took care of that. But do you expect one to have kept one's virtue all one's lifetime, in order to lurrender it to you? Indeed, these Turks are pleafant pro-ple! — And you have not been virthous? O Heavens, what do I hear! . Tam betraved ! I am loft! Deftruction leize the traitors who meant to · impole

impose upon me! — Forgive them,' faid Roxalana; 'the poor creatures are not to blame. The most knowing are often deceived. And then, the mistortune is not very great. Why do you not restore me to my liberty, if you think me unworthy of the honours of slavery? — Yes, yes, I will restore you to that liberty, of which you have made so good use. At these words the sultan retired in a rage, saying to himself, 'I plainly foresaw that this little turned up note had made a slip.'

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which this imprudent avowal of Roxalana's had thrown him. Sometimes he had a mind to have her fent away, fometimes that they should shut her up, next that they should bring her to him, and then again, that she should be tent away. The great Soliman no longer knows what he fays. ' My lord, remonstrated the eunuch, can you fall into despair for a triflle? One girl more or less; is there any thing lo uncommon in her? Belides, who knows whether the confession the has made be not an artifice to get herself fent back to her own country?'-What fay you? How! can it be poffible? It is the very thing! He Women are not opens my eyes. used to make such consessions. It is a trick! a stratagem! Ah, the perfidious hulfy! Let me dissemble in my turn: I will drive her to the last extremity. Hark ye! go and tell her that I invite her to sup with me this evening. But, no; order the fongstress to come here: it is better to fend her.'

Delia was charged to employ all her art to engage the confidence of Roxalana. As foon as the latter had heard what he had to fay, 'What!' faid the, young and handsome as you are, does he charge you with his mellages, and have you the weakness to obey him? Get you gone, you are not worthy to be my countrywoman. Ah! I see plainly that they spoil him, and that I alone must take upon me to teach this Turk how to live. I will fend him word that I keep you to sup with me; I must have him make some atonement for his impertmence.'-But, Madam, he will take it ill. — He! I should be glad to see him take any thing ill of me. - But he feemed detirous of feeing you alone.'- Alone, ah! it is not come to that yet;

and I shall make him go over a good deal of ground, before we have any thing particular to say to each other.

The fultan was as much furprized as piqued to learn that they flould have a third person. However, he repaired early to Roxalana's. As soon as she faw him coming, the ran to meet him with as easy an air as if they had been upon the best footing in the world together. ' There,' faid the, ' is a handfome man come to fup with us! Do you like him, Midam? Confess, Soliman, that I am a good friend. Come draw near, falute the lady. There! very well. Now, thank me. Softly ! I do not like to have people dwell roo long on their acknowledgments. Wonderful! I affure you he furprizes me. He has had but two lessons, and fee how he is improved! I do not despair of making him one day or other, an absolute Frenchman.

Do but imagine the astonishment of a fultan; a fultan! the conqueror of Aha! to fee himself treated like a school-boy by a flave of eighteen. During supper, her gaiety and extravagance were inconceivable, The fultan was beside himfelf with transport. He questioned her concerning the manners of Europe. One picture followed another. Our prejudices, our foliles, our humours, were all laid hold of, all represented. Soliman thought himself in Paris. 'The witty rogue!' cried he; 'witty.rogue!' From Europe the fell upon Afia. This was much worfe: the hanghtiness of the men, the weakness of the women, the dulness of their society, the filthy gravity of their amours, nothing escaped her, though the had feen nothing but curfo-The feraglio had it's turn; and Roxalana began by felicitating the fultan on having been the first to imagine that he could enfure the virtue of the women by the absolute impotence of the blacks .-

She was preparing to enlarge upon the honour that this circumstance of his reign would do him in history; but I e begged her to spare him. 'Well,' said she, 'I perceive that I take up those moments which Delia could fill up much better. Throw yourtelf at her teet, to obtain from her one of those airs which they say she sings with so much taste and spirit.' Delia did not suffer herself to be entreated. Roxal-na appeared charmeds the asked Solimas, in a low voice, for a handkerchef, e

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gave her one, without the least suspicion of her delign. 'Madam,' said she to De'ia, presenting it to her, 'I am de's fired by the sultan to give you the handkerchief; you have well deserved it. —'Oh, to be sure!' said Soliman, transported with anger; and presenting his hand to the songstress, retired along with her.

As foon as they were alone, 'I confefs.' faid he to her, 'that this giddy' girl confounds me. You fee the style in which she treats me. I have not the courage to be angry with her. In fhort, I am mad, and I do not know what method to take to bring her to reason.'- 'My lord,' said Delia, 'I · helieve I have discovered her temper. · Authority can do nothing. You have nothing for it but extreme cold-· ness or extreme gallantry. Coldness may pique her; but I am afraid we are too far gone for that. She knows that you love her. She will enjoy the pain that this will coft you; and you will come too fooner than fhe. This method, besides, is disagreeable and painful; and if one moment's weakness should escape you, you will have all to begin again.'—' Well, then,' faid the fultan, 'let us try gallantry.'

From that time there was in the feraglio every day a new festival, of which Roxalana was the object; but she received all this as an homage due to her, without concern or pleasure, but with a cool complaisance. The sultan sometimes asked her, 'How did you like those sports, those concerts, those spectacles?'—'Well enough,' Taid the, but there was something wanting.'—' And what?'—' Men and liberty.'

Soliman was in despair; he had recourse to Delia. 'Upon my word,'
faid the songstress, 'I know nothing
else that can touch her; at least, unless glory have a share in it. You receive to-morrow the ambassadors of
your allies; cannot I bring her to see
this ceremony behind a curtain, which
may conceal us from the eyes of your
court? —'And do you think,' said
the sultan, 'that this would make any
impression on ler?'—'I hope so,' faid
Delia, 'the women of her country love
glory. —'You charm me!' cried Soliman. 'Yes, my dear Delia, I shall
owe my happiness to you.'

At his return from this celemony, which he took care to render as pompous

as possible, he repaired to Roxalana. Get you gone,' faid the to him, 'out of my fight, and never fee me more." The fulian remained motionless and dumb with aftonishment. 'Is this, then,' purfued fie, 'your art of love? Glory and grandeur, the only good things worthy to touch the foul, are referred for you alone; shame and oblivion, the most insupportable of all evils, are my portion; and you would have me love you! I hate you worfe than death!' The fultan would fain have turned this reproach into raillery. . Nay, but I am serious,' resumed she; ' if my lover had but a hut, I would hare his hut with him, and be content. He has a throne; I will share his throne, or he is no lover of mine. If you think me unworthy to reign over the Turks, fend me back to my own country, where all the handsome women are sovereigns, and much more absolute than I should be here; for they reign over hearts.'- The fovereignty of mine then is not fufficient for you?' faid Soliman with the most tender air in the world. ' No; I defire no heart which has pleasures that I have not. Talk to me no more of your feasts, all mere pastimes for children, I must have embassies.'- But, Roxalana, you are either mad, or you dream!'- 'And what do you find, then, fo extravagant, in defiring to reign with you? Am I formed to difgrace a throne? And do you think that I should have displayed less greatness and dignity than yourfelf in affuring our fubjects and allies of our protection ?'- ' I think,' faid the fultan, ' that you would do every thing with grace; but it is not in my power to fatisfy your ambition, and I befeech you to think no more of it .-Think no more of it! Oh! I promife you I shall think of nothing else; and I will from henceforward dream of nothing but a sceptre, a crown, an embassy.' She kept her word. The next morning the had already contrived the defign of her diadem, and had already fettled every thing, except the colour of the ribband which was to tie it. She ordered rich stuffs to be bought her for her habits of ceremony; and as foon as the fultan appeared, the afked his opinion on the choice. He exerted all his endeavours to divert her from this ides; but contradiction plunged her into the deepest melancholy; and to draw her out of it again, he was obliged to flatter her illusion. Then she displayed the most brilliant gaiety. He seized thele moments to talk to her of love; but, without liftening, the talked to him of politicks. All her answers to the harangues of the deputies, on her accession to the crown, were already prepared. She had even formed projects of regulations for the territories of the grand figuior. She would make them plant vines and build opera-houses; supprefs the eunuchs, because they were good for nothing; thut up the jealous, because they disturbed fociety; and banish all self-interested persons, because fooner or later they became rogues. The fultan amused himself for some time with these follies : nevertheles, he still burned with the most violent love, without any hope of being happy. On the leaft suspicion of violence the became furious, and was ready to kill herself. On the other hand Soliman found not the ambition of Roxalana fo very foolifh: For, in fhort,' faid he, ' is it not cruel to be alone deprived of the hap-! piness of affociating to my fortune a woman whom I esteem and love? All my subjects may have a lawful wife; an absurd law forbids marriage to me ' alone.' Thus spoke love, but policy put him to filence. He took the refolution of confiding to Roxalana thereafons which restrained him. ' I would make it, faid he, my happiness to leave nothing wanting to yours: but our manners-' 'Idle thories !'-' Our laws-' ' Old fongs!'-' The

priefts-' ' What care they!'- ' The people and the foldiery- 'What is it to them? Will they be more wretched when you shall have me for your con-fort? You have very little love, if you have so little courage!' She prevailed so far, that Soliman was ashamed of being fo fearful. He orders the mufti, the vizier, the camaican, the aga of the sea, and the aga of the janissaries, to come to him; and he says to them, I have carried, as far as I was able, the glory of the crescent; I have established the power and peace of my empire; and I defire nothing, by way of recompence for my labours, but to enjoy, with the good will of my subjects, a blessing which they all enjoy. I know not what law, but it is one that is not derived down to us from the prophet, forbids the fultans the sweets of the marriage-bed: thence I perceive myfelf reduced to the condition of flaves, whom I despise; and I have resolved to marry a woman whom I adore. Prepare my people, then, for this mar-riage. If they approve it, I receive their approbation as a mark of their gratitude; but if they dare to murmur at it, tell them that I will have it fo.' The affembly received the fultan's orders with a respectful Glence, and the people followed their example.

Soliman, transported with joy and love, went to fetch Roxalana, in order to lead her to the mosque; and said to himself in a low voice, as he was conducting her thither, 'Is it possible that a little turned-up nose should overcurn

" the laws of an empire!"

THE SCRUPLE;

O R

LOVE DISSATISFIED WITH ITSELF.

HEAVEN be praised,' said Belisa, on going out of mourning for her husband, 'I have now sulfilled 'a grievous and painful piece of duty! 'It was time it should be over. To see one's self delivered up at the age of sixteen to a man whom we know nothing of; to pass the best days of one's life in dullness, dissimulation,

and servitude; to be the slave and victim of a love we inspire, but of which we cannot partake; what a trial for virtue! I have undergone it, and am now discharged. I have nothing to reproach myself with; for though I did not love my husband, I pretended to love him, and that is much more heroick. I was faithful

to him, notwithstanding his jealoufy : in fort, I have mourned for him. This, I think, is carrying goodness of h . t as far as it can go. At length restored to myself, I depend on nothing but my own will, and it is only from to-day that I begin to live. Ah! how my heart would take fire, if any one hould succeed so far as to please me! But let me consider well before I lengage this heart of mine; and ! let me not, if possible, run the risk either of ceasing to love, or of ceasing to be loved .- Cease to be loved ! That, I believe, is a difficult matter,? refumed the, confulting at the fame time her looking glais; 'but to cease to love · is still worse. How could one for any considerable time feign a passion one did not feel? I thould never be able to do it. To leave a man after we have taken to him, is a piece of effrontery beyond me; and then coms plaints, despair, the noise of a rupture, all that is frightful! Let me love, fince Heaven has given me a fensible heart; but let me love my whole life Iong, and not flatter myfelf with those f transient likings, those caprices, which are so often taken for love. I have f time to chuse and try myself; the only thing to be done to avoid all furprize, is to form a diffinct and exact notion of love. I have read that love & is a passion, which of two fouls makes but one; which pierces them at the fame time, and fills them one with the other; which detaches them from & every thing, fupplies the want of every thing, and makes their mutual hap pinels their only care and defire. Such, f without doubt, is love; and according to this idea of it, it will be very f miy for me to dillinguish in myfelf, f and in others, the illution from the f reality.

Her first experiment was made on a young magistrate, with whom the disposition of her late husband's effects gave her some connection. The President de Same, with an agreeable figure, a cultivated understanding, a sweet and sensible temper, was simple in his dress, easy in his manner, and modest in his conversation. He valued himself neither on being a conneisseur in equipages nor sineries. He talked not of his hortes to the women nor of his intrigues to the men. He had all the talents becoming his place without outentation, and all the agreeable qualities of a man of

the world without being a coxcomb. He was the same at court and in company; not that he passed decrees at an entertainment, or railied when he heard causes; but as he had not the least affectation, he was always without discourses.

guise.

Belifa was touched with fuch uncom. mon merit. He had gained her confidence; he obtained her friendthip, and under that name the heart goes a great way. The affairs of Behla's husband being fettled, ! May I be permitted,' faid the prefident one day to the widow, to alk you one question in confidence? Do you propose to remain free, or shall the facrifice of your liberty make one man more happy?'- 'No, Sir,' faid the, ' I have too much delicacy ever to make it any man's duty to live only for me.'- That duty would be a very pleasing one, replied the gallant magistrate; and I greatly fear, that without your confent more than one lover will impose it upon him. ' felf.'- ' So much the better,' faid Belifa; 'let them love me without being obliged to it: it is the most pleasing of all homages. -- Yet, Madam, I cannot suspect you of being a coquette.' "Oh! you would do me great injustice if you did; for I abominate coquet. ' try.'- ' But to define to be loved without loving again!'- And who, Sir, has told you that I shall not love? Such refolutions are not taken at my age. I would neither constrain, nor be constrained; that is all.'- Very well: you defire, then, that the engagement should cease with inclination?'- I defire that both the one and the other should be eternal, and for that reason I would avoid even the " shadow of constraint. I feel myself capable of loving all my life long in · liberty; but, to tell you the truth, I would not promife to love two days in · flavery.

The president saw plainly that he must humour her delicacy, and content himself with being on the sooting of a friend. He had the modesty to bring himself to that; and from thenceforward every little tenderness of love was practised in order to touch her. He succeeded. I shall not mention the degrees by which Belisa's sensibility was every day more and more affected; let it suffice, that she was now come to that pals, when prudence, in equipoise with love, waits only one slight effort to turn the scale. They

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were at this point, and were tête-à-tête: The president's eyes, enflamed with love, devoured the charms of Belifa; he preffed her hand tenderly. Belifa, trembling, hardly breathed. The prefident folicited her with the impassioned eloquence of defire. 'Ah! prefident,' faid fhe to him at last, ' could you be capable of deceiving me?' At these words the last figh of modesty learned to have escaped herlips. ' No, Madam,' faid he, ' it is my heart, it is Love himself who has just spoken by my mouth, and may I die at your feet, if—' As he fell at Belifa's feet, his knees came upon one of the paws of Shock, the young widow's favourite hp-dog. Shock let up an howl. 'Lord, Sir, how aukward you are?' cried Belifa with anger. The prefident coloured, and was difconcerted. He took Shock to his bofom, kiffed the injured paw, asked his pardon a thousand times, and intreated him to folicit his forgiveness, Shock, recovered of his pain, returned the pre-fident's careffes. 'You fee, Madam, he has good nature; he forgives me; it is a fine example for you.' Belifa made no reply. She was fallen into a profound reverie, and a cold gravity. He wanted at first to interpret her gravity as a little pouting, and threw himself again at Belisa's feet in order to appeale her. 'Pray, Sir, get up,' faid the to him; ' thefe freedoms difpleate me, and I do not know that I have given any room for them.

Imagine the prefident's attonishment. He was confounded for two whole minutes, without being able to bring out a word, 'What, Madam,' faid he to her at last, ' can it be possible that so trivial an accident has drawn your 'anger upon me?'- 'Not at all, Sir; but I may, without anger, take it ill that any one should throw himself at my feet: it is a fituation that fuits only happy lovers, and I esteem you too much to suspect your having dared to form any fuch pretentions. - ' I do not fee, Madam,' replied the pre-fident with emotion, 'why a hope founded on love should render me less worthy of esteems but may I presume to alk you, fince love is a crime in your eyes, what is the nature of the fentiment you have expressed towards me?' Friendship, Sir, friendship; and I defire you very feriously to krep to.

that.'- I alk your pardon, Madam:

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fomewhat else; I see plainly that I was milt ken. - That may be, Sir; many others are miltaken as well as yourself.' The president could no longer suitain the shock of so strange an inflance of caprice. He went away in despair, and was not recalled.

As foon as Belifa found herfelf, alone. Was not I going to be guity of a fine piece of folly?' taid the with indignation. I have feen the moment when my weakness was going to yield to a man whom I did not love. They may well fay that we know nothing less than ourselves. I could have sworn that I adored him, that there was nothing which I was not disposed to facrifice to him; no fuch thing: he happens, without intending it, to hurt my little dog, and this violent love immediately gives place to anger. A dog touches me more than he, and without a moment's hen ation I take the part of this little animal against the man in the world whom I thought I loved best. A very lively pathon indeed, mighty folid, and tender! See how we take ideas for fentiments! The brain is heated, and we fancy the heart inflamed; we proceed to all manner of follies; the illusion ceases, and difgust succeeds; we must tire ourselves with constancy without love. or be inconstant with indecency. O, my dear Shock, what do I not owe you! It is you that have undecrived me. But for you, I should perhaps have been at this moment overwhelmed with confusion, and torn with re-" morfe."

Whether Belifa did or did not love the prelident, (for queltions of this nature turn merely on the equivocation of terms) it is certain, that on the ftrength of faying to herself that she did not love him, the fucceeded fo far as to convince herfelf of it; and a young officer foon confirmed her in her opinion.

Lindor, from being one of the pages, had just obtained a company of horse. Freshness of youth, impatience of defire, giddiness, and levity, which are graces at fixteen, and folles at thirty, rendered agreeable in the ey.s of Belifa this young man of quality, who had the honour of belonging to her hufb and's family. Lindor was extremely fond of himfelf, and not without reason; he knew that he was well made, and of a charming figure. He fand fo fomerimes; 1 should have fworn that it had been! but he laughed to heartily after he had

faid it, he discovered in laughing to fresh a mouth and such fine teeth, that these fimplicities were pardoned at his age. He mingled besides such lofty and noble fentiments with the puerilities of felflove, that all this together was very engaging. He was defirous of having a handlone miffres, and a good warhorle; he would view himfelf in the glass as he went through the Prussian exercise. He would beg Belifa to lend him the Sopha*, and asked her if she had read Folard's Polybius. He thought it long till fpring, that he might have an elegant fuit, in case of peace, or make a campaign if it should be war. This mixture of frivolousness and heroifin is perhaps the most seducing of any thing in the eyes of a woman. confused prefage that this pretty little creature, who trifles at the toilet, who careffes his dear felf, who admires his own sweet person, will, perhaps, in two months time, throw himself in the face of a battery, upon a fquadron of the enemy, or climb like a grenadier up a mined breach; this prelage gives to the gentilities of a fine gentleman an air of the marvellous, which creates admiration and tendernels: but this foppery fits well on none but young gentlemen of the army. A piece of advice, by the way, to pretty fellows of every condi-

Belifa was affected by the fimple and airy graces of Lindor. He had conceived a passion for her from the first visit. A young page is in haste to be in love. My beautiful consin, faid he to her one day, for so he called her or account of their alliance, ' I ask of · Heaven but two things; to make my first campaigns against the English, and with you. - You are a giddy · creature,' faid the,' and I advile you to defire neither one nor the other: one will happen perhaps but too foon, and the other will never happen at all. "Never happen at all! That is very ftrange, my iweet coufin. But I ex-· pected this answer: to it does not difcourage me. Come, I will lay you a wager, that before my fecond cam-' paign you will cease to be cruel. Now that I have nothing to plead for me but ' my age and figure, you treat me like a · child; but when you shall have heard

it faid, "He was in fuch an action, his

he distinguished himself, he took " poft, he has run a thousand risks;" then your little heart will go pit-a-pat with fear and pleasure, and perhaps with love; who knows? If I were wounded, for example! Oh, that is very moving! For my part, if I were a woman, I should wish that my lover had been wounded in the wars. I would kifs his fcars, I should have infinite pleasure in counting them. My beautiful coulin, I shall shew you mine. You will never be able to hold it. - Go, you young fool, do your duty like a gallant man, and do not shock me with presages that make me tremble.'- See, now, if I have not fpoke truth? I make you tremble beforehand. Ah! if the idea alone affects you, what will the reality? Courage, my pretty confin, you may trust yourfelf to me: will not you give me fomething in advance upon account of the laurels that I am going to gather?

Such fooleries passed between them every day. Belifa, who pretended to laugh at them, was not the less sensibly touched; but that vivacity which made fo great an impression upon her heart, prevented Lindor from perceiving it. He was neither knowing enough, nor attentive enough, to observe the gradations of fentiment, and to draw his advantages from them. Not but he was as enterprising as politeness requires, but a look intimidated him, and the fear of displeasing influenced him as much as his impatience to be happy. Thus two months paffed away in flight attempts, without any decifive fuccels. However, their mutual passion grew more and more animated; and feeble as Belisa's refistance was, the was tired of it herfelf, when the fignal for war gave the alarm to their loves.

At this terrible fignal all engagements are suspended; one flies away without making an answer to a most gallant billet, another fails in an aflignation that would have crowned all his wishes: a total revolution in the whole

Lindor had scarce time to take leave of Belifa. She had now reproached herfelf a hundred times for her imaginary cruelties. This poor youth, faid the, f loves me with all his foul : nothing " regiment charged on fuch an occasion, can be more natural or tender than the

expression of his fentiments. His figure is a model for a painter or startiary. He is beautiful as the day; giddy, indeed; but who is not so at his age? And he has an excellent heart. has nothing to do but to amuse himfelf; he would find few cruel; yet he fees only me, he breathes only for me, and I treat him with difdain. I wonder how he bears it. I confess; that if I were in his place, I should soon · leave this rigid Belifa to stupify herself with her virtue; for, in thort, though prudery is well enough fometimes, yet to be always acting the prudiff part-As the was making these reflections, the news arrived that the negociations of peace were broken off, and that the officers had orders to rejoin their corps without a moment's delay. At this news all her blood froze in her veins. He is going, cried the, her heart fruck and penetrated. ' He is going to fight; going to die, perhaps; and I shall never see him more!' Lindot arrives in his uniform. I am come to bid you adieu, my sweet coufin : I am going ; going to face the enemy. Half of my wish is fulfilled; and I hope that at my return you will fulfil the other half. I love you dearly, my fweet coufin! Do you sometimes remember your little cousin : he will return your faithful fervant, he gives you his word. If he is flain, indeed, he will not return; but in that case his ring and watch shall be fent you. You fee here this littledog in enamel. In it you will retracemy image, my fidelity, my tender ness, and you will sometimes kiss it. In pronouncing these last words, he similed tenderly, and his eyes were bedewed with tears. Belifs, who was no longer able to retain her own, faid to him with the most forrowful air in the world, You quit me very gaily, Lindor: you fay you love me; are thefe the adieus of a lover? I thought it had been dreadful to banish one's telf from what one loves. But it is not now the time to reproseh you; come, embraceme.' Lindor, transported, made use of this permission even to licentiousness, and Belifa was not offended. And when are you to depart?' faid the. ' Immediately.'- 'Immediately! what! do not you sup with me! '- Impossible.'- I had a thousand things to say to you.'-Say them quickly, then; my horles

wait. '- You are very cruel to refuse me one evening !'- 'Ah! my pretty cousin, I would give you my life; but my honour is at stake i my hours are numbered; I muft be there to a minute. Think, if there should be an action and I not there, I should be undone: your little cousin would be unworthy of you.

Suffer me to deserve you.

Belifa embraced him anew; bathing him at the fame time with her tears. ' Go, faid the; 'I should be distracted if I drew the least reproach upon you; your honour is as dear to the as my own. Be wife, expose yourself only just as much as duty requires, and return fuch as I now see you. You do not give me time to say more; but we will write to each other. Adieu. Adieu, my fweet coufin.'- Adieu, adieu, my dear boy."

It is thus that among us gallantry is the foul of honour, as honour is the foul of our armies. Our ladies haveno occasion to meet our warriors more than half-way, in order to make them fight; but the contempt with which they treat a poltroon; and the favour they shew to men of courage, render their lovers

intrepid.

Belifa paffed the night in the most profound forrow, and bathed her bed with her tears. The day following the wrote to Lindor: all that a tender and delicate foul could inspire of the most touching nature was expressed in her letter. O ye, who are fo ill educated! who is it that teaches you to write fo well? Does nature take pleafure to humble us by

giving you your fevenge?

Lindor, in his answer, which was full of fire and irregularity, expressed by tary ardour and love. Belifa's impatience disturbed her rest till she received this answer. Their correspondence was established; and continued without interruption for half the campaign; and the last letter they wrote was always the warmelt; the last that was expected Lindor, to always the most defited. his misfortune, had a suspicious confidante. 'You are bewitched,' faid this bosom friend to him, 'with this woman's being fo fond of you. Ah, if you did but know the bottom of all make one proof of your miltreis? Write her word that you have loft an eye; I will lay a wager the will advise ' you to take patience, and forget her.' Lindor, quite certain of his triumph, conferred to make the trial: and as he knew not how to lye, his friend dictated the letter. Belifa was diffracted : the image of Lindor presented itself to her imagination, but with one eye wanting. That large black patch made it imposfible to know him. 'What pity!' faid fhe, fighing. 'His two eyes were fo brilliant! Mine met them with fo much pleafare! Love had painted himself there with fo many charms! Yet he is only the more interesting to my heart on this account, and I ought to love him the more. He mult be disconsolate; and dreads nothing fo much as the appearing less amiable to me. Let me write to him, to encourage, to comfort him, if it be possible.' This was the first rime that Belifa was ever obliged to fay to herfelf, Let me write to bim! Her letter was cold, in spite of herself: she perceived it, tore it, and writ it over anew. The expressions werestrong enough; but the turn of them was forced, and the ftyle laboured. That black patch, instead of a fine eye, clouded her imagination, and chilled her conceptions. ' Ah! let me flatter inyself no longer,' said she, tearing her letter a second time: ' this opoor youth is no longer beloved; an eye loft turns my foul topfy-turvy. I wanted to play the heroine; and I am but a weak woman; let me not affect fentiments above my character. Lindor does not deferve to be deceived : he " reckons upon a generous and fenfible foul; but if I cannot love him, I ought at least to undeceive him; his lying " under a miltake will give me pain. " I " am disconsolate," wit she to him, " and am much more to be lamented than yourself: you have lost only a charm, but I am going to lofe your " efteem, as I have already lott my own. I thought myself worthy ro love you, and to be beloved by you; I am no to longer to: my heart flattered itself " with being superior to events; a single "" accident has changed me. Confole " yourself, Sir! you will always please e any reasonable woman; and after the " humiliating confession I have now " made you, you have no longer any

Lindor was diffracted on reading this bilet. The Sir especially appeared to

him an atrocious injury. " Sir! crie! he. 'Ah! the perfidious woman! Her ' little coufin, Sir! This, Sir, is for the man with one eye.' He went to find out his friend. 'I told you fo,' faid the confidante. ' Now is the time to take ' your revenge; unless you had rather wait the end of the campaign, in order to give your heroine the pleafure of a furprize.'- No, I will put her to confusion this very day, replied the unfortunate Lindor. He then wrote to her that he was quite transported that he had tried her; that Sir had still got his two eyes, but that tho!e eyes would never view her more, but as the most ungrateful of women. Belifa was confounded, and from that instant resolved to renounce the world, and bury herfelf in the country. Let me go and vegetate,' faid the; ' I

am fit for nothing elfe." In her country-neighbourhood was a kind of philosopher in the flower of his age, who, after having enjoyed every thing for fix months of the year in town, was come for the other fix months to enjoy himself in voluptuous solitude. He paid his compliments to Belifa. ' You have,' faid the to him, ' the reputation of wildom; what is your plan of life?'- Plan, Madam! I never had any, replied the Count de P. I do every thing that can amuse me, I feek after every thing that I love, and carefully avoid every thing that makes me dull, or displeases me.'- Do you live alone? or do you fee company?'-I fee our shepherd sometimes, whom I ' teach morality; I converse with hufbandmen, who are better instructed ' than all our literati; I give a ball to ' fome of the prettiest young villagers in the world; I make lotteries for them of laces and ribbands, and I marry off the most amorous.'- What!' faid Belifa with attonishment, ' do these folks know what love is?'- Better than we do, Madam; a hundred times better than we do. They love like turtles: they give me an appetite for it.'-You will confess, however, that they love without delicacy.'- Alas, Madam I delicacy is a refinement of art; they have instinct from Nature, and hat instinct renders them happy. They talk of love in town, but it is prac-' tifed only in the country. They have ' in fentiment what we have in imagi-. nation. I have tried, like other people, to love and be loved in the world; caprice and convenience, order and diforder, every thing. A connection is nothing more than a rencounter; here inclination makes the choice: you will fee in the sports that I give them, how their simple and tender hearts feek each other without knowing it, and attract each other by turns." - You give me, 'faid Belifa, 'a picture of the country beyond expectation.
They fay these people are so much to be lamented! They were so, Madam, some years ago; but I have found out the fecret of rendering their condition more agreeable.'- O, you ' shall tell me your secret,' interrupted Belifa brifkly, ' I want to make use of ' it.'- It is your own fault if you do onot. It is this: I have an income of forty thousand livies a year; of this I fpend ten or twelve at Paris in the two seasons that I pass there; eight or ten at my house in the country; and by this management I have twenty thoufand livres to throw away on exchanges.'- 'What exchanges?'- '. I have lands well cultivated, meadows well watered, orchards well fenced and well planted.'- What then ?'-What then ! Lucas, Blaife, Nicolas, my neighbours and my good friends, have grounds lying fallow or poor; they have not wherewith to cultivate them; I fwap mine with them for theirs; and the same extent of land, which hardly maintained them after ' two crops, makes them rich. The ground which was barren under their hands, becomes fertilein mine. I chuse the feed for it, the plant, the manure, the husbandry that fuits it, and as foon as it is in good condition, I bethink Thefeare me of fome new exchange. myamusements.'- 'Charming!' cried Belifa, 'you understand agriculture 'then?' A little, Madam, and I instruct myself in it; I oppose the theory of the learned to the experience of farmers; I endeavour to correct what I fee defective in the speculations of the one, and in the practice of the other: and the study is amusing.'-Oh! I believe it, and I would fain give into it. Why? You ought to be adored in these parts; these poor labourers ought to confider you as their father. Yes, Madam, we have agreat affection for each other.'

Let us see each other often, I entreat of you: I want to pursue your labours, to follow your method, and become your rival in the hearts of these good people. — You cannot have, Madam, any rivals of either sex where ever it is your defice to please, and even where it is not.

Such was their first interview; and from this moment see Belifa a villager, entirely taken up with agriculture, converfing with farmers, and reading nothing but the Compleat System of Agriculture. The count invited her to one of his holidayfealts, and presented her to the peasants as a new benefactress, or rather as their fovereign. She was a witness of the love and respect they had for him. Sentiments' of this kind are catching: they are so natural and so tender! it is the highest of all encomiums, and Belifa was touched with them even to jealoufy; but how difrant was this jealoufy from hatred! ' It ' must be confessed, faid she, 'that they' have great reason to love him. Exclu-· live of his good actions, nobody in the world is more amiable."

From this time the most intimate, and in appearance the most philosophical connection, was established between them. Their conversation turned only on natural fludies, on the means of renovating this old mother earth, who exhaufts herfelf for the fake of her children. Botany pointed out to them the plants falutary to the flocks and herds, and those that were hurriful; mechanicks afforded them the powers to raife water at a small expence to the top of dry hills, and to foften the fatigues of animals deflined to labour; natural hiftory. taught them how to calculate the oconomical inconveniencies and advantages in the choice of these animals; practice confirmed or corrected their observations; and they made their experiments in finall, in order to render them less expensive. The holiday came round, and their fports suspended their studies.

Belifa and the philosopher mingled in the dances of the villagers. Belifa perceived with surprize that not one of them was taken up in admiring her.

You will now, faid she to her friend, fuspect me of a very strange piece of coquetry: but I will not dissemble with you. I have been told a hun-

dred times that I was handsome; I have likewise, much beyond these peafants, the advantage of drefs; yet I do not fee, in the eyes of the young country-fellows, any traces of emotion at the fight of me. They think only of their companions; they have no fouls but for them. - Nothing is more natural, Madam, faid the count. Defire never comes without fome ray of hope; and these poor people find you no otherwise beautiful, than as they do the stars and the flowers. - You furprize me, 'faid Belifa; ' is it hoje that renders us fensible?'- 'No; but it directs our fentibility. - We never love, then, but with the hope of pleafing?—' No, to be fure, Madam; or else who could help loving you?—' A philosopher, then, has gallantry? replied Belifa, with a fmile. ' I speak the truth, Madam, though no philosopher; but if I deserved that name, I should only have the more fenfibility. A true philosopher is a man, and glories in being to. Wildom never contradicts nature, but when nature is in the wrong. Belifa blufhed, the count was confounded, and they fat some time with their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to break filence. The count endeavoured to renew the conversation on the beauties of the country; but their difcourse was confused; broken, and without continuation : they no longer knew what they faid, and still less what they were going to fay. They parted at last, hethoughtful and he loft; and both afraid that they had faid too much:

The youth of the neighbouring villages affembled the next day, in order to give them a feaft: it's fprightliness composed all it's ornament. Belisa was transported at it; but the catastrophe surprized her. The master of the feast had made fongs in praise of her and the count, and the couplets closed with faying, that Belifa was the elm, and the count the ivy. The count knew not whether he should silence them, or take the matter in jest; but Belifa was of-· Pardon them, Madam, fended at it. iaid the count to her, as he re-conducted her home; ' these good people speak " what they think, and know no better. I fhould have put them to filence, but that I had not the courage to make them unhappy. Belifa made him no a. Iwer, and he retired overwhelmed with

forrow for the impression this innocent

How unhappy am I!' faid Belifa, after the departure of the count. Sec, here again is a man I am going to love. It is fo clear, that even thefe peafants perceive it: it will be with him, as with all others, a flight flame, a spark. No; I will fee him no more: it is shameful to be defirous of inspiring a paffion, when we are not fusceptible of it ourselves. The count would deliver himself up to me without referve, and with the greatest confidence: I should make a very respectable man unhappy, if I were to break with him.' The next day be fent to know if the was to be feen. What shall I do? If I refuse him to-day, I must fee him to morrow; if I perfift in not feeing him more, what will he think of this change? What has he done that can have displeased me? Shall I leave him to think that I mistrust him or myself? After all, what if he should assure me that he loves me? And if he should love, am I obliged to love him? I will bring him to rea-fon; I will give him a sketch of my character; he will esteem me the more for it; I must fee him.' The count comes.

' I am going to furprize you, faid the to him; ' I have been on the point of breaking with you.'- With me, Madam! why? What is my crime? Being amiable and dangerous. I declare to you that I came here in quest of repose; that I fear nothing so much as love; that I am not formed for a solid engagement; that I have the lightest, the most inconstant foul in the world; that I despite tranfitory likings; and that I have not a fufficient fund of fensibility to entertain a durable paffion. This is my character: I give you warning. I can answer for myself with respect to friendship; but as to love, you must not depend on me; and that I may have no cause to reproach myself, I would neither inspire it, nor be inspired with it myself. Your sincerity encourages mine, replied the count; you are now going to know me in my turn. I have conceived for you, without the least suspicion or intention, 2 love the most tender and violent: it is the happiest thing that could have hap-6 peried

pened to me, and I relign myfelf up to it with all my heart. Say what you please to me. You think your, felf light and inconstant; I think I know the character of your foul bet-ter than yourself. — No, Sir, I have tried myself, and now you shall judge. She told him the story of the president, and that of the young page. 'You loved them, Madam! you loved them!
you discourage yourself without cause.
Your anger against the president was
without consequence. The first emotion is always for the dog, but the fecond for the lover: fo nature has ordered it. As to the cooling of your love towards the page, that would not have been more durable. An eye loft always produces this effect; but by degrees we become accustomed to it. As to the duration of a paffion, I must be ingenuous with you. What a madman is he who requires impossibilities! I ardently defire to please you, I shall make it the happiness of my life: but if your inclination should happen to grow faint, it would be a misfortune, but no crime. What! because there is no pleasure in life without it's alloy, must we deprive ourselves of every thing, renounce every thing? No, Madam, we must make choice of what is good; and pardon both in ourselves, and others, what is not quite fo well, or what is really evil. We lead an easy, quiet life here; nothing but love is wanting to embellish it: let us make the experiment. If love should vanish, friendship still remains, and as vanity has no share in it, the friendhip that survives love is the sweeter, the more intimate, and more tender.'

Really, Sir, faid she, this is strange philosophy.'— Simple and natural, Madam! I could make romances as well as another; but life is not a romance: our principles, as well as fentiments, ought to be founded in nature. Nothing is easier than to imagine prodigies of love; but all those heroes exist only in the brains of authors; they fay what they please; let us do what we can. It is a misfortune, without doubt, to cease to please; it is a greater to cease to love; but the height of milery is to pals one's life in fear and felf-constraint. Conside in yourself, Madam, and deign to connde in me. It is cruel enough not to

beable to love always, without dooming one's felf never to love at all. Let us imitate our villagers: they do not examine whether they shall love long; it is sufficient for them to feel that they love. I surprize you! You have been brought up in the region of chimeras. Believe me, you have a good disposition: return to truth; suffer yourself to be guided by Nature; she will conduct you much better than Art, which loses itself in the void, and reduces sentiment to nothing by means of analysing it.

If Belifa was not persuaded, she was much less confirmed in her first resolution; and from the moment that reason wavers, it is easy to overturn it. Belifa submitted without difficulty, and never did mutual love render two hearts more happy! Resigned with the utmost freedom one to the other, they forgot the world; they forgot themselves. All the faculties of their souls united in one, formed a mere vortex of site, of which love was the centre, and pleasure the fuel.

This first ardour abated, and Belifa was alarmed; but the count confirmed her, They return to their rural a-musements. Belifa found that reture was embellished : that the heavens were more serene, and the country more delightful; the sports of the villagers pleased her more than before: they recalled a delicious remembrance. Their labours became more interesting. 'My lover,' said she to herself, is the god who encourages them: his liumanity, his generolity, are the rivu-lets which fertilize these fields.' She loved to converse with the husbandmen on the benefits showered upon them by this mortal, whom they called their father. Love brought home to herfelf all the good they faid of him. Thus fhe passed the whole summer in loving, in admiring him, in feeing him make others happy, and in making herself happy alfo.

Relifa had proposed to the count to pass the winter out of town, and he had answered her with a smile, 'With all' my heart.' But as soon as the country began to grow bare; that walking was impracticable; that the days became rainy, the mornings cold, and the evenings long; Belifa perceived with bitterness, that weariness took possession of her soul, and that she wanted to re-

vifit Paris. She confessed it with her usual frankness. "I told you so beforehand; you would not believe me; the event but too well justifies the ill opinion I had of myself. What event?'- Ah, my dear count! fince I must tell you, I grow tired: I love you no longer.'- You grow tired! that is very possible,' replied the count, with a fmile; but you do not love me the less it is the country that you love no longer.'- Alas! Sir, why do you flatter me? All places, all fea-" fons, are agreeable with those we love." Yes, in romances, I have told you fo already, but not in nature.'- It is in wain for you to fay fo,' infifted Belifa; 1 I know full well, that two months ago I could have been happy with you in a defart.'- Without doubt, Madam, fuch is the intoxicastion of a growing passion; but this " fi ft flame lasts only for a time. Love, when made happy, grows calm and moderate, The foul, from that inftant, less agitated, begins to become fenfible to impressions from without; we are no longer alone in the world; we begin to feel the necessity of diffipation and amusement.'- Ah, Sir! " to what do you reduce love?'- To truth, my dear Belifa.'- To nothing, my dear count, to nothing! You cease to be my only happiness, I have therefore ceased to love you. - No, my foul's idol, no! I have not lott your heart, and I shall be always dear to you. Always dear! yes, to be fure; but how?'- As I would wish to be.'- 'Alas! I perceive my own injuffice too clearly to conceal it from ' myfelf.'- ' No, Madam, you are not unjust! you love me sufficiently: I am content, and would not be loved more. Will you be more difficult than I?'- Yes, Sir, I fhall never fore give myself the having been able to grow tired of the most amiable manin the world."— And I, Madam, and I, who have nothing to boast of, am tired also at times of the most adorable of all women, and I forgive myfelf for it.'- What, Sir! are you ever tired of me ?'- Even of you. Neverthelefs, I love you more than my ' life. Areyou satisfied now?'-- 'Come, Sir, let us return to Paris l'- Yes, Madam, with all my heart; but ref member, that the month of May shall find us in the country again, '- 'I don't

believe it.'- I affure you it will, and more fond than ever.'

Belifa, on her return to town, began to give herfelf up to all the amusements which the winter occasions, with an avidity which the thought infatiable. The count, on his fide, abandoned himfelf to the torrent of the world, but with lefs eagerness. By degrees Belisa's ardour abated. The suppers appeared long to her: fhe grew tired at the play. The count took care to fee her feldom; his visits were short, and he chose these hours when the was furrounded by a multitude of adorers: she asked him one day, in very low voice, 'What do you think of Paris?'- Every thing amuses, nothing attaches me.' Why do not you come and tup with ' me ?'- ' You have feen me fo often, ' Madam! I am discreet; the world has it's turn, and I shall have mine." 'You are still persuaded, then, that · I love you?'- I never talk of love in town. What think you, Madam, of the new opera? purfued he aloud, and the conversation became general.

Belifa was always comparing the count with every thing that appeared best, and the comparison always turned out in his favour. 'Nobody, faid she, has that candour, that fimplicity, that evenness of character; nobody has that goodness of foul and elevation of fentiment. When I recollect our conversation, all our young people seem nothing more than well taught parrots. He may well doubt that one can cease to love him after having known him: but, no; it is not the good opinion he has of himself, it is the good opinion he has of me, that gives him this confidence. How happy should I be were it well founded!"

Such were Belifa's reflections; and the more the perceived her inclination for him revive, the more the was at ease with herfelf. In thort, the defire of feeing him again became so strong, that the could not resist writing to him. He repaired to her; and accosting her with a smile, 'What, Madam,' said he, 'a tête 'à tête! I shall create a thousand jea-lousies.'—'Nobody, Sir,' said Belifa, has a right to be so; and you know that I have only friends: but you, are you not assaid of disturbing some new conquest?'—'I never made but one in my life,' replied the count; 'she expects me in the country, and I shall

go this spring to see her.'—'She would be to be pitted if she were in town:
you are so taken up here that she would run the hazard of being neglected.'—'She would amuse herself,
Madam, and think nothing of me.'—
No more of this beating about the bush,'
resumed she; 'why do I see you so seldom, and for so short a time?'

· To let you enjoy at full liberty all the pleasures of your youth.'- You can never give me too much of your company, Sir; my house is your's; look upon it as such, it will flatter me: I request it, and I have acquired a right to exact it.'- No, Madam, exact nothing: I should despair if I displeased you: but permit me not to see you again till the summer. This obstinacy piqued her. . Go, Sir, faid she to him, with anger, ' go feek pleafures in which I have no part. I have meday fhe had not a moment's ease: the informed herself of all his proceedings; fne fought and followed him with her eyes in the publick walks and at the theatres; the women whom he faw became odious to her; the never ceafed questioning his friends. The winter ap-

peared intoleraby long. Though it was but the beginning of March, some fine days happening, 'I must,' faid she, 'confound him, and justify myself. I have been wrong bitherto, he has that advantage over me; but to-morrow he shall have it no longer.' She sent to request him to come to her; every thing was ready for their departure. The count arrives. 'Your hand,' faid Belifa, ' to help me into my coach. - Where are we going, then?' faid he. 'To grow tired of ourselves in the country.' The count was transported with joy at these words. Belifa, at the movement of the hand that supported her, perceived the extafy and emotion herself had given birth to. 'O my dear count!' faid the to him, preffing that hand which trembled beneath her's, ' what do I not owe ' you? You have taught me to love; you have convinced me that I was capable of it; and in clearing up my doubts, with respect to my own sentiments, you have done me the most pleasing violence: you have forced me to think well of myself, and to believe myself worthy of you. My love is fatisfied. I have no longer any · SCRUPLE, and I am happy.'



THE FOUR PHIALS;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF ALCIDONIS OF MEGARA.

Regret the loss of fairyism. It was to lively imaginations a source of innocent pleasures, and the handsomest way in the world of forming agreeable dreams. The climates of the East were formerly peopled with genii and fairies. The Greeks considered them as mediating, beings between men and gods: witness the familiar demon of Socrates; winess the fairy which projected Alcidonis, as I am going to relate.

The fairy Galante had taken Alcidonis under her protection, even before this coming into the world. She prefided at his birth, and endowed him with the gift of pleasing without any determined inclination to love. His youth was but

the unfolding of those talents and graces which he had received as his lot.

He had passed his fifteenth year, when his father, one of the richest and most honourable citizens of Megara, on his sending him to Athens to perform his exercises, embraced him, and said thus:

My dear son, you are going to mix in the world among a number of giddy

- young fellows, who launch out into the most outrageous abuse of women.
- Never believe them. Those fellows
- ' affect to despise them, only because they have not been able to render them
- despicable. For my own part, to be-
- gin with your mother, my virtuous wife, I have found in the fair-fex

that delicacy of fentiment, candour, and truth, of which few men are capable. Do as I have done; chuse an honeit wife, of an even temper, folid character, and a fociable, and not auftere, virtue. There are women of this framp every where. My confent shall follow your choice: I am a tender father, and defire nothing but your happinels. Alcidonis, full of thele lesions, arrives at Athens. His first visit was to Seliana, to whom he had recommendations. Seliana in her youth had been handsome and agreeable : the was still agreeable, but began to be no longer handsome. After the first compliments, What is your bufiness here?' said an old captain to him, who was husband to Seliana, and an old friend of his father. ' A fine thing indeed, at your age, to bury one's felf among the women! The Circus, the Pirmeus, thefe are the schools for you, and not that triffing circle which they call the beau monde. I am mad when I fee a young fellow come to Athens! they ought to

go to Sparta.' Alcidonis was disconcerted by so warm an apostrophe; but Seliana took his part warmly. '. That is to like you, faid the to her hufband ; ' Sparta, the Circus, the Pirzeus! well, and pr'ythee, now, what do they learn in thele fa-" mous schools ?'- To get money and fight, replied the husband, roughly. To get money! very noble indeeed!
To fight! very agreeable! The first is unworthy the ambition of a gallant man, and the second is learned but toe '- Not fo foon, Madam, not fo foon. very foon as you imagine. I am afraid that after paffing his youth at the toi-lette, a man would make neither a good officer, nor a good foldier. Well! for my part, there is nothing more hideous and difagreeable in my eyes, than a man who has never learned any thing but to fight. One would imagine, that you came into the world only to cut one another's throats. Peace has it's talents and virtues, as well as war. Men are not always at the head of a troop. '- So much the worse! by all the gods, so much the worse! I wish it were forbid, even in time of peace, to quit the colours on pain of death. — How, Sir! would you not allow us fo much as one man I'-'You hould have men enough, Madam : you should have all the re-

fufe. There are numbers quite ufelefs to the flate! '- Very fine, indeed! you would reduce us then to the refuse of the commonwealth. The ladies are infinitely obliged to you!'-' I acquit them of all obligations. 'No, Sir, we are citizens, and we generoufly give up to the state all those figures that displease us, all faces that fright one, all those herce characters that delight in nothing but murder, and are good for nothing elfe. And you referve to yourfelves the handsome men who love to live is it not fo?'Certainly.'- That is right; and the Areopagus, to be fure, will take care to pass it into a decree, to please you. -Pardon me, Sir, my wife is a fool, longer.—Oh, Hercules! Madam, must I be your husband ! These things happen to nobody but myself.' At these words he went out stamping with his feet, and clapped the door roughly after him.

Here is a strange family !' faid Al. cidonis. 'Pray, Madam, have you often scenes of this kind?' - 'Why, yes,' replied the coldly, ' always when I have company.'- 'And, when you are alone? - He grumbles still, but not quite fo loud.'- And how came you to marry him?'- As all the world marry, for convenience and interest. As to any thing else, he is the best man in the world. When I am weary of him, I contradict him; he grows impatient, and walks off: then I do what I please. I advise you to shew him respect. His friendship is not to be neglected, and may be of use to you. Do you bring recommendations to many people here ?'-To my father's particular friends; but the number of them is not great. - So much the better, we shall see seach other the oftener. I wish it for your own fake; for, on entering into a new world, the wifelt have need of z guide,'- Will you, Madam, condescend to be mine?'- Either I or 'my husband; you shall take your choice.' My choice is made, Madam. Thus paffed their first inter-

When the husband returned, 'You are a strange man,' faid Seliana to him; 'your behaviour has frighted away this young man.'—'Whom you wanted to lender familiar?'—
'I under-

I understand you, Sir; henceforth I hall order my door to be shut against him.— How I no, Madam! I am not jealous. It would be beginning a little too late. I was not jealous in the bloom of your youth, and I shall hardly be so now you are grown older.— How extremely gallant! but I am used to it. Remember, however, that you owe a visit to this son of your old friend.— I shall see him, Madam! I know life, and you may trust to my behaviour.

The day after, at his entering into Alcidonis's lodging, he refumed the conversation of the night before. 'Well,' faid he to him, are you going to give into the effeminate manners of the Athenian youth? My wife has difpoled you for it, no doubt. Take care; not of her, for her time is past, thank Heaven; but take care of the relt of her fex. They are most dangerous fyrens. No fafety in any dealings with them. They take you, deceive you, and quit you, without hame. One would think, on feeing them amusing themselves with the men, that we were made only for their playthings.'- If fo,' faid Alcidonis, 'the women of Athens are not like these of Megara!'- At Megara it is the very same as here. You are like your old father. The good man would fwear only by his chafte better half. It was out of complaifance to him, that the dreffed and faw company; out of piety, that the thut herfelf up with a young priest of Minerva; by way of retirement, that the went to pass the evenings at a little honfe which be had fitted up for himself: he relied upon her virtue with the most abfolute confidence in the world.'- He had reason, no doubt; and I beg you, "Sir, to respect my mother's memory. - Your mother to your mother was a woman. Would you have had fome being made on purpose? I have seen enough of them; but I know none but my termagant that is truly faith. ful; and what is still more, it is I that made her fo. I rendered her virtuous in spite of her teeth; but I have not been able to root out those seeds of coquetry which nature or example plants in them almost at their birth. 1. I would lay a wager that the is even capable of attempting to feduce you, for the fake of the pleasure of laughing at you. You would not be the first whom she has reduced to despair. She used to amuse herself formerly at this pretty little diversion, and then she has given me accounts of it, at which she laughed as if she had been mad. By good luck she grows older, and the danger is no longer so great.

Alcidonis's thoughts were taken up a confiderable part of the night with what he had heard. 'The women here,' faid he, 'are very terrible then!' And he went to sleep with a resolution of avoid-

ing them. The fairy Galante appeared to him in a dreem, and faid, ' Nothing is so much Like man as woman. All the good, all the evil, that is faid of them, is true in particular, but false in general. One should neither trust in every one, onor distrust every one. Live with the women, but relign yourself to them only at times. I have not given you a determined character, that you may be more flexible to theirs. A precise man is an unsociable man. You will be charming, if they cry, We do whatever we please with bim. But it is not enough to please; one must know likewise how to love; and to love neither too much nor too little. are three forts of love; pallion, liking, and fancy. All the art of being happy confifts in the proper disposition of thefe three shades. For this purpose, here are four phials, which you alone shall use. They are as different in their virtues as colours. You are to drink out of the purple phial, in order to be in love to distraction; out of the rose-coloured one, to skim the furface of fentiment and pleafure; out of the blue one, to tafte of it without uneauness and intoxication; and out of the white one, to come to yourfelf again. At these words the fary vanished like a vapour.

Alcidonis awakes quite ravished with so charming a dream. But what was his surprize, at finding in reality the sour phials at his elbow! As for the trial, said he, I shall make it at my leiture. He gets up full of gratitude to the fairy, and the same day revisits Seliana. She was alone, You have seen my husband? says she, Has not he been declaiming against gallantry? "

'Violently." He has told you a thousand frightful stories of women? He has." I hope he excepted me,

Only in the article of fidelity."-Poor man! He is perfuaded that you are faithful tohim; but he lays that you are only the more dangerous on that account, and that you divert yourlelf most cruelly with those who have the misfortune to fall in love with you."-Ah! how he abuses me! He would richly deferve . . . But hold, I must have fome respect to myself. '- Your virtue, he fays, is of his own forming; and it is he that has made you honest. — He! — Yes, he; and in spite of your teeth. — In spite of my teeth! Upon my word! See whether be can make me virtuous in fpite of my teeth !'- I muit own, that in your place And I . Should be glad, too, to revenge his infult to my mother.' - Your mother!'- Yes; he dared to tell me that my father was a fool, and that there is no man in the world but him-felf who is not fo.'- Poor man! he has great reason to brag, truly! But, once more, I must respect my-. felf. No, Sir, I am no coquette; and fince he obliges me to justify myfelf, I have a heart as tender, and more tender, than another.'- And what " use do you make of that heart?'-Alas! no use at all; but you may ea-" fily believe that it is not for his liweet looks that I keep it. I am prudent for my own fake, that I may not expose myself to the caprice, inconfiancy, and ingratitude of men. I feel that ' if I loved, I should love passionately, and I flould wift to be paffionately beloved. Ah! and fo you thall. I dare not flatter myfelf with that : hothing is weaker, vainer, and more inconstant, than the love of your fex. · They have their likings, their fancies; but the passion of love, that intoxication which is the greatest charm, and it's only excuse, they are quite unacquainted with . For my part, Madam, I know very well how to acquire that love which you deferve; and were I fure of a return, I should take 'tion !'- To distraction? It is all the a good dofe of irt' Seliana finiled at ' fame to me." His fumplicity charms Alcelonis's fimplicity, (for the fairy ' me. - Very well, then, I would have had given himsthat unaffected air, that 'you wally in love with me. - Palingentious manner, which coquettes infonately? Puffionately. And are fo fond of) . No, find the, you will love me in like manner? * people are not inflamed all at once; " I believe fo. ... That is not enough." and how can we pullbly be in love? - - Well, I am fore of it. That is 01 vov. Prinactional Repry

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We do not know each other yet." At your own time, Madam; I am in no hurry. To-morrow we fhall know each other better. - I shall fee you to morrow, then ! - Yes, Madam. - After dinner; do you hear? For I would spare you the disagreeable circumftance of finding my husband at bome. We hall be alone, and at liberty, and I shall talk reason to e you.

Alcidonis repaired to the appointment, with his phials in his pocket. Seliana received him in the most tempting difhabille. 'See there,' faid Alcidonis on feeing her, the privilege of beauty: the lefs ornament, the more charms.' Seliana affected to blufh. Do you know,' faid the, ' that this pretended fimplicity of yours makes you dangerous? One might be taken by it, and be deceived. I deceive you, Madam! I never deceived any body. - And you would begin with me? - No, I fivear - Why then this flattering discourse, those tender · looks ?'- You are handfome; I have eyes; I speak what I fee; there is no flattery in that. - Why, indeed, your tranquillity makes it evident that you have no defign to feduce me.'- 'Nay, nay, if you would but have it to, that tranquillity, should foon vanish." · Oh, to be fure I and to be all on fire, you only wait for my confent; is it not for "Nothing elfe; you need only fay the word."— Indeed ' you are very fine, with that air of yours, fo cold and fo determined.'-It is because I am certain of what I do.'- What if I should oblige you to shew some defire of being loved?" - You may do it to any degree you please, I affure you. - I fee, Alci-. donis, that you don't know what you promise, and what I might demand." - Demand, Madam ! demand! my heart defies you. I will love you as much as you please. You will love me then, if I please, to distrac-

4 fufficient;

fufficient; now you shall fee fine sport. Where are you going ?'- Yours;

The credulous Alcidonis, having retired into a corner, drank up the elixir in the purple phial, to the very last drop. He appears again, his eyes enflamed, his heart beating, and his voice almost extind. The more foolery, the more gallantry: his language was rapid, broken, full of matter and warmth, Words were not fufficient to declare his fentiments. Inarticulate accents Supplied the place of speech; a vehement getture, animpetuous action, redoubledtheirenergy. This pathetick eloquence put Seliana quite belide herfelf. She is moved, agitated, loft: he hardly knows him again, and can fcarce conceive fo wonderful a change. She would feem to doubt, to fear, to helitate still: vain efforts! Her heart relents, her eyes brighten, her reafon fails; and one would have thought, the very moment after, that the had also drank of the fame phial.

Two months paffed away in tranfports which they found it difficult to confine within any bounds. The hufband was perpetually rallying Alcidonis on his affiduities to his wife. Poor dupe, faid he to him, ' you would not believe me. You are caught; I am glad of it. Throw yourself away in dangling f after her: you have a fine time of it! Alcidonis took the best revenge he could for this infulting irony. But his paftion was no longer feconded : Seliana's grew every day weaker and weaker, Sel ana fufficed him; but he was no longer able to fuffice Seliana. She wanted dif-Spation, diversion, and to return to the world, which the had forgot, Alcidonis was burt, and faw with concern that the amused herself with every thing, while he was taken up with nothing but her. He became pensive, unealy, and jealous; and went fo far, that she was offended, and refolved to difmits him.

'Le is true, faid the to him, I have loved you; I was mad. I am now come to my lenfes again; do you do of fo to. We are no where enjoined to f carry on love, even to decay. Every thing has an end, even love infelf. Mine is enfeebled; you have chid me forite It is become extinct; you diftrack yourself about it. So much the worfe for you: but I cannot help it.'-

How! perfidious! ungrateful! perjured woman!'- Go on; vent your reproaches, if that will comfort you.'-Ah, just Heaven, how am I treated! - Like a child, in whom we pardon every thing. - Are these, perfidious woman! the oaths that you have fworn a hundred times, to love me to the laft gafp?'- Rash oaths, which hind us to nothing; mad, whoever makes them; mad, whoever trufts them. Would you believe any one who, on fitting down to table, should swear by all the gods that he would always have the fame flomach? The fame flomach! What an image! Is this your bonfteddelicacy?'- 'Another piece of folly. We disavow the empire of the senses, at the very instant we are their flaves. I am a woman, I love like a woman, and you ought not to have expected that Nature should work a miracle in your favour.' Alcidonis, at thefe words, tore his hair with delpair. ' Very fine,' pursued she; 'what is that for? Will you be more amiable, or hetter beloved, when you are hald? Hark ye, Alcidonis! I have still a compastionate friendship foryou. - Ah, cruel woman ! is it friendship or compassion that I require of you?'- You must really bring yourfelf to that; I feel nothing more for you. Which of the two is to blame, the party who ceases to love, or that which ceases to be agreeable? The question is not yet, nor will foon be determined. In the mean time, be advised, and take your refolution with courage. - It is taken, ungrateful woman; it is taken !' faid he, withdrawing to drink; and I need not fay, that he had recourse to the white

On a sudden his senses were all calm. and his reason returned. Indeed, faid he, returning to Seliana with an eafy and fedate air, 'I was a fool to make myielf oneasy. We have been lovers; now we are friends. All this must happen in Life. Passion is a fever when it is over, f there is an end of the matter, We are not obliged to fee one another anylonger than is agreeable, and nothing is more natural than to change when we are tired. You level me as long as you were able. It would have been sides culous to pique yourfelf on a conflancy that was painful! Enjoy, Madam, the right your beauty gives you of multiplying your conquests. I am too happy in having been of the number. Every man in his turn, and I

with you much entertainment.' Seliana was as much surprized as piqued at this collines. She wished, that he should confole himself, but neither so soon nor so easily. So fudden a change was inconceivable. On reflection the was perfuaded, that this apparent tranquillity was only a pretended difguit, and the failed not to tell fome of her flie-friends, that the poor boy was mad with despair, that he had put her into a terrible fright, and that she had all the difficulty in the world to prevent him from committing violence on himfelf. The day following Alcidonis went to fup at the voluptuous Alcipe's, with fome of the youngest and handsomest women in Athens. 'All one to me,' faid he to himfelf, ' the purple phial is dry; and it would be to no purpose for the fairy to replenish it, for may'I die if I would tafte a fingle drop of it.' As foon as he faw all those beauties, Ali! now let us trifle for once: this 'is the moment for whim and frolick. He drinks of the rose-coloured phial, and immediately his eyes and defires wander without fixing.

Chance seated him at a table next to a fair beauty, with languishing looks, and an extreme modelty and timidity, with which he was fenfibly touched; but he had on the other fide of him a brunette, dazzling the beholders with her fremnels and vivacity. He had a great mind to the latter, yet was deeply fmitten with the former; and op farther confideration would have preferred the fair beauty, bad it not been for a certain jene scai quoi which inclined him to the brown. This je ne scai quoi determined his choice. He shewed her all the assiduffies of a warm gallantry; which she received with an air of inattention, as an homage that was due to her. Alcidonis was piqued at it. Whim, as well as paffion, is irritated by obstacles. Excited by the define of pleating, he formed all the delight of the entertainment. Corinna, his charming brunette, faw that the ladies envied her her conquett. She at length perceived the value of it, and fome looks of complacency infused hope anto the heart of her new lover.

The hour of parting now arrived.

Corinna rifes, he follows? You will attend me then?' faid the to him, teceiving the offer of his hand; 'Lam sensible of all the facrifices you make me.' He swore that he made her none, Pardon me: I carry you away from the handfomest women in Athens; and that is no mean triumph. - I did but just look at them : but they appeared to me pretty well. - Pretty well! Your commendations are very sparing, indeed! Will you only call Cleonida pretty well? Those large eyes, and regular features, that majestick figure one would take her for a goddess. True, the stately Juno. - You wicked devil! and A. mate, what do you think of her? That air of voluptuousness, that attracting negligence, which feems to invite pleature?'- Right; the picture of opportunity neglected.'--- Neglect-ed! a cruel phrase, I will not repeat it; it would pais into a proverb. I hope, at least, that you will shew some favour to the ingenuous and timid air of Cephifa: that lively complexion, that tender look, that mouth which is afraid to imile, and yet when it imiles is fo beautiful: what fay you to her?'-That the wants nothing but a foul.' And you would be glad to give her yours?'- I confess, that if it had not been for yourself, she should have had the apple.'- Alas! and what would the have done with it? Nothing is more cold, more indolent, more infenfible, than Cephifa.'- And therefore ' fhe had only my first glance.'- 'Yet I caught you, when supper was almost over, with your eyes fixed upon her.' 'True, I admired her as I would a fine model in wax.'- Right, a fine model, if you please: but the general opinion is, that this model stands in While they thus run over the objects

While they thus run over the objects of Corinna's jealoufy, they arrived at her house. 'Will you walk up for a mo'ment?' faid she to Alcidonis; 'it is 'early; we will have a little chat.' Alcidonis was transported. The fairy, who had made him so censorious with Corinna, knew what she was doing. The most flattering compliment to a handsome woman, is the abuse of her rivals; and this she had taken well at his hands.

'I long, purfued Corinna, toknow, in my turn, the good and ill you think

of me.'- The ill, alas! if you have any, have you given me time, or occafion to find it out? You are furrounded with illusion. That lustre that sparkling vivacity, would conceal deformity itself : I should have taken it for beauty. I fee you, I am dazs zled, intoxicated, transported! this is my cafe. It is an infatuation, a madnels, whatever you please; but nothing in the world is truer; and you can make me, by a fingle word, the happielt or most miserable of men. Madness, indeed, cried she, seeing him at her knees; you see me by chance; you love me, if one may believe it, and dare confess it to me! Do you know whether I merit this? Do you know whether I can make any return to it?'- No, Madam, I know onothing. You are, perhaps, the most " cruel of women, the most inconstant, the most perfidious. That fine per-· fon, those charming features, may conceal an infenfible foul. I fear it, yet I will run the hazard of it; and . though the danger were as great again, it is not in my power to avoid it.'-· Ah! I perceive plainly by these strokes the truth of your general character. · You, Alcidonis, who are the most dangerous of men, and the personwhom of all mankind I should most dread to love-' Why fo? what have you heard of me?'-' That you are one who love paffionately; and a man who loves paffionately is infupportable; that you abandon yourfelf diffractedly; that you love like a madman, and want to be loved in the fame manner. If we do not love as paffionately as yourfelf, then come nothing but complaints and reproaches. You become fulky, uneafy, and jealons. There is no knowing how to quit you, and no possibility of keeping you. " It is true, Madam, that I have given into thefe abfordities; but I am now thoroughly cured. You may take me with fafety; and I will fign my discharge beforehand."- Do not imagine, Sir, that I am jefting with you: what but liberty forms the charms of love! Without these a lover becomes a hufband, and indeed it would be no misfortune to become a widow' "I understand reason, my beautiful Cqrinna, and you may depend upon me. You would give your word of ho-

nour, then, to a woman who should entertain a weakness for you, to retire without making any bustle, as soon as she should have told you as a friend, I have loved you, but now I love you no longer?— To be sure: I have learned to live, and you need only try me.— Well, I will then; but remember, that I engage myself to love you no longer than you shall be agreeable.

I fee plainly, faid Alcidonis with-in himself, that here the white phial will be of great service to me. He was miltaken; he had no occasion for it: the impression of the role coloured one very foon vanished of i felf. He was vet at Corinna's, and yet the idea of the other beauties he had feen at Alcipe's presented · Such a one itself to his imagination. is lively, fays he, but that is all; no fentiment, no delicacy. That other fentiment, no delicacy. That other changes her lovers as she does her cleaths. To-morrow I should be difmiffed, if to-morrow any other amufes her. I mould have a fine time of it, to throw away my fighs on her! should have done much herrer to have bestowed them on that languishing fair beauty, whose eyes were raised towards me in to tender, fo affecting a manner, Corinna speaks ill of Cephisa, and therefore Cephisa must have merit. She is not very animated; but what a pleasure it would be to animate her! A woman naturally lively is fo to all the world; but fuch a one would be fo to me alone. Come, let me go and fee her: belides, I should not care to be difmiffed. Corinna shall find that I am not one of those who are to be dropped as the pleases, and that I know how to give a difmission full as well as herself.

He repeats to Cephila the lame thing's that he said to Corinna, but with more difcretion. 'Is it possible?' cried she, without any emotion. 'What! you would be unhappy if I were not to love you?" More unnappy than I can expres. 'I am forry for it, for I do not know how to love,'- Oh! my beautiful Cephifa, with that enchanting smile, that tender look, that voice which goes to the very loul, you do not know how to love!'- 'No, indeed!'- But if I should teach you how? - You would do me great pleasure, for I am very curious. But fo many have attempted it, and not one has succeeded. My hafband himfelf would lofe all his labour. Your hulband; I believe it; but have you had lovers? Many, and those some of the handfomeit and most tender. - And did you make them happy? - No; for they all complained that I did not love them. It was not my fault; I did all in my power. Only think! I used now and then to take four at a time, in order to endeavour, among the number, to love at least one or two: yet all

to no purpose. This, faid Alcidonis, is a very f rare initance of ingenuity; but let us not be discouraged, my dear; you will love me.'- Do you think fo?' I do think fo : you have sensibility?' Yes, at times, here and there; but it passes away in a moment.'- This is certainly a disease. Have you, in order for your cure, offered up any facrifices to Venus?'- My hufband has offered up a great many; but he always found me the fame at his return from the temple, - And why did he not carry you there?'- He took care not to do that: the priest was young, and wanted to initiate me.'
- Initiate you! And do you know what that means?'—' Alas! not I; I know nothing of it.'- Shall I thew you?' refumed Alcidonis, taking fome liberties with her, ' Softly, Sir,' cried fhe, you act as if I loved you; I am not in love with you yet.' - How should you know that, unless we make some experiments?'- 'I have made a thousand; but all that proves nothing. At first I think I love, and 4 then I think I do not. It is better to wait till it comes; and if it comes, I will tell you.

Alcidonis, from day to day, made fome new progress on the indolent fenfibility of Cephifa; but the was not yet come to the pitch that he wanted to bring ber to. In order to heat her imagination, he proposed to meet her at a feast which was to be celebrated in honour of Venus. She confented, on condition that the should not be initiated. The day after, each of them, out of decency, repaired separately to their quarter. The girls and the boys, arrayed like the Graces and the Loves, fung hymns in honour of the goddess, and danced to the found of the lyre, beneath the hade of a facred grove which furrounded the

· Cephisa got there first. 'Ah!' said

the to Alaidanis, I I was looking for you ; I have good news to tell you. The goddels has anticipated our vows I think I now begin to love you in good earnest. This very night I have seen you in my sleep. You was pref-fing; I was animated. Well -Well! I will tell you the reft at fupwith an indifferent air; and his eyes fixed on the feaft. ' At supper let it be, with all my heart. What a beautiful dancing girl is there! how charmingly that woman fingst'- We shall be alone, do you hear? - Alone! very well. I should be glad to know, who that handsome dancer is !'- Alcidoni, you do not hear me!'- Pardon me, I do hear you; but I am looking out for fomebody who may tell me Oh, Pamphilus! one word. Tell me who is that beautiful dancer?'- It is Chloe, fays Pamphilus. I am to fup with her.'- This evening?'-This very evening. I should be glad to make one.'- That cannot be.'- I befreeh you, my dear Pamphilus, by our friendthip.'- You do not confider, Alcidonis, whispered the disordered Cephisa, you are to sup with me; I told you so. — True, I intended it; but I have promised my friend Pamphilus. My word is lacred, and I cannot break it.

He faw Chloe, found her adorable, as it is called, for a quarter of an hour, and infipid the moment after. He faw Phillira, the finger; he was fmitten with her for an evening, and the next day tired of her. Alas, how fatiguing are whimfies! fays he; fevery instant new defires, without fatisfaction. It is the torment of the Danaides. A. way with these transitory beams of fentiment which revive ib faft, and leave me no repofe: let me drink oblivion to my follies! He faid, and empried the white phial. He had now none left but the blue; and his happiness depended on the use he thould make of it,

Alcidonis studied philosophy under Aristus the academician. Aristus dying. left behind him a young widow, one of the most virtuous and beautiful women in the world. The disciple of Aristus thought it his duty to give the widow all the confolation and attiffance of friendship. Glycerium refuled his offers with a modefty nungled with sweetness and pride. 6 I have e I have little wealth, faid she, and less desires. My husband has left me a most valuable inheritance, a reish for the golden mean, and the habit of living upon little. So much produce united to so much beauty deserved a delicate and lasting attachment. It is time, fays Alcidonis, that I should drink out of the blue phial.

A foft and lively warmth diffused it-fif through all his veins; not the restleffness of whim; not the transport of passion; but a delightful emotion, the prefage of happiness. He burns to behenceforth but one fortune with her, one life, and one foul; and giving way to his impatience, he proposes marriage to her? Glycerium was not insensible to this mark of love and efteem. You are generous enough, faid fhe, to by refufing it. I fhould be unworthy of it if I accepted it.' It was in vain that he orged his father's confent, that he made it a crime in her to refuse him, that he menaced her with the reproaches the would throw out against herfelf for having made him unhappy; the appeared immoveable.

Glycerium, however, in her retirement, wept without ceasing. The only save she had left saw the grief that confumed her, but was not able to penetrate the cause. Should be attribute it to the death of her husband? What! lament, without ceasing, a philosophical husband! That was not natural. His mistress often writ to a citizen of Argos; and the answers he returned her forced deep sighs from her. Curiosity or zeal induced the slave to open one of Glycerium's letters. It was conceived in these terms.

IF you have not an heart of brass, you will be touched, my lord, with the despair of an unfortunate woman, who would give her life for the liberty of her father. Aristus, my husband, to whom I was not ashamed to confess that I was born of a slave, spared no pains or estore my father to my wishes. He caused him to be sought after in vain. I learn at last that he is in your power, and I learn it, in indigence. I have made an estimate of every thing that I have less; but, alast I am far from being able to raise what you demand: so that the only resource now less me, is to

offer my felf in exchange for my father. It is not just that I should be free while my father is a slave. I am young; he is borne down by years. You may derive more advantage from my servitude than from his. My hands will inure themselves to labour; my heart is prepared for patience. Were I inclined to avail myself of the easy means which those of my age have in their power to seduce and interest the men, I should not be reduced to this cruel extremity; but slavery is less shameful than vice, and I make my choice without hesitation.

The flave, struck with admiration and pity, carried this letter to Alcidonis. Ah! cried he, his heart overcome, and his eyes swimming with tears; here, then, is the cause of her refusal! She was born a flave! What signifies that? Virtue is the empress of the whole world. Fortune only should be ashamed. What piety! what tenderness! You, Glycerium! you in flavery! Why have I not a throne to offer you! I conjure thee by the gods, said he to the flave, keep this a secret! I will go. The tears of thy mistress shall soon be wiped away, and thy zeal have it's reward.

Alcidonis repairs to Argos, and Cily-cerium's father is set free. The unknown stranger, who procured him his liberty, gives him wherewith to defray his expences to Athens, and fays to him at parting, ' You are now going to fee Glycerium; you owe your liberty to her tendernels and virtue. It is in her power to be happy, and to render you fo: and if the fervice I have just now done you be dear to you, promife me to engage this virtuous daughter of yours to conceal her birth and your misfortunes from the eyes of the man who demands her in marriage. I know his respect for her is so great, that it would shock him to fee her blush. Wherefore, if your benefactor ever appears before you, impreis your gratitude; for he would be known by you alone. - What! faid the man, melting into tears, 'shall my daughter never know the hand that has broken my chains?'- No, replied Atcidenis, overwhelm not Glycerium with this load of humiliation. It is one of those duties that debase the foul. Leave to hers, I conjure you, it's not deniels. and freedom.' The old man promised

his deliverer to comply.

On his arrival at Athens, his daughter faints away at the fight of him. Oh, my father!' faid the to him, what god grants you to my tears? Has then your mafter's avarice at length relented?'—' Yes, my daughter,' replied the old man; 'I know that I owe to your tendernels my life, and the happiness of coming to die inyour arms.

Alcidonis, at his return, came to press Glycerinm by all the tenderness of love to confent to their marriage. The oldman had not been wanting to exhort his daughter to filence on the humbleness of their former condition. ' No,' replied the to him with spirit, 'it is less humiliating to confeis, than to be filent: they whom it shall concern to know me,

· Mall learn from myfelf who I am. You chuse, then,' said she to Alcidonis, ' that I should open my foul to you? While I was unhappy, I concealed my grief; but you deserve to partake of my joy. Know, that my

delliny decreed me to be born in fervitude. I was emancipated; but my · father fill groaned under it. Some propitious deity restored him to me:

he is free; he is here; you shall see him. However, the blot of our ser-vitude is not to be effaced; and to confess to you who we are, is to de-

clare irrevocably, that neither your hoonour, nor my gratitude, will permit

me to liften to your offers.

' You do me injustice, Glycerium,' faid Alcidonis, with an air of tendernefs mingled with reproach. ' Do you think me lets a philosopher, or less generous, than Arittus? Did you conceal from him the misfortune of your birth? No, certainly. Did not he despise the injustice of fortune and opinion? I am his disciple : his pree cepts are engraved in my heart. Is it repreachful to follow his example? Or do you imagine that I have not virine enough to imitate him?'- It s is not virtue, faid the to him, fmiling, · but prudence, that you want. tus had not time to try himself. You s are not, like him, of an age at which · we can answer for ourselves; and I would fave you the bitternels of re-

pentance. Alcidonis, grieved at her invincible

order to move her by pity. In that moment appears the old man, whom he had delivered from flavery. 'What do I fee? Ah, daughter!' cried be, 'it ' is he and then all of a fudden calling to mind Alcidonis's prohibition, he stopped short, and remained with his eyes fixed on his deliverer, as it were inadvertently letting fall tears. 'What! 'my father,' faid Glycerium, aftonished, 'you know him then? It is he, you fay I make an end. What has he done? Where have you known him? Alcidonis, you look down! you blush! My father views you with the most melting tenderness! Ah! I underfand you both. My father, it is he who redeemed you; it is to him that I owe my father. '- Yes, my daugh. ter, there is my benefactor.'- Is this,' faid Alcidonis, embracing the old man, who threw himself at his feet; is this what you promised me?'-' Pardon me,' faid the old man, ' my heart was touched; my daughter has gueffed my fecret; it is not my fault." Well, then, fince the knows all, oblige this cruel daughter not to drive me to despair. It is her hand, ber heart, that I ask at the price of the happiness I restore to her. The old man, firuck to the heart, warmly reproached his daughter for a piece of ingratitude of which the was not guilty; and taking her trembling hand, put it into that of his deliverer. ' It is to your father that I owe it; that I owe this hand which you refused me,' faid Alcidonis to her, tenderly, and killing her hands. 'Confole yourself,' replied Glycerium, with a smile; ' you owe him only my hand; my heart furrendered of itself.

Alcidonis, transported, employed the remainder of the day in preparing to let out on the morrow for Megara. That night, while he enjoyed a gentle flumber, the fairy Galante appeared to him again, and said, Be happy, Alcidonis; · love without uneafiness; possess without difgust; defire in order to enjoy; make others jealous, but never be fo yourfelf. It is not advice that I now give you; it is your destiny that I unfold. You have drank at the spring of perfect happiness. I distribute with a lavish hand the purple and rose-coloured phials; but the blue bottle is a gift which I referve for my tavou-Apridonis, grieved at little at Glycerium's feet, in frites. LAUSUS

and freedem. The old man promised, order to move her by pily. In that we

his neliverer to comilly. LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

about a to its and Laufus Equum Dormitor, Debellatorque Ferarum. VIRG. Æn. vii.

HE character of Mezentius, king of Tyrrhene, is well known. A bad prince and a good father, cruel and tender by turns. He had nothing of the tyrant, nothing that shewed violence, as long as his defires knew no obstacle; but the calm of this haughty foul was

ment appears the old man moon in

the repose of a lion.

Mezentius had a fon named Laufus, whose valour and beauty rendered him famous among the young heroes of Italy. Laufus had attended Mezentius in the war against the King of Præneste. His father, at the very fummit of joy, faw him, covered with blood, fighting and vanquishing by his fide. The King of Præneste, driven out of his territories, and feeking fafety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a princels, at that age wherein the heart has only the virtues of nature, and nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. Every thing that the Graces in tears possels, either noble or affecting, was painted in Lydia's countenance. In her grief, courage, and dignity, one might discover the daughter of kings amidft the crowd of flaves. She received the first compliments of her enemies without haughtiness, without acknowledgment, as an homage due to her rank, the noble fentiments of which were not weakened by ill fortune.

She heard her father named, and at that name lifted up to Heaven her fine eyes filled with tears. All hearts were moved. Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and age. Prosperity, which hardens weak fouls, foftens proud hearts, and nothing can be gentler than

an hero after a victory.

If the favage heart of old Mezentius was not able to refift the charms of his captive, what was the impression on the virtuous foul of young Laufus! He mourned over his exploits; he reproached himself with his victory: it cost Lydia tears. Let her avenge herfelf, faid he; let her hate me as much as I love her; I have deserved it but too much! But an idea still more distressful presents itself to his imagination i he sees Mezentius, aftonished, softened, pass on a fudden from rage to clemency. He judged rightly, that humanity alone had not effected this revolution; and the fear of having his father for a rival compleated his confusion.

At theage of Mezentius jealouly follows closely upon love. The tyrant obferved the eyes of Laufus with an uneafy attention: he faw extinguished in them, all at once, that joy and ardour which had lighted up the face of the young hero on his first victory. He saw him difturbed: he caught fome looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that instant he considered himself as betrayed; but nature interposed, and suspended his rage. A tyrant even in his fury constrains himself to think that he is just; and beforehe condemned his fon, Mezentius laboured to convict him.

He hegan by diffembling his own paffion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attentions of love as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty: but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers, the usual retinue of men of power; who, not being able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in being

feared.

His fon was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his fentiments an interest so delicate and tender, that Lydia very foon began to reproach herself for the hatred which the thought the entertained for the blood of her enemy; while Laufus lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. He called the gods to witness that he would do all in his power to repair them. 'The king my father, fays he, ' is as generous after victory, as untractable before battle: fatisfied with victory, he is incapable of oppression. It is easier than ever for the King of Premelte to engage him to a prace that shall be glorious to both. That peace will dry up your tears, beautiful Lydia; but will it efface the remembrance of their crime

who caused you to shed them? Why him prepare to set out the next day for did I not fee all my blood flow rather

than those tears?"

Lydia's replies, which were full of modely and greatness, betrayed to Laufus no warmeremotion than that of gratitude; though at the bottom of her heart the was but too fensible of the care he took to confole her. She fometimes blushed for having listened to him with complaisance; but her father's interests made it a law to her to avail herself of fuch a support.

In the mean time their conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate; and love made it's way infenfibly through respect and gratitude, as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the flight texture in which it is en-

folded.

Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquillity of Mezentius, the credulous Laufus flattered himself, that he should very foon see his duty accord with his inclination : and nothing in the world, in his opinion, was easier, than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two articles; to restore to the King of Præneste his crown and his terri ories; and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers. He communicated this project to Lydia. The confidence he placed in it, the advantages he faw accruing from it, the transports of joy which the idea alone inspired him with, surprized the lovely captive into a smile, mingled with tears. ' Gene-' rous prince,' fays the to him, ' may Heaven fulfil the withes you pour out for my tather! I shall not be forry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the token of gratitude.' This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. The tyrant was informed of all. His first transport would have harried him to faculice his rival; but this fon was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him: the fame stroke would have rendered him compleatly odious to his subjects, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the publick hatred. Fear is the ruling pattion of tyrants? Mezentius releives to diffemble. He orders his fon into his prefence, talks' to him with good-humour, and bids

the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which wrung his foul, and fet out without having

time to take leave of Lydia.

The very day of Laufus's departure, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the King of Præneste; the first article of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. That unfortunate monarch hesitated not to. confent, and the same ambassador that offered him peace brought back his agreement for an answer.

Laufus had in the court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. A remarkable refemblance to the young prince had been the means of making the fortune of this young man, who was called Phanor; but they resembled each other ftill more in their disposition than their figure; the same inclinations, the fame virtues. Laufus and Phanor feemed to have but one foul. Laufus, at parting, had confided to Phanor his passion and his despair. The latter. was therefore inconfolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia with Mezentius; he thought it is duty to acquaint the prince with it. The fituation of the lover at this news cannot be described; his heart is troubled, his reason for sakes him; and, in the distraction of a blind forrow, he writes to Lydia the warmest and most imprudent letter that love ever dictated. Phanor was charged with the delivery of it. He went to her at the hazard of his life, if he should be discovered. He was so. Mezentine, enraged, orders him to be laden with irons, and dragged to

frightful prison. However, every thing was prepared for the celebration of this unhappy marriage. We may justly conclude that the feast was suitable to the character of Mezentius. Wreftling, the celtus, gladiators, combats between men and animals bred up to carnage, every thing that barbarity has invented for it's amulements, was to have graced the points: nothing was wanting to this bloody spectacle, but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was cultomary to expose to these fights none but criminals condemned to die; and Miegeniles, who on any fulpicion was always eager to put the innocent to

death-

death, retarded still less the punishment of the guilty. There remained in the prison none but the faithful friend of Lausus. Let him be exposed, faid Mezentius; let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment is a feast worthy of injured love.

Laufus having in vain expected the answer of his friend, impatiently gave way to affright. ' Should we be discovered l' fays he; ' should I have lost my friend by my fatal imprudence! Lydia herself-Ah! I tremble. No, · I cannot live any longer in this dreadful uncertainty.' He fets out; he difguises himself carefully; he arrives; he hears the reports spread among the people; he learns that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius. He learns that they are preparing the feast which is to precede the marriage-festival, and that, by way of thew at this festival, they are to fee the unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beafts. He thrinks at this recital; a deadly chillness spreads through all his veins; he comes again to himfelf; but loft in distraction, he falls on his knees, and cries out, Great gods, restrain my hand; my despair terrifies me! Let me die to save my friend; but let me die with virtue! Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, though he should perish in his stead, he flies to the gates of the prifon; but how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the slave whose office it was to carry food to the prisoners. ' Open your eyes,' faid he, ' and know me: I am Lausus, I am the son of the king. I expect an important service from you. Phanor is confined here; I will see him; I will. I have but one way to come at him: give me your cloaths; fly! There are the pledges of ' my acknowledgment: withdraw yourfelf from the vengeance of my father. If you betray me, you rush on your

The weak and timorous flave yields to his promifes and threats. He affifts the prince in difguifing himfelf, and difappears, after having told him the hour at which he was to prefent himfelf, and the conduct he was to observe in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards.

ruin; if you affift me in my undertaking, my favour shall find you in

Night approaches, the moment arrives, Laufus presents himself: he assumes the name of the flave; the holts of the dungeon open with a difinal found. By the feeble glimmering of a torch, he penetrates into this manfion of horror; he advances, he liftens: the accents of a moaning voice strike his ear; he knows it to be the voice of his friend; he fees him lying down in the corner of a cell, covered with rags, confumed with weak ness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and the fire of despair in his eyes. Leave me, faid Phanor to him, taking him for the flave; ' away with ' these odious nou ishments; suffer me ' to die. Alas!' added he, fending forth cries interrupted by fighs; 'alas ! my dear Laufus is ftill more unhappy than ' I. O, ye gods! if he knows the state to which he has reduced his friend!' - 'Yes,' cried Laufus, throwing himfelf on his bosom; 'yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it, and he partakes of it.'- What do I fee?' cried Phanor, transported: Ah, Laufus! ah, my prince!' At their words both of them lose the use of their senses, their arms are locked in each other, their hearts meet, their fighs are intermingled. They remain for a long time mute and immoveable, stretched out on the floor of the dungeon; grief stifles their voice, and they answer each other only by embracing more closely, and hathing one another with their tears. Laufus at laft coming to himfelf, 'Let us not lofe time,' faid he to his friend; 'teke thefe cloaths, get hence, and leave me here.'-What, I! great gods! can I be fovile? Ah, Laufus, could you believe it! Ought you to propose it to me!'- 'I know you well,' faid the prince; 'but you should also know me. The fentence is pronounced, your punishment ' is prepared, you must die or fly.'-Fly!'- Hear me; my father is violent, but he is not without fembility, Nature afferts her right over his heart : if I deliver you from death, I have only to melt him to compassion for myself; and his arm, when lifted up against a fon, will be eafily difarmed."- He would flrike,' faid Phanor, 'and your death would be my crime; I cannot abandon you.'- Well, then,' faid Laufus, 'remain here; but at your death ' you shall see mine also. Depend not on my father's clemency; it would be in vain for him to pardon me; think

not that I would pardon myself. This hand, which wrote the fatal hillet that condemns you; this hand, which, even after it's crime, is still the hand of your friend, shall re-unite us in your own despite. In vain would Phanor have insisted. Let us argue no longer, interrupted Lausus; you can say nothing to me that can equal the shame of surviving my friend, after I have destroyed him. Your pressing earnest ness makes me blosh, and your prayers are an affront. I will answer for my own safety, if you will say and perish; chuse: the moments now are precious.

Phanor knew his friend too well to pretend to shake his resolution. 'I confent,' says he, 'to let you try the only means of safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live: your scaffold shall be mine.'—'I readily believe it,' said Lausus, 'and your friend esteems you too much to desire you to furvive him.' At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which

Laufus had just thrown off.

What a night! what adreadful night for Lydia! Alas! how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her foul; that divide, that tear it, between love and virtue? She adores Lausus, she detests Mezentius; the facrifices herfelf to her father's interests, she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred, the tears herfelf for ever from the wishes of an adored lover. They lead her to the altar as it were to punishment. Barbarous Mezentius! thou art content to reign over the heart by violence and fear! it fuffices thee that thy confort trembles before thee, as a flave before his mafter. Such is love in the heart of a tyrant.

Yet, alas! it is for him alone that the is hereafter to live; it is to him that the is going to be united. If the refifts, the must betray her lover and her father: a refusal will discover the secret of her soul; and if Lausus is suspected to be dear

to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day. The terrible day, arrives. Lydia, difinayed and trembling, fees herself decked out, not as a bride to be presented at the altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent victims which a barbarous pity

crowned with flowers before it facrifi-

They lead her to the place where the spectacle is to be exhibited; the people assemble there in multitudes; the sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the engagements at the cessus, at wressling, at the sword; a more dreadful object

engages our attention.

An enormous lion advances. At first, with a calm pride, he traverses the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environs him: a confused murmur announces the terror that he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animates him; he replies by his roarings; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head; he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eye-balls. The affrighted populace wish and dread to see the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to the rage of this monster. Terror and pity seize on every breast.

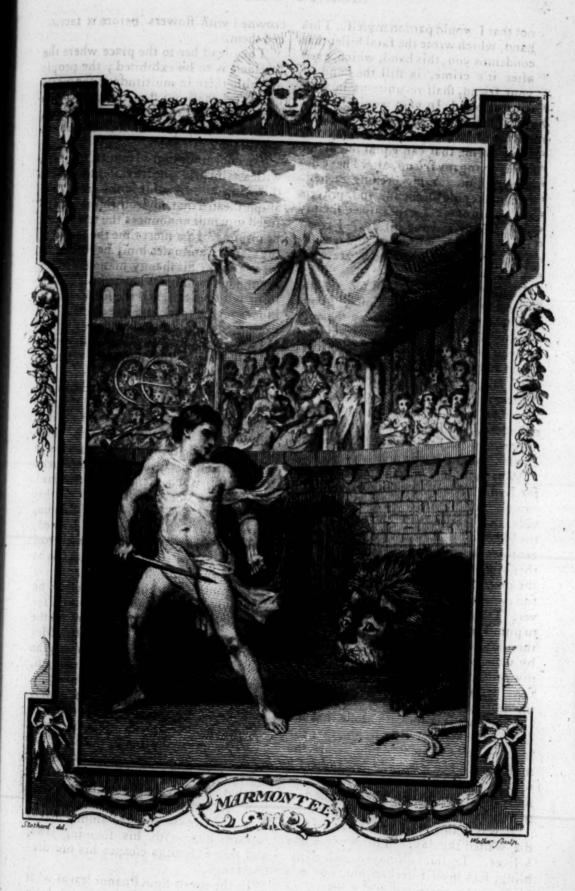
The combatant, whom Mezentius's guards themselves had taken for Phanor, presents himself. Lydia could not distinguish him. The horror with which she is seized had obliged her to turn away her eyes from this spectacle, which shocks the sensibility of her tender soul. Alas! what would she feel, if she knew that Phanor, that the dear friend of Lausus, is the criminal whom they have devoted; if she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend's place, and that it is he

who is going to fight!

Half naked, his hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid air; a poniard for the attack, a buckler for defence, are the only arms by which he is protected. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor. His own blood is dumb, Nature is blind; it is his own fon whom he delivers up to death, and his bowels are not moved; refentment and revenge stifle every other fentiment. He fees with a barbarous joy the fury of the lion rifing by degrees. Laufus, impatient, provokes the monster, and urges him to the combat. He advances towards him; the lion springs forward. Lausus avoids him. Thrice the enraged animal makes towards him with his foaming jaws, and thrice Laufus escapes his murderous fangs.

In the mean time Phanor learns what is doing. He runs up, and bears down the muititude before him, while his

piercing



was about to kall mytelial be refuled Those a med or side to ben a and if your ten be first dear to you, you owe you to your ten to ham; but if your venge. anchie nor appealed, our days are in " your hands a tirke, we will perith " courtiers have two min." Lying tremb agactors discourle, view. Alternation with tanger or ever overut so arrace, remouty and revence. He to some of the first of the find the fi Technical Manual Control of the cont description when the control of the Larratent domperation and a second eval himpomola reflect

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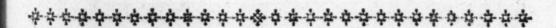
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piercing cries make the amphitheatre refound. 'Stop, Mezentius! save your fon: it is he; it is Lausus who is engaged.' Mezentius looks and knows Phanor, who hastens towards him: 'O, ye gods, what do I see! My people affist me; throw yourselves on the arena, ravish my son from the jaws of death! At the name of Lausus, Lydia falls down dead on the steps of the amphitheatre; her heart is chilled, her eyes are covered with darkness. Mezentius fees only his fon, who is now in inevitable danger: a thousand hands arm in vain for his defence: the mon-fler pursues him, and would have devoured him, before they could have arrived to his affistance. But, O incredible wonder! O unlooked-for happineis! Laufus, while he eludes the bounds of the furious animal, strikes him a mortal blow; and the fword, with which he is armed, is drawn reeking from the lion's heart. He fails, and swims in feas of blood, vomited through his foaming jaws. The universal alarm now changes into triumph, and the people reply to Mezentius's doleful cries only by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recal Lydia to life; she opens her eyes, and fees Laufus at Mezentius's feet, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful Phanor. 'It is I,' faid he to his father, 'it is I alone who ' am culpable. Phanor's crime was ' mine: it was my duty to expiate it. I forced him to refign his place; and

was about to kill myself if he refused. I live, I owe that life to him; and if your son be still dear to you, you owe your fon to him; but if your vengeance is not appealed, our days are in your hands: firike; we will perish together; our hearts have sworn it." Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with suppliant eyes, overflowing with tears. The tyrant's crueity could not withstand this trial. cries of nature, and the voice of remorfe, put to filence jealoufy and revenge. He remains for a long time immoveable, and dumb, rolling by turns, on the subjects that furround him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation, and pity, combat and fucceed each other. All tremble around the tyrant. Laufus, Phanor, Lydia, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words that he is to pronounce. He fubmits at last, in spite of himself, to that virtue whose ascendancy overpowers him; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous violence, from rage to tender-ness, he throws himself into his son's arms. 'Yes,' fays he, 'I pardon thee, and I pardon also thy friend. Live. · love one another: but there remains one facrifice more for me to make thee. and thou haft just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it then,' faid he with a new effort; 'receive this hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee than life, it is thy valour which has forced it from me; it is that alone could have 6 obtained it.



BY GOOD LUCK.

Chateauneuf to the old Marchioness of Lisban, 'I cannot believe that what is called virtue in a woman, is so rare as is said; and I would lay a wager, without going farther, that you yourself have never been guilty of one indiscretion.'—' Upon my word, my dear abbé, I could almost say like Agnes, do not lay.'—' Should I lose?'—
No, you would win; but by so little, so very little, that to say the truth it is not worth boasting of.'—' That is to say, your prudence has run some risks.'

Alas! yes: I have feen it more than once on the point of being thipwrecked. By good luck you behold it in port. — Ah, Madam, trust me with the recital of your adventures.
— With all my heart. We are arrived at an age wherein we have no longer any thing to diffemble, and my youth is now so long past, that I may speak of it as a gay dream.

If you recollect the Marquis of Lifban, he was one of those insipid fine figures, which say to you, Here am I! He was one of those aukward pieces

of vanity which always miss their aim. . He valued himself on every thing, and " that I should undeceive Palmene; and was good at nothing: he took the lead in converfation, demanded filence, firf-· pended the attention, and then brought out the flarrest speech in the world. He laughed before he told a ftory, but · no one else laughed at his stories; · he often aimed at being refined, and gave fuch fine turns to what he faid, . that at lait he did not know what he was faying: when he had given ladies the vapours, he thought he had made them penfive: when they were diverting themselves with his follies, he · took it for coquetry.'- Ah, Ma-· dam, what a happy temper! - ' Our first interviews were filled with the recital of his intrigues. I began by e listening to him with impatience; I ended by hearing him with difgutt: I e even took the liberty of declaring to my parents that the creature tired me to death. They replied, that I was a · fimpleton, for that a husband was formed to do fo. I married him. * They made me promife to love him alone: his mouth faid, Yes; my heart faid, No; and my heart kept it's promile. The Count of Palmene prefented himfelf before me with all the graces of mind and figure. My hofband, who introduced him, did the . honours of my modelty : he replied to the handfome things the count frid on his happiness with an air of superiority that made me mad. If you would believe him, I loved him to diffraction; and this declaration was succeeded by all that indifcreet disclosure of fecrets, no less thocking to truth than decofrum, while vanity abuses the filence of modelly. I was not able to contain myself; I quitted the room, and Palmene could perceive by my difgust, that the marquis imposed upon him. "The impertment creature!" faid I to myfelf, "he goes on boatting of his triumphs, because he is perfuaded I shall not have the courage to contradict him. They will be-40 lieve him; they will suppose me taste-" lefs enough to love the fillies and vainest man in the world. If he had so fpoken of an honest attachment to my ed duty, I could have borne it; but to er talk of love! of a weakness for him! this is enough to bring a difgrace on " me. Noy I would not have a faid in the world, that I am fend of my huf-

" band: it is of the highest consequence . " with him I ought to begin,"

My hutband, who congratulated himfelf on having put me out of coun. tenance, did not discover, any better than myfelf, the true cause of my confusion and anger. He valued him. felf too much, and loved me too little, " to condescend to be jealous. "You " have behaved like a child," faid he to me when the count was gone: "I can " tell you, however, that he thinks you " charming. Yet do not liften too much " to him; he is a dangerous man." I felt it much better than he could tell

Next day the Count de Palmene came to fee me; he found me alone, " Do you for give me, Madam," faid he, for the confusion I saw you in yester. ce day? I was the innocent cause of it, but I could freely have dispensed with the marquis's making me his " confident,"-" I know not, to him, looking down, "why he takes " fo much pleature in relating what it " gives me fo much pain to hear."-"When we are so happy, Madam, we " are very pardonable in being indif-" creet."-" If he is happy, I congra-" tulate him; but indeed he has no " reason."-" What I can he be other-" wife," replied the count with a figh, " when he possesses the most beautiful woman in the world?"-" Suppose, " Sir, suppose for once that I am so; " where is the glory, the merit, the " happiness of possessing me? Did I dis-" pole of myself?"-" No, Madam; but, if I may believe him, you foon " applauded the choice they had made " for you."-" What ! Sir! will the " men never confider that they train us " pp to diffimulation from our infancy; ce that we lose our frankness with our " liberty; and that it is no longer the " time to require of us to be fincere, " when they have imposed it as a duty Af on us to be otherwise?" Here I was a little too much so myself, and perceived it too late; hope had now infinuated itself into the count's foul. To confess that one does not love one's husband, is almost to confess that we Love another; and the person who is f made the confident of fuch a contel-

fion, is very often the object of it. These ideas had plunged the count " You have into a pleasing reverie. es diffembled

" diffembled then mighty well," faid he, after a long filence, " for the mar-" quis has told me aftonishing things of " your mutual love."—" Very well, " Sir; let him flatter himself as much " as he pleafes: I shall not try to unde-" ceive him."-" But for yourself, " Madam, ought you ro be unhappy?" "I do my duty, I submit to my def-" tiny: question me no more about it; " and, above all, make no ill use of the " fecrets which the imprudence of my " hufband, my own natural fincerity, " and my impatience, have forced from " me."_" I! Madam; may I die " fooner than be unworthy your confi-" dence. But I would enjoy it alone, " and without referve: look upon me " as a friend who shares all your dif-" quiets, and in whose breast you may " fafely deposit them."

This name of friend infused into my heart a perfidious tranquility: I no longer mistrusted either myself or him. A friend of twenty-four hours, of the count's age and figure, appeared to me the most reasonable, as well as the most decent thing in the world; and a husband such as mine, the thing of all the world the most ridiculous

and most afflicting.

'The latter obtained no longer, from the duty I owed him, any more than a few cold civilities; of which, however, he had still the folly to pride himself, and was always mentioning them in confidence to Palmene, and at the same time exaggerating their value. The count knew not what to think of it. "Why deceive me?" said he sometimes. "Why disown a comerce to contradict yourself?"—"Alas! no, Sir; I could glory in it; but I am not happy enough to have occarion to retract."

At these words my eyes were filled with tears. Palmene was melted by them. What did he not say to me to soften my sorrows! What pleasure did I take in hearing him! O, my dear abbé! the dangerous comforter: he assumed from that moment an absolute empire over my soul; and, of all my thoughts, my love for him was the only one I concealed from him. He had never spoke to me of his own passon but under the title of friendship; but making an ill use at last of

the afcendance he had overme, he write

I Have deceived myself, and imposed upon you; that friendship, so calm and so sweet, to which I resigned ed myself w thout fear, is become love, the most violent, the most passification, that ever existed. I shall see you this evening, to devote my life to you, or to bid you an eternal fare-

I shall not explain to you, my dear abbé, the different emotions that arofe in my foul: all I know is, that virtue, love, and fear, strove there together; but I remember, teo, that joy had it's part. I endeavoured, however, to prepare myself for making a good defence. First, I thought I would not be alone-" and I will go " and tell them to let in all the world." Secondly, I refolved I would look at him but very flightly, without giving his eyes an opportunity to fix themfelves for one moment on mine. "This " effort will coft me dear; but virtue is " not virtue for nothing. In fhort, I " will avoid giving him an opportunity " of speaking to me in particular : and, " if he should dare to attempt it, I will " answer him in a tone, in such a tone as shall deceive him.

My resolution being taken, I sat down to my toilette; and without intending it, dreffed myfelf that day with more grace and elegance than ever. In the evening, a prodigious deal of company came to fee me, and this company put me out of humour. My husband also, more earnest and assiduous than usual, as if he had done it on purpose, harraffed me almost to At length they announced Palmene. He bluffied, he paid his respects to me: I received him with a profound curtley, without deigning to raife my eyes towards him, and faid to myfelf, "Well, this is very fine!" The conversation at first was general; Palmene let drop some words, which, to the rest of the company, carried very little meaning, but fignified a great deal to me. I pretended not to understand thein, and applauded myself in my own mind for so well supported a rigour. Palmene had not the courage · to approach me; my hufband forced

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him to it by his familiar pleasantries.
The count's respect and tunidity softened me. "The poor wretch," said
I, "is more to be pitied than blamed;
if he dared, he would ask pardon of
me; hu: he will never have the courage. I will chear him by a look."

"I have been guilty of an indiscretion, Madam," said he to me, "do
you pardon me for it?"—"No, Sir."
This No, pronounced I know not
how, appeared to me very great. Palmene got up, as it were to go; my
husband retained him by force. Word
was brought that supper was on table.
"Come, my dear count, be gallant;
give my wife your hand: she seems
to me to be rather in ill-humour; but
we shall contrive to drive it away."

Palmene, in despair, squeezed my hand; I looked at him, and thought I saw in his eyes the image of love and grief. I was touched with it, my dear abhé; and by a movement, which proceeded from my heart, my hand replied to his. I cannot describe to you the change which appeared all of a sudden on his countenance. It sparkled with joy, and that joy disfused itself into the souls of all the company. Love, and the desire of pleasing, seemed to animate them all,

as well as himfelf.

. The discourse turned upon gallantry. My husband, who thought him-felf an Ovid in the art of love, delivered a thousand impercinencies on the subject. The count, in his anfwers, endeavoured to foften them with a delicacy and ingenuity that quite charmed me. By good luck, a young fop, who had feated himself by me, took it into his head to fay handsome things to me. By good luck also I paid some attention to him, and an-· Iwered him with an air of fatisfaction. The amiable Palmene now changed of a fudden both his language and tem-The convertation had passed from love to coquetry. The count inveighed against that general defire of pleabing, with a warmth and gravity that altonished me. "I forgive," faid he, "a woman for changing her lover; I can even pardon her for having " feveral; all this is natural: it is not the fault if they cannot fix her; at e least, if the feeks to captivate only those the loves, and whom the makes thappy; and if the contributes at one

time to the happiness of two or three, it is only a bleffing multiplied. But a coquette is a tyrant who wants to er enflave, merely for the pleasure of having slaves. Idolatress of herself, " the cares for nobody elfe : her pride makes a sport of our weakness, and a triumph of our torments; her looks are false, her mouth deceitful, her language and her behaviour are only a series of snares, her graces so many " fyrens, her charms fo many poisons. This declamation aftonished all prefent. " What! Sir," faid the young gentleman to him, who talked to me, do you prefer a woman of gallantry to a coquette!"-" Yes, without doubt do I, and it is beyond all difpute."-" Such a one is more conve. nient!" faid I to him ironically." And "more inestimable, Madam," replied he, with an air of chagrin; "more estimable a thousand times." I confess that I was piqued at this insult. Come, Sir," replied I with disdain, it is to no purpole that you reproach us, as with a crime, of one of the most innocent and most natural pleafures in the world; your opinion will not be a law. The coquettes, you fay, are tyrants: you are a much greater tyrant yourself, for wanting to de-prive us of the only advantage that nature has given us. If we must give up the defire of pleafing, what have we left in fociety? Talents, genius, the striking virtues, all these you have, or think you have; it is permitted a woman only to attempt to be amiable; and yet you most cruelly condemn her never to with to This is to be so, except to one man. bury her alive amidst the living; this " is to render the whole world nothing " to her."-" Ah, Madam!" faid the count to me in a pet, "you are in the way of the world! Indeed I could " not have believed it."-" You are " wrong, my dear," replied my huf-band, "you are wrong: my wife " would please every body, but desires to make none happy but me. That is cruel, I confeis, and I have told " her so a hundred times; but it is her " foible: fo much the worse for the dupes. Besides, why take so seriously what is but a jest? If she takes " a pleasure in hearing herself called " handsome, must the for that reason " reply in the same strain? She loves

" me, that is plain; but you, and as in many others who amuse her, ye have no pretentions to her heart. She keeps that for me; and I defy any body to rob me of it."—" You that my " mouth," faid Palmene, "the moment " you cite your lady for an example, and I have nothing to fay in reply." At these words they went out from tas ble.

I conceived from that instant, I will not fay an aversion for the count, but a dread which almost comes up to it. "What a strange man!" faid I to myfelf; " what an imperious disposition ! " He would make a woman miserable." After supper he fell into a sullen silence, from which nothing could rouze him. At last, finding me for a moment alone, " Do you really think as you " fpeak?" demanded he with the air of a levere judge. " Certainly." E-" as long as I live."

By good luck he kept his word with me, and I perceived by the chagrin which this rupture gave me, all the danger I had run. - See,' faid the abbé, moralizing very gravely, ' what one moment of ill humour produces. A trifle becomes a serious affair : we are exasperated, humbled; love is ter-rified, and flies.

' The character of the Chevalier de Luzel, refumed the marchioness, swas ' quite the reverse of that of the Count de Palmene.'- 'Tnisgentleman, Madam, was, without doubt, the person who was fo fweet upon you during · fupper?'- Yes, my dear abbe, the faine. He was beautiful as Narciffus, and he loved himself no less: he had vivacity, and a gentility in his underflanding, but not the shadow of com-" mon fenfe.

" Ah! marchioness," faid he to me, " this Palmene of yours is a mel incho-" ly creature! What do you do with the " man? Hetalks, he moralizes, he over-" whelms us with his arguments. For " my own part, I know but two things; " to amuse myself, and to be amusing " to others: I know the world I live " in, I fee what paffes there; I fee that " the greatest of evils that afflict man-" kind is dullness. Now this dullness " proceeds from an evenness in the tem-" per, a constancy in our connections, " a folidity in our taftes, a monotony,

" in flort, which gives a fleepinesseven to pleasure itself; while levity, caorice, coquetry, keep it awake. Be-" coquetry is the charm of fociety. Be-" fides, sensible women are tiresome in the long-run. It is a good thing to " have somebody with whom you may unbend."—" With me," faid I to him, fmiling, " you may unbend as much as you please."— And that mow is what I want, what I seek in a coquette; to oppose, to resist, to defend herself, if possible. Yes, Ma-" dam, I would fly you, if I thought " you capable of a ferious attachment." " Madam, replied the abbe gravely, this young fop was a dangerous perfon. - I affure you, my good friend, he was; and it was not long before I perceived it. I treated him at first as a child, and this afcendancy of my understanding over his could not but be very flattering at my time of life, but he might be taken from me by fomebody. I began to grow unealy at it. His absence put me out of humour; his connections raifed my jealouty. I demanded facufices, and wanted to

impof laws. " faid he to me one day well, now," faid he to me one day when I was reproaching him for his diffipation, " would you work a little " miracle; make medifereet at once: I ak nothing better." I understood very well, that to make him different, there was a necessity for ceasing to be fo myfelf. I asked him, however, on what this little miracle depended. " On a " trifle," faid he: " we feem to me to " love one another already; the rest is " easily imagined."—" If we loved one another, as you fay, but which I do " not believe, the miradle would be al-" ready performed: love alone would " have rendered you discreet."-" O, "no, Madam, we must be just: I wil-" lingly abandon all other hearts for " yours, win or lofe; it is the chance of " the game, and I wish to can the hazard of it; but yet there is an exchange to " make, and you cannot in conscience defire that I fould renounce all plea-" fore for nothing." - Madam, inf not to void of lenfe as you fay, and here he reasoned pretty well. " I was f aftonished, faid the marchioness; but the more I perceived he was in the right, H

the more I endeavoured to persuade him that he was wrong. I even told him, as far as I can remember, some of the finest things in the world on homour, duty, and conjugal fidelity: but he paid no regard to them; he pretended that honour was only a decorum, marriage a ceremony, and the oath of fidelity a compliment, a piece of politeness, which in reality bound us to nothing. So much was said on one fide and the other, that we began to some lose ourselves in our ideas, when on a

fudden my husband arrived. By good luck, Madam!'- Oh! by great good luck, I confess: never did husband come more opportunely. We were confused; my blushes would have betrayed me; and, for want of time to recollect myfelf, I faid to the chevalier, " Hide yourself." He retired into the closet of my dreffing room.'- ' A dangerousretreat, Madam!'- 'It was fo; but this closet had a back-door, and I was eafy about the chevalier's escape.'- 'Madam,' faid the abbe, with his air of reflection, ' I would lay a wager that the chevalier is still in the closet.'- Patience,' replied the marchioness, ' we are not come to the s unravelling of the plot. My husband accosted me with that air of self-content which appeared always on his countenance; and I, in order to conceal my embarrassment from him, ran up haftily to embrace him with an exclamation of surprize and joy. - " So, " you little fool," faid he to me, " there now, I suppose you are pleased! You se fee me again. I am very good, to " come and pass the evening with this poor thing. You are not ashamed, then, to love your he band? But do you know that it is ridiculous, and that they fay that they must bury us together, or that I must be banished from you; that you are good for nothing, ever fince you have been my wife; that you drive all your lovers " into despair, and that you ought to

" be punished for it?"-" I, Sir! I

" drive nobody into despair. Do not

of natured women in the world."-

What an air of simplicity! one would

believe it. Thus, for example, Pal-

" mene ought to take it for granted

that you have not played the coquette with him; the chevalier ought to be

content that you prefer your husband

you know me? I am one of the beit-

..

to him; and what a hufband too! A dull, infipid fellow, who has noteven " common fense is it not fo? What " a contrast to an elegant chevalier!"_ " Indeed I form no comparison between " you." - " The chevalier has wit, vivacity, and grace. How do I know but he has the gift of tears also? Has " he never wept at your knees? You blufh! That is almost a confession. Out with it; tell me?"-" Have " done," faid I to him, " or I will leave " the room."-" What! do not you " fee that I am joking?"—" Such jok-" now! what, angry! You threaten me " too! You may, but I shall not be at all alarmed."—"You take advantage of my virtue."-" Of your virtue? " Oh, not at all! I depend only on my own planet, which will not fuffer me "to be made a fool of!"—"And you trust to your planet?"—"I trust so throughly in it, I depend so thoroughly " upon it, that I defy you to counteract " it. Hark ye, child, I have known " women without number; and not " one, whatever I did, could bring her-" felf to be untrue to me. Ah! I may " fay without vanity, that when they " love me, they love me heartily. Not " that I am better than any other: I do " not flatter myfelf fo far as that; but " there is a certain je-ne-fgai-quoi, as "Moliere fays, which cannot be exing himself with his eyes, he walked before a glass. "You fee too," con-' tinued he, " how little restraint I put " upon you. For example, to-night have you any appointment, any tite-" à tête, Itake my leave. It is mere. " ly on a supposition that you are dis-" engaged, that I come to passthe even-" ing with you." _ " However that be," faid I to him, "you had better flay." " For the greater furety, isit not fo?" " Perhaps fo." -" I thank you: lie " I must fup with you."- Sup then quickly,' interrupted the abbe; ' the marquis makes me impatient: I am in pain till you get up from table; till you are retired into your own apartment, and your husband leaves you there.'- Well, my dear abl é behold me there, in the most cruel anxity I ever experienced in my lite. My foul thruggling (I bluft at it yet) beiween fear and define. I advance with a trembling pace towards the closet of

my dreffing room, to fee at last if my fears have any foundation: I perceive nobody there, I think him gone, this perfidious chevalier! but, by good luck, I hear fomebody speaking in a low voice in the next room; I draw near, I biften: it was Luzel himself, with the youngest of my women. " It is true," faid he, " I came here with a defign " upon the marchioness, but chance " ules me better than love. What a " comparison! and how unjust is for-" tune! Your mistress is well enough; " but has the that shape, that air of " You are, by nature, a woman of qua-" lity. A woman must either be very " modest, or very vain, to have an at-" tendant of your age and figure! Faith, " Lucy, if the Graces are made like you, " Venus cannot shine much at her toi-" lette."-" Keep your gallantries, Sir, " for my lady; and remember that she " will be here prefently."-" Oh, no, " she is with her husband; they are the best in the world together. I even " think, God forgive me! that I hear " them faying tender things to each " other. It would be pleasant if he " should come to pass the night with " her. But however that be, she does " not know that I am here, and from " this moment I am no longer for her." -" But, Sir, you do not consider; what " will become of me if they should know " it?"-"Take courage; I have provid-" ed for every thing : if to-morrow they " fhould fee me go out, it is easy to give it " a proper turn." - ' But, Sir, my la-" dy's honour -- " " Stuff: your la-" dy's honour is mightily concerned in " it! And, after all, if they should " give her fuch a man as myfelf, fo " much the better, that would bring her "into fashion." - Oh, the wretch!" cried the abbé. 'Judge, my friend," refumed the marchioness, 'my indigna-'tion at this discourse. I was on the point of burfting out upon them; but fuch a burft of pathon would have ' ruined me: neither my people nor my hulband would have been able to perfusde themselves that the chevalier came there on Lucy's account. I refolved to diffemble: I rang; Lucy appeared; I had never feen her look fo handsome before; for jealousy embel-' lishes it's object, when it cannot make 'it ugly. " Was that one of your ma-" fter's fervants," faid I to her, " whom

" I just now heard talking with you?"-Yes, Madam," replied the with confusion. " Let him withdraw this in-" ftant, and do not come back till he is gone." I faid no more; but whether Lucy faw through me, or fear determined her to fend away the chevalier, he retired that instant, and got out undiscove ed. You may eatily judge, my dear abbé, that my door was ever after thur against him; and that Lucy the next day dreffed my head ill, did every thing wrong, was good for no-thing, put me quite out of patience,

and was discharged.

' You had reason, Madam,' cried the abbé, ' to fay that your virtue has run fome rifks.'- 'This is not all,' continued she, ' I shall now entertain you with another adventure. We paffed the fummer every year at our countryhouse at Corbeil, where we had a ce-lebrated painter for our neighbour, which inspired the marquis with the gallant notion of having my portrait and his own. You know that it was his foible to believe himfelf beloved by He would have us represented in the same piece, chained together by Hymen with wreaths of flowers. The painter took the hint; but being accuftomed to draw after nature, he defired to have a model for the figure of Hymen. In the same village was at that time a young abbé, who now and then came to fee us. His fine eyes, his roly mouth, his complexion scarce yet shaded with the down of youth, his hair of a bright flaxen colour flowing in small ringlets on a neck whiter than ivory, the tender vivacity of his looks, the delicacy and regularity of his features, every thing about him feemed fo formed for the purpose, that the marquis prevailed on the abbe to confent to ferve as a model to the painter.'

At this beginning, the Abbé de Chateauneuf redoubled his attention; but contained himself to the end, in order to

hear the conclusion of the story.

' The expression to be given to the countenances, continued the marchioness, ' produced excellent scenes between the painter and the marquis. The more my husband endeavoured to put on an air of fenfibility, the more simple he looked. The painter copied faithfully, and the marquis was enraged at feeing himself painted to the · life. For my part, I had something of mockery in my countenance, which the painter imitated as well. marquis swore, the artist retouched without ceasing; but he still found on the canvas the air of a fly baggage and a fool. At last a dulnes feized me; the marquis took it for a foft languor: on his side he gave himself a foolish laugh, which he called a tender fmile, and the painter came off for drawing We were to prohim as he faw him. ceed next to the figure of Hymen. Come, Sir," faid the painter to the abbé, "now for the Graces and vo-"Juptuousness! Look tenderly on the " lady; still more tenderly."-" Take " her hand," added my husband, " and " imagine that you are faying to her, Fear not, my dear; these bands are made of flowers; flrong, but light. " Animate yourfelf, then, my dear abbé; your countenance has no expref-" fion in it: you have the air of a Hymen benumbed." The young man profited wonderfully by the inftructions of the painter and the marquis. His timidity vanished by degrees, his mouth worean amorous fmile, his complexion was heightened with a livelier red, his eyes sparkled with a gentler flame, and his hand preffed mine with a tremor which myfelf only could perceive. I must tell you all, the emotion of his foul paffed into mine, and I viewed the god with much more tenderness than I had done my fouse. " There! " the very thing," faid the marquis: faid he to the painter. " We hall " make something of this little model. Gome, wife, do not let us be cast down: I knew very well that it would be a fine piece. There! you are now just as I wanted.—Courage, abbé.—
Go on, Madam: I leave you both in " the right attitude; do not change it till "I return." As foon as the marquis was gone, my little abbé became quite heavenly; my eyes devoured his, and yet I could not be fatisfied. The fittings were long, and feemed to us to last only for a moment. "What a, pity!" said the painter, "that I did not take my lady at such a juncture as this! There is the expression I wished for! quite another counterance. Ah, Sir! what a pleasure it is to copy you! You do not flag at

all: your features become more and "more animated.—No inattention,
"Madam; fix your eyes on his: my
"Hymen will be a capital figure."
"When the head of the Hymen was
finished, "I want, Madam," said he to me one day in my husband's abfence, "I want to retouch your per-trait. Change places, abbé, and take " trait. Change places, "-" Why fo, that of the marquis." " Oh, Hea. vens, Madam! let me alone. I know best what will set you off to advartage." I understood him, and the
abbé blushed at it as well as myself. The artifice of the painter had a won-derful effect. The languor gave place to the most touching expression of ti-mid voluptuousness. The marquis, at his return, could not cease admiring this change, which he could not com-prehend. "This is very strange!" 'prehend. "This is very strange!"
faid he; "it looks as if the picture
had animated itself."—"It is the ef-" fect of my colours," replied the painter coldly, " to display themselves thus in proportion as they take place. You will fee it quite a different thing in a " fhort time from what it is now!"-". But my head," refumed the marquis. " to me does not feem to improve fo." That is eafily accounted for," re-! plied the artift: " the lineaments are stronger, and the colours less delicate. But do not be impatient: it will become, in time, one of the " feen." When the picture was finished, the

when the picture was finished, the abbe and myself tell into a profound melancholy. Those fost moments in which our souls spoke through our eyes, and shot themselves into one another, were now no more. His timidity and my modesty laid us under a cruel restraint. He no longer dared to visit us so often, and I no longer dared to invite him.

'In short, one day when he happen'ed to be at our house, I found him
'alone, motionless and pentive, before
'the picture. 'You are well employ'ed, Sir,' said I to him. Yes, Ma'dam,' replied he briskly, 'I am en'joying the only pleasure that will
'hence orth be permitted me: I am
'admiring yourself in your picture.'
'You are admiring me! That is
'very gallant!"—" Ah! I would say
'more

more if I durst."—" Indeed? You, are content?"—" Content, Madam! I am enchanted. Alas! why are you not still such as I see you in this picture!"—" It is pretty well," intermed I, pretending not to understand him; "but yours appears to me to be better."—" Berter, Madam I about your coldness; nothing in the world can be more warm."-" Ah, er Madam ! had I but been at liberty to fuffer that emotion to display itfelf " in my countenance which paffed in my " heart, you fould have feen quite another thing. But how could I express what I felt in those moments? The " painter, if not the marquis, had his " eyes continually upon me. I was " obliged to assume a tranquil air. " Would you fee," added he, " how I " fhould have viewed you if we had been without witnesses? Give me once " more that hand which I pressed not " without trembling, and let us refume the same attitude."—" Would you · believe it, my friend? I had the curiofity, the complaifance, and, if you please, the weakness, to let my hand drop into his. I must confess, I never · faw any thing fo tender, fo paffionate, fo touching, as the figure of my little abbe, at this dangerous conference. Voluptuoufness sailed on his lips, defire sparkled in his eyes, and all the flowers of the spring seemed to blow on his beautiful cheeks. He pressed my hand against his heart, and I telt it beat with a vivacity that communi-

eated itself to mine. "Yes," said I, endeavouring to dissemble my confusion, "that would be more expressive,
"I confess but it would no longer be
"the figure of Hymen."—"No, Ma"dam, no; it would be that of Love:
"but Hymen at your feet ought to be
"no other than Love himself." At
these words he seemed to forget himself, and thought himself in reality the
god whose image he represented.

god whose image he represented.

By good luck I had still strength enough left to be in a passion: the poor creature, shocked and confounded, took my emotion for anger, and lott, in asking my pardon, the most favourable moment to offend me with impunity.'- 'Ah, Madam!' eried the Abbé de Chateauneuf, 'is it possible that I ' have been such a fool!'- 'How now?' resumed the marchioness. 'Alas! this little fool was I!'- You! impoffible!' - It was I, I myself; nothing more certain. You recal my own story to my remembrance. Cruel woman! had I known but what I know now-My old friend, you would have had too great an advantage; and this prudence which you now extol fo highly would have made but a feeble relift. ' ance.' I am confounded,' cried the abbé, ' I shall never forgive myself as long as I live.'- Confole yourfelf, for it is time,' replied the marchioness, smiling; but confess that there is a great deal of good luck in virtue itfelf, and that those ladies who have the most, ought to judge less severely of them who have not had enough.'

THE TWO UNFORTUNATE LADIES.

In the convent of the visitation of Cl.... had for some short time retired the Marchioness of Clarence. The calm and serenity which she saw reign in this solitude, did but render more lively and bitter the grief that consumed her. 'How happy,' said she, are those innocent doves, which have taken their slight towards heaven! Lite is to them a cloudless day; they know

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result from an

neither the forrows nor pleafures of the world.

Amidst these pious maidens, whose happiness she envied, one only, named Lucilia, seemed to her to be pensive and pining. Lucilia, still in the bloom of her youth, had that slyle of beauty which is the image of a sensible heart; but sorrow and tears had taken off it stress-ness, like a rose which the sun has wi-

a golden all make, thered,

thered, but which leaves us still capable of judging, in it's languishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. There feems to be a dumb language between tender fouls. The marchioness read in the eyes of this afflicted fair-one what nobody had discovered there before. So natural is it to the unhappy to complain, and love their partners in affliction! She took a liking to Lucilia. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a fentiment, They conin the cloifter is a paffion. nection in a fhort time became very intimate; but on both fides a concealed forrow poisoned it's sweetness. They were fometimes a whole hour fighing together, without preluming to alk each other the fecret of their griefs. The marchioness at last broke the filence.

" A mutual contession, faid the, would spare us perhaps a great deal of uneafiness: we stifle our fighs on both fides; ought friendship to keep any thing a fecret from the breatt where a mutual friendship is found?' At these words a modest blush animated the features of Lucilia, and the veil of her eye-lids dropped over her fine eyes. Ah! why, replied the marchioness, why this blush? Is it the effect of thame? It is thus that the thought of happiness ough: to colour beauty. Speak, my Lucilia; pour out your heart into the bosom of a friend, more, without doubt, to be lamented than yourfelf, but who would confole herfelf for her own happiness, if she could but foften yours.'- What is it you afk of me, Madam? I share all your torrows, but I have none of my own to confide to you. The alteration of my health is the only cause of that Janguor into which you fee me plunged. I am decaying intentibly; and, thanks to Heaven, my end approaches.' She spoke these last words with a smile, at which the marchione's was greatly affeeted. 'Is that, then,' faid she, ' your only confolation? yet, though impatient to die, you will not confess to me what it is that renders life odious to you. How long have you been here? · Five years, Madam.'- Was you bi ought hither by compulsion?'- 'No, Madam; by reason, by Heaven, which was pleased to attract my heart enmely to ufelt. - That heart, then, was attached to the world? - Alas ! yes, for it's own punishment. - Fi-

shabliffing you in the world. Searce

NBUONE !

nifh .'- 'I have told you all.'- 'Were you in love, Lucilia, and had the for. titude to bory yourfelf alive? Was it some perfidious wretch whom you have abandoned?'- The most virtu. ous, most tender, and most valuable of mankind. Alk no more : you fee the guilty tears that fleal from my eyes; all the wounds of my heart open afresh at the thought. - ' No, my dear Lucilia, it is not a time for us now to keep any thing a fecret. I would pe. netrate into the inmost recesses of your foul, in order to pour confolation into it: believe me, the poison of grief ex. hales not but by complaints; flut up in file*ce, it only becomes the more violent. '- 'You will have it, Madam? Weep then over the unfortunate Lucilia; weep over her life, and fhortly over her death.

Scarce had I appeared in the world. when this fatal beauty attracted the eyes of a fickle and imprudent youth, whose homage could not dazzle me. One man alone, yet in the age of innocence and candour, taught me that I was fenfible of love. The equality of our years, birth, fortune; the connection also between our families; and, above all, a mutual inclination, had united us to each other. My lover lived only for me: we faw with pity this immense void of the world, where pleafure is only a shadow, where love is but a gleam; our hearts full of themselves . . . But I lose myself. Ah, Madam, what do you now oblige me to call to mind !'- What, my dear, do you reproach yourfelf for having been just? When Heaven has formed two virtuous and fenfible hearts, does it make it criminal in them to feek each other, to attract, to captivate reciprocally? If fo, why has it made them?'- 'It formed, no doubt, with pleasure that heart in which mine lost itself; where virtue took place of reason, and where I saw nothing that was a reproach to nature. Oh, Madam, who was ever loved like me! Would you believe that I was obliged to spare my lover's delicacy even the confession of those tender inquietudes which sometimes afflict love? would have deprived himself of life, if Lucilia had been jealous of it. When he perceived in my eyes any mark of forrow, it was to him as if la ? mortious will of a mother? all nature had been eclipsed: he supposed himself always the cause, and reproached himself for all my faults.

It is but too easy to judge to what excess the most amiable of men must have been loved. Interest, which dissolves all ties except those of love, interest dissuited our families: a fatal law-suit, commenced against my mother, was to us the zera and source of our missortunes. The mutual hatred of our friends raised itself as an eternal barrier between us: we were obliged give over seeing each other. The letter which he wrote to me will never be effaced out of my memory.

"EVERY thing is lost to me, my dear Lucilia: they tear from me may only happiness. I am just " come from throwing myself at my " father's feet, I am just come from " conjuring him, bathing him at the " fame time with my tears, to give over " this fatal law-fuit. He received me " as a child. I protested to him that " your fortune was facred to me, that " my own would become odious. " He has treated my difinterestedness " as a folly. Mankind conceive not " that there is fomething above riches: " and yet what should I do with wealth " if I lose you? They say that one " day I shall be glad they did not listen " to me. If I believed that age, or " what they call reason, could so far " debase my soul, I should cease to live " from this moment, terrified at what " was to come. No, my dear Lucilia, " no; all I have or ask is yours. The i laws would in vain give me a part of " your inheritance; my laws are in " my heart, and my father there stands condemned. A thousand pardons " for the uneafineffes he occasions you! " Pray God that I offer up no criminal " wishes! I could cut off from my " own days to add to my father's; " but, if ever I am master of those " riches he is now accumulating, and " with which he would overload me in " fpite of myfelf, ample reparation shall " be made for all. But yet I am de-" perhaps, of the heart which you have " given me. Ah! beware of ever con-" fenting to it; think that my life is at " fake, think that our oaths are written in heaven. But can you withftand "the imperious will of a mother?

"fort to me, in the name of the most tender love."

You answered him, without doubt."

Yes, Madam; but in very few

"I Upbraid you with nothing. I am "unhappy, but I know how to be so: learn from me to suffer."

The law-fuit, however, was begun, and carried on with heat. One day, alas! one terrible day! while my mother was reading with indignation a memorial published against her, some, body asked to speak with me. " Who " is it?" faid the; " let them come in." The servant, confounded, hefitates for fome time, flammers in his answers, and concludes by confessing that he was charged with a billet to me. " For my daughter! from whom?" was present; judge of my fination; judge of the indignation of my mother when the heard the name of the fon of the person whom she called her persecutor. If the had vouchfafed to read the billet, which she sent back without opening, perhaps the had been moved by it. She would have feen, at least, the extreme purity of our fentiments: but whether the vexation into which this law-fuit had plunged her, required only an opportunity to vent itfelf, or that a fecret correspondence between her daughter and her enemies was in her eyes a real crime, there are ono reproaches with which I was not ' loaded. I fell down confounded at my mother's feet, and fubmitted to the humiliation of her uphraidings, as if I had deferved them. It was determined on the fpot that I should go and conceal in a cloifter what the called my hame and her own. Being brought here the day after, orders were given not to fuffer me to fee any body; and I was here three whole months, as if my family and the world had been entirely annihilated to me. The first and only vifit I received was my mother's: I prelaged from her embraces the fentence the was going he to me, as foon as we were alone: " iniquity has prevailed; I have loft my " law fuit, and with it all means of " establishing you in the world. Scarce

" enough

enough remains for my fon to fupport himself according to his birth. As to you, my daughter, God has called you here; here you must live and die: to-morrow you take the and die: to-morrow you take the firengthened by the cold and absolute tone in which they were pronounced, my heart was ftruck, and my tongue * frozen; my knees gave way beneath me, and I fell fenfeless on the ground. My mother called for affiltance, and I laid hold of that opportunity to withdraw herself from my tears. When I was come to myself again, I found mylelf furrounded with those pious damfels, whole companion I was to the, and who invited me to partake with them the sweet tranquillity of their condition. But that state, so fortunate for an innocent and difengaged foul, prefented to my eyes nothing but ftruggles, perjuries, and remorfe. A dreadful abyfs was going to be opened betwixt my lover and me; I found my hetter part torn from me; I faw no · longer any thing around me but filence and vacuity; and in this immense folitude, in this renunciation of all nature, I found myself in the presence of Heaven, with my heart fall of the · lovely object, which it was necessary I fhould forget for it's fake. These · holy damfels told me, with the ftrongest conviction, all that they knew of the vanities of the world; but it was f not to the world that I was attached; the most horrible defait would have feemed a ravishing abode with the man whom I had left in that world which f to me was nothing.

I defined to fee my mother again: fire pretended at first to have taken my Wooning for a natural accident. No, Madam, it is the effect of the violent fituation into which you have thrown me; for it is no longer time to feign. You have given me life, wou may take it from me; but, Madam, bave you convinced me only as and victim devoted to the torment of a lingering dearli? and to whom is it Wydd facrifice met Not to God. I feel that he ejects me: the Almighty demands only pure victims, volun-entary factifices; he is realous of the of-pure lettings made him, and the heart which word to be his alone. If volence

drags me to the altar, perjury and facrilege attend me there. What fay you, wretched girl? A terrible truth, which despair forces from me. Yes, Madam, my heart has given itself away without your con. fenty innocent or culpable, it is no longermine; God only can break the " band by which it is fied."-" Go, unworthy daughter, go and ruin your.
felf: I will never acknowledge you more." Dear mother, by your own blood, abandon me not; fee my tears, my despair; see hell open at my feet!"—" Is it in this light, then, " that a fatal paffion makes thee view "the afylum of honour, the tranquit port of innocence? What, is there then but the world in thy eyes? Know, " however, that this world has but one " idol, interest. All our homages are for the successful: oblivion, defertion, and contempt, are the portion of the unfortunate."

" Ah, Madam! (eparate from that cor-" ruptmultitudetieman-""Whom you love, is it not fo? I know all that " he can have faid to you. He is no " accomplice in the iniquity of his father; he disclaims it, he complains to "you of it; he will repair the injury done you! Vain promises; the fine speeches of a young man, which will be forgot to morrow. But were he constant in his passion, and faithfulin his promifes, his father is young, he will grow old, for the wicked grow old; and in the mean time love hecomes extinct, ambition prompts, duty commands; rank, alliance, fortune, prefent themlelves to him, and the credulous, beguiled maid, becomes the publick talk. Such is the lot that awaited your your mother has preleaved you from it. I now coil you fome tears, but you will one day hiels "me for it. I leave you, my daughters prepare yourself for the facrifice which " God requires of you. The more pain-" ful this lacrifice, the more worthy will it be of Him.

In a word, Madam, I was obliged to resolve. I took this veil, this handage; I entered the path of penitence; and, during the time of probation, in which we are yet free, I flattered myfelf with the hope of subduing myfelf, and attributed my irrefolution and weakons folely to the fatal

et it.

fatal liberty of having it in my power to return. I thought the time long till I could bind myfelf by an irrevocable oath. I took that oath; I remounced the world; an eafy matter. But, alas! I renounced also my lover, and that was more than renouncing my life. On pronouncing those vows, my soul fluttered on my lips, as if ready to leave me. Scarce had I strength enough to drag me to the foot of the altar; whence they were obliged to carry me away as dead. My most ther came to me transported with a cruel joy.—Pardon me, my God: I respect, I love her still; I will love her to my last gasp. These words of Lucilia were interrupted by sighs, and two rivulets of tears overslowed her

The facrifice was now compleated, refumed the after a long filence: ' I was the Almighty's, I was no longer my own. All fenfual ties were now to be broken: I was become dead to the earth; I prefumed to believe it. But what was my terror, on fearching into the abyss of my own soul! I there still found love, but a frantick and criminal love; love covered with shame and despair, love rebelling against Heaven, against nature, against myfelf; love confumed by regret, torn with remorfe, and transformed into rage. "What have I done!" cried I to myself a thousand times; " what have I done! This adored man, whom " I must see no more, presents himself to my imagination in all his charms." The happy knot which was to have made us one, all the moments of a delicious life, all the emotions of two hearts which death alone would have feparated, prefented themselves to my distracted soul. Ah, Madam, how grievous was the image! There is nothing which I have not done in order to blot it from my memory. For these five years past have I by turns banished it from my light, and seen it recur without ceasing. In vain do I sink myself in sleep, which only revives it in my mind; in vain do I abstract myself in solitude, where it awaits me: I find it at the foot of the altar, I bear it into the bosom of God himfelf. Meantime that God, who is the father of mercies, has at length taken pity on me. Time, reason, penance, have weakened the first shocks of this

criminal passion, but a painful languor has succeeded. I seal myself dying every moment, and the thought that I am drawing near to my grave is my sole consolation.

Oh, my dear Lucilia! cried the marchioness, after hearing her, which of us is most to be pixed! Love has been the cause both of your missortunes and mine: but you loved the tenderest, the most faithful, the most grateful of men; and I the most perfidious, the most ungrateful, the most cruel. You devoted yourself to Heaven, I delivered myself up to a villain; your retreat was a triumph, mine is a reproach: people lament you, love you, and respect you; but me they revile and traduce.

Of all lovers, the most passionate before marriage was the Marquis of Clarence. Young, amiable, feducing to the highest degree, he promised a. most happy disposition. He seemed to possess all the virtues, as he really did all the graces. The docile ease of his temper received in fo lively a manner the impression of virtuous senti-ments, that they seemed as if they could never have been effaced. It was too easy for him, alas! to inspire me with the paffion which he had himfelf, or at least thought he had for me. All the conveniencies, which make great matches, conspired with this mutual inclination; and my parents, who had feen it rifing in my bolom, consented to crown it. Two years passed in the tenderest union. O, Paris! O theatre of vices, O dreadful rock of love, innocence, and vir-tue! My husband, who till then had been but little conversant with those of his own age, and that merely to amuse himself, as he said, with their irregularities and follies, imbibed infenfibly the poison of their example. The noisy preparation for their infipid meetings, the mysterious confidence of their adventures, the proud recitals of their empty pleasures, the com-mendations lavished on their worthless conquelts, all excited his curiofity. The sweetness of an innocent and peaceful union had no longer the fame charms for him. I had myfelf no other talents than those which a virtuous education bestows; I perceived that he required more in me. "I am that he required more in me. "I am undone," faid I to myfelf; "my heart is no longer a fufficient return for " his." Indeed his attentions from that time were nothing more than complaifance; he no longer preferred those sweet conversations, those private interviews, fo delicious to me, to the ebb and flow of a tumultuous fociety. He himself persuaded me to abandon myself to diffipation, only in order to authorife him to be abandoned. became more preffing, and restrained him. I took the resolution of leaving him at liberty, that he might wish for " me, and fee me again with pleafure, after a comparison which I thought mult be to my advantage: but young corrupters seized that foul, unfortunately too flexible; and from the instant he had steeped his lips in the poisoned cup, his intoxication was without remedy, and his wandering without return. I wanted to recal him; but it was too late. "You destroy yourself, my dear," said I to him; "and though it be dreadful to me to fee a husband torn from me who formed all my delight, yet it is more for your fake than my own that I lament your error, You feek hap-. pinels where it is most afforedly not to be found. False delights, shamefoul. The art of feducing and deart that now charms you; your wife knows it not, and you know it no better than she: that infamous school is not formed for our hearts; yours " fuffers itself to be lost in it's intoxication; but it will last only for a time; the illusion will vanish like a dream; you will return to me, and find me still the same; an indulgent and faithful love waits your return. and all will be forgotten. You will have neither reproach nor complaint to rear from me: happy if I can con-fole you, for all the chagrins which you may have occasioned me! But you, who know the value of virtue, and have talted of her charms; you, whom vice shall have plunged from one abyss into another; you, whom it shall dismiss perhaps with contempt, to conceal at home with your wife to conceal at home with your wife the large withing days of a premature. the languishing days of a premature old age, your heart withered with fadnets, your foul a prev to cruel remote, how will you reconcile your felf to your elf? how will you be

" able still to relish the pure pleasure of " being beloved by me? Alas! my lote " itself will be your punishment. " more lively also and tender that love " will be, the more humiliating will it be for you. It is this, my dear " marquis, it is this that grieves and 66 overpowers me. Ceafe to love me, if you please; I can forgive you, since I have cealed to be agreeable: but never render yourself unworthy of my tenderness, and contrive at least. " not to be obliged to blush before me." Would you believe it, my dear Lucilia? a piece of raillery was all his answer. He told me that I talked like an angel, and that what I had faid deferved to be committed to writing. But feeing my eyes brimful of tears, "Nay, do not play the child!" faid he to me: "I love you; you know it; fuffer me to amuse myself, and be affured that nothing attaches me. · However, Come officious friends failed not to inform me of every thing that could grieve and confound me. Alas! my husband himself in a short time defifted from keeping himfelf under my restraint, and even from

flattering me. 'I shall not tell you, my dear Lucilia, the many marks of humiliation and difgust that I endured. Your griefs, in comparison of mine, would even ap-pear light to you. Imagine, if posfible, the fituation of a virtuous and feeling foul, lively and delicate to excels, receiving every day new outrages from the only object of it's affection; ftill living for him alone, when he lives no longer for her, when he is not ashamed to live for objects devoted to contempt. I spare your delicacy the most horrible part of this picture. Rejected, abandoned, sacrificed by my furband, I devoured my grief in filence: and if I afforded some profisgate companies a topick of ridicule, a more just and compassionate publick confoled me with it's pity; and I enjoyed the fole good which his vice could not take from me, a spotless character. I have since lost that, my dear Lucilia. The wickedness of the women, whom my example humbled, could not bear to see me irreproachable. They interpreted, according to their wishes, my solitude and apparent tranquillity; they ascribed to me as a lover, the first man who had the · impudence

impudence to conceive that he was well received by me. My husband, to whom my presence was a continual reproach, and who found himself not yet sufficiently at liberty, in order to rid himself of my importunate grief, took the first pretext that was presented to him, and banished me to one of his country-feats. Unknown to the world, far from the fight of my misfortunes, I at least enjoyed in solitude the liberty of indulging my grief; but the cruel man caused it to be notified to me, that I might chuse a convent; that his feat of Florival was fold, and that I must retire from thence.' Florival! interrupted Lucilia, in a violent emotion. "That was the place of my exile, refumed the marchio-nels. Ah, Madam t what name have you pronounced! - The name of my husband before he acquired the marquifite of Clarence. What do I hear! Oh, Heaven! oh, just Heaven! isit possible? cried Lucilia, throwing herself upon the bosom of her friend. What is the matter! what troubles you! what sudden revolution! Luci-' lia, recover your senses.'- How, 'Madam! is Florival then the perfidious wretch, the villain, who betrays and dishonours you! - Do you know him?'- It is the man, Madam, whom I adored, whom I have mourned for these five years past; the man who would have had my last fighs!"

"What say you?"—" It is he, Madam! Alas, what had been my lot!"
At these words Lucilia, bowing her face to the ground, 'Oh, my God!' faid fhe; 'oh, my God! it was thou who fretched'st out thine hand towards me.' The marchioness was confounded, and unable to recover from her astonishment. Doubt it not, faid she to Lucilia; 'the designs of Heaven are visibly manifested upon us: it brings us together, inspires us with a mutual considence, and opens our hearts to each other, as two fources of light and confolation. Well, my worthy and tender friend, let us endeavour to forget at once both our misfortunes, and the person who occasioned them.'

From this time the tenderness and intimacy of their friendship increased to the highest degree: their solitude had pleasures, known only to the unfortunate. But, in a little time, this calm was interrupted by the news of the dan-

ger which threatened the marquis. His diffipations cost him his life. At the point of death he asked for his virtuous wife. She tears herfelf from the arms of her forlorn companion; haftens to him; arrives; and finds him expiring. Oh you, whom I have fo greatly and cruelly injured, aid he to her on recollecting her, ' lee the fruit of my irregularities; feethe dreadful throke which the hand of God hath inflicted upon me. If I am yet worther of your pity, raise up to Heaven your innocent voice, and lay my remorfe before it.' The diffracted wife would have th own herielf on his ho'om. 'Stand off,' faid he; 'I shudder at myself; my breath is the blatt of death :' adding, after a long filence. Do you know me again in this state to which my crimes have reduced me? Is this that pure foul that used to mix itself with thine? Is this that half of thyself? Is this that nuptial hed that received me when worthy of thee? Perfidious friends; detestable enchantresses; come, see, and shudder! Oh, my soul! who will deliver thee from this hideons prifon ?- Sir, faid he to his phyfician, have I yet long to live? My pains are intolerable. Leave me it t, my generous friend; I mould fill but for thee, into the most dreadful defpair . . . Cruel death, compleat, compleat the expiation of my life. There are no evils which I do not deferve: I have betrayed, diffionoured, basely persecuted innocence and virtue itself.

The marchioness, in the agonies of grief, made every moment new efforts to throw herself on the bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At last the unhappy man expired; his eyes fixed upon her, and his voice died away

in asking her pardon.

The only confolation the marchioness was capable of, arose from that religious confidence with which so good a death inspired her. 'He was,' said she 'more 'weak than wicked, and more frail than 'culpable. The world led him attray by it's pleasures; God brought him 'back again by afflictions; he has chastised, and pardons him.—Yes, my husband, my dear Clarence, cried she, now disencembered of the ries of blood and the world, thou waitest me in the bosom of thy God.'

Her foul filled with these holy ideas,

the went to join her friend, whom the found at the foot of the altar. Lucila's heart was rent within her at the polation of this cruel and virtuous death. They wept together for the last time; unpole to lie thin facuficed to him.

and Cecilia

and, fome time after, the marchionels confecrated to God, with the fame vows as Lucilia, that heart, those charms, those virtues, of which the world was onworthy geofficial to goenfied and

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A T that time of life, when it is for agreeable to be a widow, Cecilia could not help thinking of a fresh enchoice. One, modest and plain, loved only her; the other, artful and vain, was above all things fond of himself. The first had the confidence of Cecilia; the fecond had her love. Cecilia was unjust, you will fay : not at all. Plain folks neglect themselves; they think, that in order to please, it is sufficient to love with fincerity, and to convince others of their love. But there are few dispositions which do not require a little ornament. A man without art in the ornament. A man without art in the midft of the world, is like a lady at the opera without rouge.

Eraftus, with his ufual frankness, had faid to Cecilia, 'I love you!' and from that time loved her as if he had breathed nothing else: his love was his life. Floricourt had rendered himself agreeable by those little gallantries which have the air of pretending to nothing. A-mong the attentions which he paid to Cecilia, he chose, not the most passionate, but the most seducing. Nothing affect-ed, nothing grave: he appeared so much the more amiable, as he seemed not to know an honester man: it was pity that it was impossible to love him. She dreaded Floricourt : he was a dangerous creature, and would perhaps be the ruin of a woman; but how was it possible to defend one's felt? However, she would not deceive Erastus. She must confess the whole to him.

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I effectively be to him, and I am fertible you ment more. But the heart has it's caprices;

in your differts from my reason.

I understand you, Madam, replied Braitus, containing himself, but with tears in his eyes, your reason pleads

for me, but your heart for another. I confess it, and not without regret: I should be to blame, if I were free; but there is no answering for inclina-tion. "—" Very well, Madam: I will love then alone; I shall derive the more glory from it.'- But there, now, is the very thing I would not have.'-Nor I neither; but that is to no pur-pofe. - And what is to become of you ?'- Whatever Love and Nature please, "- You diffres me, Erastus, by thus abandoning yourself." I must abandon myself, when I cannot help it.'- How unhappy am I in having ever known you!'- 'Indeed, you had need complain: it is a terri. ble misfortune to be beloved!'- Yes, it is a misfortune to have cause to reproach one's felf on account of a man we esteem.'- You, Madain! you have nothing to reproach yourself. An honest man may complain of a coquette who trifles with him; or rather, the is unworthy of his complaints and regret; but what wrongs have you committed? Have you employed any feducing arts to attract me; any complaifance to retain me? Did I confult you about loving you? Who obliges you to think me amiable? Follow your own inclination, and I will follow mine. Be not afraid that I shall plague you, - No, but you will plague yourself; for, in short, you will fee me. - What! would you be cruel enough to forbid me your fight? Far from it, I affure you; but I wish to see you eaty, and as my best friend. - Friend, let it be; the name fignifies nothing.'- But the name is not enough; I would bring you back in reality to that tentiment, lo pure, fo tender, and fo folid, to that friendship which I feel for you. -Well, Madam, you may love me as

one ; ynemain authors ceremony; and

you please; pray now permit me to love you as I can, and as much as I can, I only defire the liberty of being anhappy after my own manner.

nnhappy after my own manner.' The obstinacy of Erastus grieved Ceeilia; but, after all, she had done her duty: fo much the worse for him, if he loved her flill. She gave herself up, therefore, without concern or reproach, to her inclination for Floricourt. The most refined gallantry was put in practice to captivate her. Floricourt succeeded without difficulty. He knew how to please, though he loved, and was happy, if he had chosen to be so. But felf-love is the bane of love. It was but a trifle in Floricourt's eyes to be loved more than every thing elfe; he wanted to be loved folely, without referve or participation. It is true that he fet the example : he had detached himfelf for Cecilia from a prude whom he had ruined, and a coquette who ruined him; he had broke off with five or fix of the vained and foolihest young fellows in the world. He supped no where but at Cecilia's, where it was delicious fupping; and he had the goodness to think of her amidst a circle of women, not one of whom equalled her either in grace or beauty. Such uncommon proceedings, not to speak of merit still more uncommon, had not they a right to exact from Cecilia the most absolute de-

In the mean time, as he was not fufficiently in love to be at all deficient in address, he took care not to suffer his pretentions to appear at first. Never had man, before conquest, been more complainant, more docile, less affuming, than Floricourt; but from the moment he faw himself matter of her heart, he became it's tyrant. Difficult, imperious, jealous, he wanted to possels alone all the faculties of Cecilia's foul. He could not fo much as permit her one idea except his own, much less a thought which came not from him. A decifive talte, a strict connection, was sure to displease him; but his meaning was to be gueffed at. He would force her to ask him a hundred times over what he was thinking of, or what had put him out of humour; and it was never but as a favour that he confessed at last that fuch a thing had displeased him, or such a person made him dull. In short, as foon as he faw that his will was a law, he declared it without ceremony; and

it was submitted to without opposition. It was but a small matter to require of Cecilia the facrifice of those pleasures which naturally presented themselves; he gave birth to them the oftener, on purpose to see them facrificed to him. He spoke with transport of a play or an entertainment; he invited Cecilia to it; and they fettled the party with ladies of his own naming: the hour came, they were dreffed, the horses put to; he changed his delign, and Cecilia was obliged to pretend a head-ach. He prefented to her a the-friend, whom he in-troduced as an adorable woman; the was found fuch; an intimacy was contracted. A week after, he confessed he had been deceived; she was affected, insipid, or giddy! and Cecilia was obliged to break off with her. Cecilia was in a short time reduced to slight acquaintances, whom, however, he complained of her feeing too often. She perceives not that her complaifance was changed into flavery. We think we purfue our own will when we purfue the will of those we love. Floricourt Floricourt feemed to her only to forestall her own desires. She facrificed every thing to him, without fo much as fuspecting that the made him any facifices; yet Floricourt's felf-love was not fatisfied.

The company of the town, perfectly frivolous and transitory as it was, yet appeared to him too interesting. He ex-tolled solitude; he repeated a hundred times, that there was no true love but in the country, far from diffipation and noise, and that he should never be happy but in a retreat inaccessible to impertinents and rivals. Cecilia had a country-house to his wish, She had longed to pass the finest part of the year there with him, but could the do it with decency? He gave her to understand, that it was sufficient to take off all the air of a private party, by carrying such a friend along with them as Erastus, and a woman of the character of Artenice. After all, if people should talk, their marriage, which was soon to be concluded, would silence them. They set out, Erastus was of the party, and this again was a refinement of Floricourt's felf-love. He knew that Erattus was his rival, his unsuccessful rival; it was the most flattering testimony that he could have of his triumph; therefore he had contrived excellently to bring it about. His attentions to him had an air of compassion and superiority, at which Erestus was sometimes quite out of patience; but the tender and delicate friendship of Cecilia made him amends for these humiliations, and the fear of displeating her made him difguise them. However, fure as he was that they were going into the country only in order to enjoy their love there at liberty, how could he resolve with himself to follow them? This reflection Cecilia made as well as he; the would have hindered him, but the party was fettled, paff revocation. Belides, Artenice was young and handsome. Solitude, opportunity, liberty, example, jealoufy, and pique, might engage Eraffus to turn towards her those vows which Cecilia could not listen to. Cecilia was modest enough to think it possible for a person to be unfaithful to her, and just enough to wish it; but it was betraying a very slight knowledge of the heart and character of Eraffus.

Artenice was one of those women with whom love is only an arrangement of fociety, who are offended at a long attachment, who grow tired of a confant passion, and who depend sufficiently on the honesty of the men to deliver themselves up to them without reserve, and to quit them without hefitation,. They had told her, ' We are going to pals some time in the country; Erattus She replied, with a finile, 'Wi hall my beart; a pleafant scheme!' and the party was immediately feitled. This was an additional torment to Eraffus, Arrenice had heard Cecilia praise her friend; as the most prudent man in the world, the honestest and most reserved, That is charming, faid Artenice within herfelf; ' that is a kind of man to be taken and dismissed without prereaction or noife. Happy or unhappy, I that is not to the purpole: one is never at one's eafe but with people of this fort. An Eraffus is a rarity!' We may readily conclude, after these reflections, that Eraftus did not want for encouragement.

Floricourt behaved towards Cecilia with an affiduity perfectly diffreshing to an unfucces ful rival, Cecilia in vain endeavoured to confirmin herself; her looks, her voice, her very filence, betrayed her. Eraftus was upon the rack; but he concealed his pain. Artenice, like a deatrous woman, kept conve-

niently at a distance, and engaged Erastus so follow her. How happy are they, faid she one day to him as they were walking together: 'wholly taken up with each other, they feel a mutual fatisfaction, and live only for themselves! It is a great happiness merely to love. What lay you to it? Yes, Madain, replied Erastus look. ing down, 'it is a great happines when two- 'Oh, there are always two; for I do not fee that one is alone in the world. '- I mean, Madam, two hearts equally fensible, and made to love one another equally. '- ' Equally! that is very unreasonable. For my part, I think that we ought to be less difficult, and to content ourselves with coming up within a fmall matter of it. Suppose I have more fenfibility in my temper than he who attaches himself to me, must I punish him for it? Every one gives what he has, and we have no room to reproach him who contributes towards fociety that portion of fensibility which Na. ture has given him. I wonder that the coldest hearts are always the most delicate. You, for example; you, now, are a man that would expect one to love you to caltraction. - I, Madam! I expect nothing. - Youmiftake me; that is not what I mean. You have enough in you to seduce a woman, to be lure. I should not even be furprized at her conceiving an inclination for you.'- That may be, Madam; in point of folly, I doubt nothing; but if a woman were fo fool. ish as to fall in love with me, I think the would be much to be pitied.'-Is this a caution, Sir, which you are fo good as to give me?'- You, Ma dam! I flatter myfelf that you think me neither foolish nor weak enough to give you any fuch caution.'-Very well, you speak in general then, and except me out of politenels?'-The exception itself is unnecessary, Madam; for you have nothing to do in the case. - Pardon me, Sir: it is I who tell you, that you have qualities enough to please, and that one might very casily love you to diffraction; and it is to me that you reply, that one should be very much to be pitied if one loved you. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more pertonal. Hey! what, you are embarrafled?'-I confess that your raillery embarraffes me; I know not how to reply to it; but it is not generous to attack me with weapons which I am not armed with. — But if I were in earnest, Erastus; if nothing in the world were truer? — Your servant, Madam: the fituation I am now reduced to will not permit me to amuse
you any longer. — Ah! upon my
word he is in downright earnest, faid the, following him with her eyes. 'The tone of levity, the laughing air which · I affumed, piqued him : he is a man for fentiment; I must talk to him in this own language. To morrow, in this grove, one turn more, and my victory is decided."

Eraftus's walk with Artenice had appeared very long to Cecilia. Eraftus returned from it quite pensive, and Artenice in triumph. 'Well,' faid Cecilia to her friend, in a very low voice,

what do you think of Eraffus?'
Why I like him pretty well; he has not quite tired me, and that is a great deal; he has some excellent qua-lities, and one might make an agree-table man of him. I find him only a little romantick in his manner. He expects sentiment; a fault of habit, ' a mere country prejudice; of which it ' is easy to break him.' - ' He expects ' fentiment!' faid Cecilia within herfeif; 'they are coming to terms aiready! This is going very far at one inter-' view. I think Eraftus acts his part with a good grace. Well! but if he is happy, am I to take it ill? Yet, it was wrong in him to want to perfuade me that he was so greatly to be pitied. He might have spared my delicacy the heavy reproaches, which he knew very well I heaped upon my-felf. It is the frenzy of lovers always to exaggerate their pains. In flort, he is confoled, and I am fuffi-"ciently comforted."

Cecilia, in this idea, put less restraint on herfelf with regard to Floricourt. Eraftus, whom nothing escaped, became more melancholy than usual. Cecilia and Artenice attributed his melancholy to the same cause. A growing passion always produces that effect. The day after, Artenice did not fail to contrive a title à tête for Cecilia and Floricourt, by taking away Erastus along with her.

'You are angry,' said she, 'and I want to be reconcided to you. I see,

Eraftus, that you are not one of those men with whom love is to be treated with raillery : you look upon an engagement as one of the most ferious things in the world; I like you the better for it. - 'I! Not at all, Madam; I am too well persuaded that a ferious paffion is the highest extravagance, and that love is no longer a pleasure than while it is a jett. Be confistent then. Yesterday evening you required an equal fentibility, a mutual inclination.'- 'I required an impossibility; or, at least, the must uncommon thing in the world; and I maintain, that without this union, which is fo difficult that it must be given up, the wifest and surest way is to make a jest of love, without annexing any chimerical value or importance to it.'- 'Upon my word, my dear Eraftus, you talk like an angel. Why, indeed, thould we torment ourselves to no purpose, endeavouring to love more than we are able? We agree, fettle matters, grow wenry of each other, and part. On casting up the account, we have had plea-fure: the time, therefore, was well employed; and would to Heaven we could be fo amused all our lives !-This now, faid Eraftus within himfelf, 'is a very convenient way of thinking!'- 'I well know,' continued the, what they call a ferious passion : nothing is more gloomy, nothing more Uneafiness, jealousy, are condull. tionally tormenting the two unhappy creatures. They pretend to be fatisfied with each other, and weary themfelves to death. - 'Ah, Madam! what is it you say? They want nothing, if they love truly. Such an union is the charm of life, the delight of the foul, the fullness of happiness !-Really, Sir, you are mad with your eternal inconfidencies. What would you have, pray?'—'What is not to be found, Madam; and what, perhaps, will never be seen.'—'A fine expectation, truly! And in the mean while your heart will continue difengaged?'- Alas, would to Heaven it could !'- It is not fo, then, Eraftus?'- 'No, certainly, Madam; and you would pity it's condition, could you but conceive it. At these words he left her, lifting his eyes towards hea-ven, and heaving a projound figh.
This, then, faid Asteurce, is what they call a referved man! He is so much so, that it makes him a downright beast. By good luck, I have not explained myself. Possibly I ought to have spoken out: bashful people must be assisted. But he walks off with an exclamation, without giving one time to ask him what possesses or afflicts him. He shall see: he must declare; for, in short, I am come to a compromise, and my honour is concerned.

Fioricourt, during supper, wanted to entertain himself at the expence of Erastus. 'So,' faid he to Artenice, 'where have you been? Nothing should be concealed from friends, and we fer you the example.'- Right,' faid Artenice, with indignation, 'if we knew how to profit by the examples that are fet us; or did we even know what we would be at. If one talks of a fericus passion, the gentleman treats it as a jest; if one agrees to it's being a jest, he goes back again to the serious. — 'It is easy for you, Madam,' faid Eraffus, ' to turn me into ridicule; I submit to it, as much as you please. ' Nay, Sir! I have no such defign; · but we are among friends, let us explain. We have not time to observe and guess at each other. I please you; that you have given me to underfland: I will not dissemble that you are agreeable enough to me. Weare not come here to be idle spectators; honour itself requires that we should be employed: let us make an end, and understand one another. How is it that you would love me? How would you have me love you?'- 'I, Madam!' cried Erattus, 'I do not want you to love me.'- What, Sir! have you deceived me then?'- 'Not at all, Madam; I call Heaven to witness, that I have not faid one word to you in the least like love.'- 'Nay, then, faid she to him, getting up from table, this is a piece of effrontery beyond any thing I ever faw.' Floricourt would have detained her. 'No, Sir, I am not able to endure the fight of a man who has the afforance to deny the dull and infipid declarations with which he has affronted me, and which I had the goodness to put up with, prepossessed by the commendations that had been given me, I know not why, of this wretched creature." Attenice is gont off in a rage, faid

Cecilia to Eraftus, on feeing him again the next days what has passed between you?'- Some idle talk, Madam, the result of which on my fide was, that nothing is more to be dreaded than a ferious passion, and nothing is more despicable than a frivolous one. Artenice has feen me figh; the thought I fighed for her; and I undeceived her, that is all.'- You undeceived her! that is handsome enough; but you should have done it with a little more art!'- How, Madam! could the dare to tell you that we were on the brink of love, and would you have had me contain myself? What would you have thought of my affent, or even of my filence?'- That you were very much in the right. Artenice is young and handsome, and your attachment would have been merely an amusement.'- ' I am not in an humour to amuse myself, Madam; and I beg of you to spare the advice, by which I shall never profit. " But you are now alone with us, and you yourself must perceive that you will act but a very strange part here.'-I shall act, Madam, the part of a friend: nothing is, in my opinion, more honourable. "Bur, Erastus, how will you be able to support it?' ' Leave that to me, Madam, and do not make yourfelf at all uneasyon my account. - I cannot help being uneasy; for, in short, I know your firmation, and indeed it is dreadful.' - May be so; but it is neither in your power nor mine to render it better: let me alone, and let us talk no more of it. - 'Talk no more of it! Soon faid; but you are unhappy, and I am the cause.'- 'Oh! no, Madam; no: . I have told you so a hundred times; you have nothing to reproach yourself with. In God's name be eafy."- I should be eafy, if you could but be fo. '- Nay, now, you are cruel. Though you should insist upon knowing what passes in my foul, yet I should not have one pang the less, but you would have a piece of chagrin the more for it : pr'ythee now forget that I love you. - Hey! how? forget it? I see it every moment. -You would have me leave you, then?' Why, our fituation would require it. - Very well: drive me away then, that will be the best.'- 'I drive ou away, my friend! It is for you that I am in pain. O, then, for my part I declare to you, that I cannot live without you. You think fo; but abfenco ... Abfence ! a fine remedy for love like mine!'tus: there are women more amiable and less unjust than I. " I am glad of it; but that is all one to me. '- You think fo at present. '- I am now what I fhall be all my life long: I know myfelf; I know the women. Do not be afraid that any of them can make me either happy or unhappy. I believe that you would not attach vourself at first; but you will diffipate in the world.'- And with what? Nothing in it amuses me. Here, at leaft, I have no time to grow dulle I fee you, or am going to fee you; you talk to me kindly; I am fure that you do not forget me; and if I were at a distance from you, I have an imagina. tion that would be my torment."-And could it paint any thing more cruel than what you fee?'- I fee nothing, Madam; I defire to fee nothings fpare me the uneafiness of being your confident. - Indeed I admireyourmoderation.'- Yes, I have great merit, indeed, in being moderate! Would you have me beat you?'-No, but people usually complain on fuch occasions. - And of what?'-I do not know; but I cannot reconcile to much love with fo much reafon. - Be affured, Madam, every one loves after his own fashion: mine is not to rave. If ill language would please you, I could bestow as much as another; but I doubt whether that would fucceed. - I lofe nothing by that, Erastus; and at the bottom of your heart- ' No, I vow that my heart respects you as much as my mouth. I never furprised myfelf one moment possessed with the least anger against you. - Yet you torment your-felf, I see plainly. Melancholy gains upon you. - I am not very gay. -You hardly eat. - I live, at leaft. '-I am fure you do not fleep at all.'-Pardon me, I sleep a little, and that is the happiest part of my time; for I fee you in my flumbers fuch almost as Geeilial You offend me. - Nay, Madam! it is too much to want to reality, fuch as you think proper; fuf-

fer me then, at least in idea, to have you fuch as pleases me? Do not be angry, but let us talk reason. These very dreams, which I ought not to knew of, nourish your passion. - So much the better, Madam, fo much the better: I thould be very forry to be cured of it. And why do you perfift to love me without hope? - Without hope! I am not reduced to that yet: if your fentiments were just, they would be durable. But- Do not flatter yourself, Eraftus; I am in love, and for my whole life."- I do not flatter myfelf, Cecilia; it is you that flander yourfelf. Your paffion is a fever, which will have it's period. It is not generous to speak ill of one's rival: I am filent; but I refer it to the goodness of your disposition, to the delicacy of your heart- 'They are both blind.'- That is owning they are not fo. One must have feen or have had fome glimmerings, even to know that we fee badly. Well, I confets it: I remember to have difcovered faults in Floricourt; but I know nothing more in him.'- That knowledge will come to you, Madam, and on that I depend.'- And if I marry Floricourt, as, indeed, every thing tends that way- 'In that cafe I hall have nothing more either to hope or to fear; and my resolution is already taken.'- And what is it?" To give over loving you.'- And how are you to do that?" How? nothing so easy. If I were in the army, and a ball- 'O Heavens!'-Is it fo difficult, then, to suppose one's felf in the army?'- Ah, my cruel friend, what is it you fay? and with what levity do you tell me of a mil-chief for which I should never forgive myself!' Cecilia began to melt at this idea, when Floricourt came up to them. Eraftus foon left them, ac-· Our cording to his usual practice. ' friend, my deaf Cecilia,' faid Floricourt, ' is a very gloomy mortal; what fay you?'- He is an honeft creature, replied Cecilia, 'whose virtues I respect. Faith, with all his virtues I with he would go and indulge his reveries fomewhere elfe; we grant gaiety and company in the country. Perhaps he has some reason to be pensive and folitary. "Yes, I believe so, and I. guels it. You bluft, Cecilia! I thall be discreet, and your embarraliment

imposes filence on me.'- And what should be my embarrassment, Sir? You believe that Erastus loves me, and you have reason to believe it. I pity him, I advise him, I talk to him as his friend; there is nothing in all this to biush at.'- Such a confession, my beautiful Cecilia, renders you fill-more deserving of esteem; but allow that it comes a little too late.'- ' I did not think myself obliged, Sir, to inform you of a fecret which was not mine; and I should have concealed it from you all my life long, if you had not furprized me into the discovery. There is in these kinds of confidences an offentation and cruelty not in my disposition. We should at least refpect those whom we have made unhappy.'- There is heroism for you!' cried Floricourt in a tone of anger and irony. ' And does this friend whom you use so well know how far matters are gone between us?'- 'Yes, Sir, I have told him all.'- 'And he has still the goodness to stay here!'- I endeavoured to dispose him to leave us.'- Ah! I have nothing more to fay; I hould have been surprized if your delicacy had not forerun mine. You perceived the indecency of fuffering a man who loves you to continue in your house, at the very moment in which you are going to de-clare for his rival. There would even be inhumanity in it, to render him a witness of the facrifice you make me. When is he to depart?'- I do not know; I have not had the courage to prescribe the time; and he has not the resolution to determine upon it." You rally, Cecilia: who then is to propose to him to rid us of his pre-fence? it would not be handsome in me.'—' It shall be myself, Sir; do not be uneasy.'—' And what uneasiness do I fliew, Madam! Would you do me the honour of supposing me to be jealous? I affure you I am not in the leaft fo; my delicacy has yourfelt only in view, and for the little pain it may give you-- ' It will give me pain, no doubt, to deprive a respectable friend of the only consolation that is left him: but I know how to do myself violence. "Violence, Madam! that is very strong. I would have no violence; that would be the way to render me odious, and I shall therefore go myfelf, and perfuade this

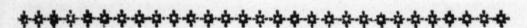
respectable friend not to abandon you.'

Go on, Sir; your raillery is mighty
well timed; and I deserve, indeed,
that you should talk to me in this
manner.'— I am very unhappy, Ma.
dam, to have displeased you,' faid
Floricourt, on seeing her eyes bedewed
with tears. Forgive me my impru.
dence. I did not know all the concern you had for my rival and your
friend.' At these words he left her,
overcome with grief.

Eraftus, at his return, found her in this fituation. " What is the matter, Madam?' faid he, accosting her; 'in tears!'- You fee, Sir, the most wretched of women: I am fenfible that my weakness will ruin me, and yet am unable to cure myfelf. A man, to whom I have facrificed every thing, doubts of my fentiments, treats me with contempt, and suspects me.'-I understand, Madam, he is jealous, and must be made easy. Your quiet is concerned in it, and there is no. thing that I would not facrifice to a concern so dear to me. Adieu: may you be happy! and I shall be less wretched.' Cecilia's tears burft forth afresh at these words. I have exhorted you to fly me, faid fhe to him; I advised you to it as a friend, and for your own fake. The effort I made over my own foul had nothing humiliating in it; but to banish you to gratify an unreasonable man, to rid him of a suspicion which I ought never to have feared, to be obliged to justify my love by the facrifice of friendship, is shameful and overwhelming. Never did any thing cost me fo dear before.'- 'It must be so, Madam, if you love Floricourt.'- Yes, my dear Erastus, pity me: I do love him, and it is in vain I reproach myself for it.' Erastus listened no longer, but went off.

Floricourt made use of every method to appease Cecilia; his gentlenes, his complaisance, were not to be equalled, when his will was fulfilled. Erastus was almost forgot; and what is it we do not forget for the person we love, when we have the happiness to believe ourselves beloved again! One only amusement, alas! and that a very innocent one, yet remained to Cecilia in their solitude. She had brought up a goldsinch, which, by a wonderful instinct, answered to her caresses. He knew her voice, and would

My to meet her. He never fung but when he faw her; he never eat but out of her hand, nor drank but out of her mouth: fhe would give him his liberty, he would use it but for a minute, and as foon as the called him, he flew to her immediately. No sooner was he placed on her bosom, than a sensibility seemed to agitate his wings, and to precipitate the warblings of his melodious throat. Could one believe that the haughty Floricourt was offended at the attention which Cecilia paid to the fensibility and sportiveness of this little animal! ' I will know,' faid he one day within himfelf, whether the love the entertains for me is superior to these weaknesses. It would be pleafant, indeed, if the should be more attached to her goldfinch than her lover! Yet it may be fo : I will make the experiment, and that before the evening be over .- And where is the little bird?' faid he, accosting her with a smile. ' He is enjoying the open air and liberty; he is somewhere flut. tering in the garden.'- And arc you not afraid that at last he should accustom himself to that, and never return more?'-' I would forgive him if he found himself happier.'-' Ah! pr'ythee now, let us fee if he be faithful to you. Will you please to recal him?' Cecilia made the usual fignal, and the bird flew to her hand.
That is charming,' says Floricourt;
but he is too dear to you; I am jeans the say of him and I would have all and lous of him, and I would have all or nothing from the person I love.' these words he attempted to lay hold of the dear little bird, in order to throttle it : the fet up a cry; the bird flew away Cecilia, affrighted, grew pale, and lost all fensation. The servants ran to her affiftance, and recalled her to life. As foon as the opened her eves, the faw at her feet, not the man whom the loved best, but to her the most odious of mortals. 'Be gone, Sir!' faid she to him with horror: 'This last stroke has tals. given me a clear in fight of your frightful character, equally mean and cruel. Out of my house! never to enter it more! You are too happy, that I still respect myself more than I despise you .- O, my dear and worthy Erastus! to what a man should I have facrificed you?' Floricourt went out, fuming with rage and shame: the bird returned to careis his beautiful mistreis; and it is unnecessary to add, that Erastus faw himself recalled.



THE PRETENDED PHILOSOPHER.

LARISSA had for some years heard of nothing but philosophers. What kind of mortals are they?' faid the; 'I want much to fee one.' They tell her first, that true philosophers were very rare, and not much addicted to communication; but in every other point, they were of all men the plainest, without the least singularity. 'There are two forts, then?' said she; 'for in all the accounts that I hear, a philosopher is a fantaftical being, who pretends to be like nothing. Of those, they told her, there were enough every where: you shall have as many as you please of them: nothing so easily contrived." Clarissa was in the country with an idle party who fought only to amuse themselves. They presented to her, a few days after, the sententious Aristus.

1 Thegentleman, then, is a philosopher?'

faid she on seeing him. 'Yes, Madam,' replied Aristus. 'This philosophy is a fine thing; is it not?'—
Why, Madam, it is the knowledge of
good and evil; or, if you please, wisdom.'—'Is that all?' said Doris.
And the fruit of this wisdom,' continued Clarissa, 'is to be happy, no
doubt?'—'And, Madam, to make
others happy also.'—'I should be a
philosopher to them,' said the simple
Lucinda in a low voice, 'for I have
been told a hundred times, that it depended only on me to be happy by
making others happy.'—'Right! who
does not know that?' resumed Doris.
It is a mere stage-secret.'

Aristus, with a smile of contempt, gave them to understand, that philosophical happiness was not that which a pretty woman can taste, and make others

tafte. 'I doubted it much,' faid Clariffa; and nothing is more unlike, I fould think, than a fine woman and a philosopher. But let us hear, first, how the fage Aristus makes use of it, in order to be happy himself? '- That is very simple, Madam: I have no prejudices, I depend on nobody, I live on little, I love nothing, and I fpeak every thing that I think.'—
To love nothing, observed Cleon,
feems to me a disposition but little fa- vourable to make people happy. —
 How, Sir! replied the philosopher; what, do we do good only to that we · love? Do you love the miserable wretch whom you relieve as you go along? It is just so that we distribute to mankind the affiftance of our lights.'-· And it is with your lights, then,' faid Doris, ' that you make people happy?' - Yes, Madam, and that we are so ourselves.' The fat Lady President of Ponval thought this happiness very slender. 'Has a philosopher,' demanded Lucinda, 'many pleasures?'—' He has but one, Madam; that of despising them all.'—' That must be very entertaining,' faid Mrs. Prefident rough. And if you love nothing, Sir, what do you do with your foul?'-What do I do with it? I employ it to the only use worthy of it, I contemplate, I observe the wonders of Nature. - Aye, but what can that nature have interesting to you,' replied Clariffa, "if mankind, if your equals, have nothing in them to attach you?' My equals, Madam! I will not dispute about words; but that expresfion is a little too ftrong. But however that be, nature, which I study, has to me the attraction of curiofity, which is the spring of understanding; as that which is called defire is the I conceive, faid Doris, that curiofity is something; but do you reckon defire, Sir, as nothing?'- Defire, I have already told you, is an attraction of another fort. - Why, then, deliver yourfelf up to one of these attractions, while you refift the other?'- 'Ah, Madam, because the enjoyments of the understanding are not mingled with any bitterness, and all those of the tenfes contain a concealed poison.'-But, at least, faid Cleon, you have

fenses?— Yes, I have senses, if you please; but they have no dominion over me: my mind receives their impressions as a glass, and nothing but the pure objects of the understanding can affect it strongly.— A very insight fipid fellow this! said Doris to Clarista in a very low voice: who brought this strange creature here?— Peace, replied Clarista, this will do for the country; there is a way to divert our.

Cleon, who wanted still to develope the character of Aristus, testified his surprize of seeing him resolved to love nothing: For, after all, said he, do you know nothing amiable? I know surfaces, replied the philosopher, but I know how to defy the bottom. It remains, then, to know, said Cleon, whether this defiance he well founded. '—' Oh! very well founded, believe me: I have seen enough to convince me that this globe is peopled only by fools, knaves, and ingrates. '—' If you were to consider it well, said Clarissa to him in a tone of reproach, you would be less unjust, and perhaps also more happy.'

The lage, confounded for a moment, pretended not to have heard. Word was brought that dinner was ready; he gave his hand to Clariffa, and feated himself next her at table. 'I would fain,' faid she to him, ' reconcile you to human nature. - Impossible, Madam! impossible! man is the most vicious of beings. What can be more cruel, for example, than the spectacle of your dinner? How many innocent animals are facrificed to the voracioufness of man? The ox, from which you have this beef, what harm had he done you? And the fleep, from whence came this mutton, the symbol of candour, what right had you over his life? And this pigeon, the ornament of our dove-houses, just torn from it's tender mate? O heavens! if there had been a Buffon among the animals, in what class would he place man? The tiger, the vulture, the hark, would yield to him the first rank among those of prey.' All the company concluded that the philosopher subfitted only on pulse, and they were afraid to offer him any part of the meats which he enumerated with fo

much compassion. ' Nay, help me,' faid he; ' fince they have gone fo far as to kill them, fomebody must eat them. He declaimed, in like manner, at the fame time that he eat of every thing, against the profusion of victuals, the pains taken to procure them, and the delicacy of them. 'O happy time!' faid he, 'when man browzed with the goats.—Some drink, pray? Nature is greatly degenerated? The philofopher got drunk in describing the clear brook where his forefathers used to

quench their thirft.

Cleon feized the moment when wine makes us fay every thing, to discover the principle of this philosophical illhumour, which extended itself towards all mankind. 'Well,' faid he to Aristus, you are here now among men; do you find them so odious? Confess that you condemned them on hearfay, and that they do not deserve all the harm that is faid of them ?'- 'On hearfay, Sir! Learn, that a philosopher judges not but after his own notions: it is because I have well considered and well developed mankind, that I believe them vain, proud, and unjust.'- Ah! pr'ythee now,' interrupted Cleon, spare us a little: our admiration of you merits at least some tenderness; for, in short, you cannot reproach us with not honouring merit.'- 'And how do you honour it?' replied the philosopher brifkly; ' is it by neglect and defertion that it is to be honoured? Oh! the philosophers of Greece were the oracles of their age, the legislators of their country. Now-a-days wifdom and virtue languish in oblivion; intrigue, meannels, and tervility, carry all before them.'- Suppose that were the case,' faid Cleon, 'it would posfibly be the fault of those great men who disdain to shew themselves.'-And would you have them, then, run their heads into the faces, or rather throw themselves at the feet of the dispensers of rewards?'- 'It is true,' faid Cleon, ' that they might spare themselves the trouble, and that such a person as yourself, (pardon my bringing up your name)harm done, replied the philosopher with great humility. ' Such a person as yourself ought to be dispensed from ' paying his court.'- 'I pay my court! Ah! let them wait for that; I believe their pride would never have much to

plume itself upon: I know how to fet a right value on myself, thank Heaven; and I would go and live in the defarts rather than difgrace my being.'- It would be great pity,' faid Cleon, that fociety should lose you: born to enlighten mankind, you ought to live amongst them. cannot think, ladies, the good that a philosopher does to the world: I will lay a wager, now, that this gentleman has discovered a multitude of moral truths, and that there are perhaps at this very time fifty virtues of his own ' making.'-'Virtues!' replied Aristus, looking down, 'I have not struck out many of them, but I have unveiled many vices.'- 'How, Sir!' faid Lucinda to him, why did not you leave them their veil? They would have been less ugly. Your humble fervant for that,' replied Madam De Ponval: 'I love an acknowledged vice better than an equivocal virtue; one knows at least what to depend on. "And yet see how they requite us!" cried Aristus with indignation. It is on this account that I have taken the resolution to live only for myself: let the world go on as it may.'- 'No,' faid Clariffa politely to him, getting up from table, 'I must have you live for us. Have you any urgent business at Paris?'—' None, Madam: a philosopher has no business.'—' Well, then, I shall keep you here. country should be agreeable to philofophy; and I promise you, solitude, re-pose, and freedom. - Freedom, Madam!' faid the philosopher, in an articulate voice; 'I am greatly afraid you will fail in your promise.

The company dispersed to walk, and Arithus, with a thoughtful air, pretended to go and meditate in a walk, where he mused without thinking of any thing. I miltake; he thought of Clariffa, and faid within himself, 'A handsome waman, a good house, all the conveni-encies of life: that promises well! let us fee the end. It must be confessed, continued he, ' that fociety is a pleafant scene: if I were gallant now, forward, complaifant, amiable, they would fcarce pay any attention to me: they · fee nothing else in the world, and the vanity of women is furfeited with these common homages; but to tame a bear, to civilize a philosopher, to

bend his pride, to fotten his foul,

is a triumph difficult and uncommon, with which their felf-love is not a little flattered. Clariffa, of her own accord, rushes into my toils; let me expect her there, without coming to any compromife.

The company, on their fide, amused themselves at the expence of Aristus. He is a pleafant original enough,' faid Doris; 'what shall we strike out of him?'—' A comedy,' replied Cleon: and if Clariffa will come into it, my · plan is already fetcled.' He communicated his thought, all the company applauded it, and Clariffa, after fome difficulty, confented to play her part. She was much younger and handsomer than was necessary to move a philosopher; and fome words, some looks, which had escaped our sage, seemed to promise an excellent cataffrophe. She threw herfelf. therefore, as it were by chance, into the fame walk with Ariffus. ' I put you out,' faid the; 'excuse me, I was only paffing.'- You do not interrupt me, Madam, I can meditate with you.'-· You will do me pleasure,' says Clariffa: "I perceive that a philosopher does onot think like another man, and I fhould be very glad to fee things with your eyes. — It is true, Madam, that philosophy creates, as it were, a new world. The vulgar fee only in the grofs: the details of nature are a specs tacle reserved for us; it is for us that the feems to have disposed, with an art fo wonderful, the fibres of thefe leaves, the stamina of these flowers, the texture of this rind; an ant-hill is to me a republick, and each of the a-toms that compose the world, appear in my eyes a new world.'- 'That is admirable!' faid Clariffa: 'what was it took up your thoughts this mo-· ment!'- These birds,' replied the 'They are happy, are they not?' Ah! very happy, without doubt; and can they be otherwise? Independence, equality, few wants, ready pleafures, oblivion of the past, no concern for the future, and their whole · folicitude to support life, and to per-· petuate their species; what lessons, Madam! what leffons for mankind!' Confess, then, that the country is a delicious abode: for, in short, it brings us nearer to the condition of animals; and, like them, we feem to have no laws there, but the gentle infinct of Nature.' - 'Ah, Madam! how

true is all this! but the impression is effaced from the heart of man: fociety has ruined every thing.'- ' You are right; this fociety is fomething very troublesome; and fince we want nobody, it would be quite natural to live for one's felf.'- 'Alas! that is what I have faid a hundred times, and what I never cease to write; but nobody will liften to me : you, Madam, for example, who feem to acknowledge the truth of this principle, could you have the strength to practife it ?'- 'I cannot but with,' faid Clariffa, 'that philosophy should come in fashion: I should not be the last to come into it, as I ought not to be the first to set it.'- 'This is the language that every one speaks: nobody will venture to fet the example; and, in the mean time, human nature groans, loaded with the yoke of opinion, and the chains of custom.'—' What would you have us do, Sir? Our ease, our honour, all that we hold dear, depends on decorums.'- Well, Madam, obferve then these tyrannical decorums; wear virtues as you do habits, made to the taste of the age; but your foul is your own: fociety has no right but to externals, and you owe it only appearances. The decorums, so much infifted on, are themselves nothing more than appearances well preferved : but the interior, Madam, the interior is the fanctuary of the will, and the will is independent.'- I conceive,' faid Clariffa, 'that I may wifh for what I please, provided I go no farther.'- To be sure,' replied the philosopher, 'it is better to stop there than to run the hazard of giving into imprudences: for, Madam, do you know what a vicious woman is? is a woman who has no regard, no respect to herself, in any case.'-What, Sir!' demanded Clarissa, affecting an air of fatisfaction, 'does vice, then, confist only in imprudence !'-Before I answer you, Madam, permit me to alk you, what is vice in your eyes? Is it not that which overturns order, which hurts, or which may hurt?'- The very thing. - Very well, Madam; all that is external. Why then submit your sentiments and your thoughts to prejudice! See in these birds that foft and unrestrained liberty which Nature gave you, and which you have loft. - 'Ah t' faid Clariffa Clariffa with a figh, the death of my hufband had reftored methis precious gift; but I am on the point of renouncing it again.'—'O, Heaven I
what do I hear,' cried he; 'are you
going to form a new chain?'—'Why,
I do not know.'—'You do not
know!'—'They will have it fo.'— And who, Madam? who are the enemies who dare propose it to you? No; believe me, marriage is a yoke, and freedom is the supreme good. But, however, who is the husband whom they would give you?'- 'Cleon.'-Cleon, Madam! I am no longer furprized at the unconstrained air he af-He questions, decides, fumes here. condescends sometimes to be affable, and has that haughty politeness which feems to let himself down to a level with us; it is plain that he is doing the honours of his own house; and I know, from henceforth, the respect and deference that I owe him.'-You owe to each other a mutual civility, and I insend that with me every body shall be on an equality.'-'You intend it, Clariffa! Alas, your choice destroys all equality between mankind, and the person who is to possess - But let us talk no more of · youit, I have faid too much already; this place is not made for a philosopher; permit me to leave it.'- 'No,' faid the to him, 'I have need of you, and you plunge me into irrefolutions, from which you alone can draw me. must be confessed, that philosophy is a very comfortable thing; but if a philosopher were a deceiver, he would be a very dangerous friend! Adieu, I would not have them fee us together; I am going to rejoin the company; come to us foon . - See there, then, 'faid the, as the was going from him, 'what' they call a philosopher!'—'Courage!' faid he on his fide; 'Cleon hangs only by a thread.' Clariffa, with blufhes, gave an account of the first scene, and her beginning was received with ap-plause: but the lady president, knitting her brow, 'Do you intend,' said she, that I should be only a looker on? No, no; I must play my part, and I affure you it shall be pleasant. Do you think that you shall subdue this fage? No: I will have the honour of it. - You, Madam! - Oh! you may laugh: my fifty years, my triple chin, and my mustaches of Spanish

Inuff, defy all your graces.' The whole company applauded this challenge by redoubled peals of laughter. 'Nothing is more ferious,' returned the; 'and if it be not enough to triumph over one, you have only to join, and dispute the conquest with me; I defy you all three. Go, divine Doris; charming Lucinda; admirable Clarissa; go and display be fore his eyes all the seductions of beauty and coquetry; I laugh at it.' She spoke these words with a tone of resolution sufficient to make her rivals tremble.

Cleon affected to appear dull and penfive at the arrival of Aristus, and Clarissa assumed with the philosopher a reserved air of mystery. They spoke little, but ogled much. Aristus, on retiring to his apartment, found it furnished with all the inventions of luxury. "O heavens!' faid he to the company, who for the fake of diverting themfelves had condusted him thither; 'O heavens! is it not ridiculous that all this preparation should be made for one man's sleep? Was it thus that they flept at Lacedæmon? O Lycurgus, what wouldst thou fay! a toi-This is downright lette for me! mockery. Do they take me for a Sybarite? I must retire, I cannot stand it.'- 'Would you have us,' faid Clariffa, 'unfurnish it on purpose for you? Take my advice, and enjoy the pleafures of life when they present themfelves: a philosopher should know how to put up with every thing, and accommodate himself to every thing.'-Very well, Madam,' faid he, fomewhat appealed, 'I must at present comply with you; but I shall never be able to fleep on this heap of down. Upon my word,' fays he, as he laid himself down, 'this luxury is a fine thing!' and the philosopher fell asleep.

His dreams recalled to his rememabrance his conversation with Clarissa, and he awoke with the pleasing idea, that this virtue by convention, which is called prudence in women, would make but a feeble resistance against him.

He was not yet up when a lacquey came to propose the bath to him. The bath was a good presage. 'Be it so,' said he; 'I will bathe: the bath is a 'natural institution. As for perfumes, 'the earth yields them: let us not disa dain her presents.' He would fain have made use of the toilette which they

had provided for him; but shame re-Arained him. He contented himself with giving to his philosophical negligence the most decent air he could, and the glass was twenty times consulted.
What a fright you have made yourfelf! said Clariffa to him, on seeing him appear: 'why not dreffed like the rest of the world? This habit, this wig, give you a vulgar air which you have not naturally.'- What! Madam, is it by the air that we are to judge of mankind? Would you have me submit to the caprices of fashion, and be dreffed like your Cleons?'-Why not, Sr? Do you not know that they derive an advantage from your fimplicity, and that it is this in particular that leffens in people's opinions the confideration due to you? I myself, in order to do you justice, have need of my reflection: the first fight makes against you, and it is very often the first fight that decides. Why not give to Virtue all the charms of which she is capable?'- No, Madam, Art is not made for her. The more naked, the more beautiful; they disguise her when they endeavour to adorn her.' - 'Very well, Sir, let her contemplate herselt alone at her ease; as for me, I declare, that this ruftick and low air displeases me. Is it not Arange, that having received from nature a distinguishing figure, any one should take a pride in degrading it?' But, Madam, what would you fay, if a philosopher should employ his attention about his dress, and set himself off like your marquis?'- 'I would fay, he feeks to pleafe, and he does right; for, do not flatter yourself, Aristus, there is no pleasing without taking a good deal of pains.'- 'Ah! I defire nothing fo much as to please. in your eyes.'- 'If fuch a defire really possesses you,' replied Clarissa, with a tender look, 'bestow at least a quarter of an hour upon it. Here, Jasmin,
Jasmin! go, dress the gentleman's
head. Aristus, blushing, yields at length to these gentle instances; and now behold the fage at his toilette!

The nimble hand of Jasmin disposes his locks with art; his physiognomy now displays itself; he admires the metamorphosis, and is scarceable to conceive it. What will they say on seeing me? faid he to himself; let them say what they please; but the philosopher has

blown up with pride, but with an auk-wardand bashfulair. 'Aye, now,' said is nothing now but the colour of those cloaths that offends my eyes. - Ah! Madam, for the sake of my reputa. tion, leave me at leaft this characte. riftick of the gravity of my condition. And what then, by your leave, is this chimerical condition which you have so much at heart? I approve very much of people's being wife; but in my opinion all forts of colours are indifferent to wisdom. Is this chesnut of Mr. Guillaume more founded in nature than the fky blue or rofe-colour? By what caprice is it that you imitate in your garments the husk of the chesnut, rather than the leaf of the role or the tuft of the lily with which the fpring is crowned? Ah! for my part, I confess to you that the rose colour charms my fight; that colour has something, I know not what, of softness in it, which goes to my very foul, and I should think you the handsomest creature living in a fuit of role-colour.'- 'Role-colour, Madam! O heavens! a philosopher in rose-colourl'-'Yes, Sir, a very rofe-colour: what would you have? It is my weakness. By writing to Parisdirectly, you may have it by to-morrow afternoon, can you not?"—" What, Madam?"—" A fuit for the country of the colour of my ribbands.'- 'No, Madam, it is impossible.'- 'Pardon me, nothing is easier; the workmen need only be up all night.'- 'Alas! it is of mighty consequence what the time is which they are to employ in rendering me ridiculous! Confider, I befeech you, that fuch an extravagance as this would ruin my reputation.'-Well, Sir, when you shall have lost that reputation, you will gain another, and it is odds that you will gain by the exchange.'- I protest to you, Madam, that it is shocking to - ' But! me to displease you, butyou put me out of all patience; I do not love to be thwafted. It is very strange,' continued she, in a tone of displeasure, that you should refuse me teaches me to take care of myfelf in matters that are more ferious.' At these words she quitted the room, leaving the philosopher confounded that so trifing an incident should destroy his hopes.
Rose-colour!' said he, 'rose-colour!' how ridiculous! what a contrast! she will have it so; I must submit.' And the philosopher wrote for the cloaths.

You are obeyed, Madam,' faid he to Clariffa, accosting her. ' Has it cost you much?' demanded the with a fmile of disdain. ' A great deal, Madam, more than I can express: but, in fhort, you would have it fo.' All the company admired the philosopher's head. Madam President, above all, fwore by the great gods, that she had never feen any man's head fo well dreffed before. Ariffus thanked her for fo flattering a compliment. ' Compliments!' resumed she, ' compliments! I never make any. They are the false coin of the world.'- Nothing was ever better conceived,' cried the fage: 'that de-' ferves to be fet down in writing.' They perceived that Madam Prefident was now beginning the attack, and they left them to themselves. ' You think, then,' faid fhe to him, ' that nobody but yourfelf can make sentences? I am a philosopher too, fuch as you fee me.'-' You, Madam! and of what feet? A ' Stoick, or an Epicurean?'- 'Oh, take ' my word for it! the name is nothing. I have ten thousand crowns a year, which I spend with gaiety; I have good Champagne, which I drink with my friends; I enjoy a good state of health; I do what I please, and leave every one to live after their own man-There's a feet for you!'- 'It is well done, and exactly what Epicurus taught.'- 'Oh! I declare to you I was taught nothing: all this comes of my own felf. For these twenty years I have read nothing but the lift of my wines and the bill of fare of my fupper.'- Why, upon that footing, you must be the happiest woman in the world.'- Happy! not entire-'ly fo: I want a husband of my own way of thinking. My prefident was a beaft; good for nothing but the bar: he understood the law, and that was 'all. I want a man who knows how to love me, and who would employ ' himself about me alone.'- 'You may find a thousand, Madam.'—' Oh!
I want but one; but I would have him be a good one. Birth, fortune, all that is perfectly indifferent to me; I attach myself only to the man.'-Indeed, Madam, you aftonish me: ' you are the first woman in whom I

have found any principles; but is it precifely a husband that you want?'-Yes, Sir, a husband who shall be mine in all forms. These lovers are all rogues, who deceive us, and who forfake us without leaving us room to complain: whereas a husband is ours in the face of the world; and if mine should defert me, I should like to be able to go, with my title in my hand, and in all honour and honesty give an hundred flaps on the face to the infolent huffy that should have taken him from me. - Very good, Madam! very good! the right of property is an inviolable right. But do you know that there are very few fouls like yours? What courage, what vigour!' - Oh, I have as much as a lioness. I know I am not handsome; but ten thousand crowns a year, made over on the wedding-day, are worth all the prettinesses of a Lucinda or Clarissa; and though love be rare in this age, one ought to have it for ten thousand crowns.' This conversation brought them back again to the house, at the very instant that word was brought that fupper was ready.

Aristus appeared plunged in serious reflections; he weighed the advantages and inconveniencies that might attend his marrying the lady prefident, and calculated how much longer a woman of fifty could live, swallowing every evening a bottle of Champagne. A dispute which arose between Madam de Ponval and Clariffa, drew him out of his reverie. Doris gave rise to the dispute. 'Is it possible,' faid she, ' that Madam Prefident should have been able to support for a whole hour a tête-à-tête with a philosopher; she who falls à yawning the moment one talks to her of reason!'- 'Truly,' replied Mai dam de Ponval, ' it is because your rea-' fon has not common fense: afk this wife man, here, if mine be not good. We talked of the state that fuits an honest woman, and he agrees with me, that a good husband is by much the best for her.'- 'Oh, fie!' cried Clariffa, 'are we made to be flaves? and what becomes then of that freedom, which is the first of all goods?' Cleon declaimed against this system of freedom; he maintained, that the union of hearts was very different from a state of flavery. Madam President supported this opinion, and declared that the could perceive no distinction between the love of

freedom, and the love of libertinism. May this giass of wine, faid she, be the last I shall drink, if I ever form the least dependence on any man who shall not first have taken an oath that he will be only mine. All the rest is but froth.'- 'And there now,' faid Clarissa, ' is the great mortification of marriage. Love, with it's freedom, loses all it's delicacy .- Is it not fo, Sir?' demanded the of the philosopher. Why, Madam, I have thought as you do; yet it must be confessed that if freedom has it's charms, it has also it's dangers, its rocks: happy dispofitions are fo great a good, and inconflancy is fo natural to man, that the moment he feels a laudable inclination, he acts prudently in depriving himself of the fatal power of changing.'- Do you hear him, ladies? These men for my money! no flattery! this is what is called a philosopher. Try to seduce him if you can: for my part I retire quite charmed .- Adieu, philosopher, I want reft; I did not thut my eyes all last night, and I long to be asleep, in order to have the pleafure of dreaming.' She accompanied this adieu with an amorous glance, twinkling with Champagne. ' Ladies, faid Lucinda, ' did you mind that look?' - Surely, replied Doris, ' she is diftraced for Ariftus; that is clear.'-For me, Madam! you do not think fo; our taftes, I believe, and our tempers, are not made for each other. drink little, I swear still less, and I do not love to be confined. - Ah, Sir, ten thousand crowns a year!'- 'Ten thousand crowns a year, Madam, are an infult when mentioned to persons like myself.

These words were repeated the next day to Madam the president. 'Oh! the insolent wretch!' said she, 'I am piqued: you shall see him at my feet.' I pass slightly over the nocturnal reflections of the sage Aristus. A good coach, a commodious apartment very far from my lady's, and the best cook in Paris; such was his plan in life. Our philosophers,' said he, 'perhaps will murmur a little. However, an ugly woman has in it something philosophical; at least, they will not suffice that I have pursued the pleasures

of fenfuality.'
The day of his triumph arrives, and the fuit of rofe-colour along with it: he views it, and blushes through vanity

rather than shame. Cleon, however came to fee him, with the disturbed ai of one possessed; and after having call an eye of indignation on the preparations for his dreffing; 'Sir,' faid he to him, ' if I had to do with a man of the world, I should propose to him, by way of preface, to exchange a thruft with me. But I am speaking to a philosopher, and I come to affault him with no other arms than frankness and virtue.'- What is the matter, then?' demanded the fage, fomewhat confounded at this preamble. 'I loved Clariffa, Sir, replied Cleon; 'fheloved me; we were going to be married. I know not what change is made all of a sudden in her soul, but she will not hear me fpeak any more either of mar. ringe or of love. I had at first only fome fuspicions concerning the cause; but this rose-coloured suit confirms them. Rose-colour is her passion; you adopt her colours: you are my rival.'- ' I, Sir!'- ' I cannot doubt it, and all the circumstances that attel it croud themselves on my imagination: your fecret walks, your whifpers in the ear, looks and words that have escaped you, her hatred particularly against Madam de Ponval, every thing betrays you, every thing ferves to open my eyes. Hear, then, Sir, what I have to propose. One of us most give place: violence is an unjust method; generofity will fet us on good terms. I love, I idolize Clarissa; I had been happy but for you; I may still be so: my assiduities, time, and your absence, may bring her back to me. If, on the contrary, I must renounce her, you fee one who will be driven to despair, and death will be my resource. Judge, Aristus, whether your fituation be the same. Confult yourself, and answer me. It the happiness of your life depends on giving up your conquest to me, I require nothing, and I retire.'- Go, Sir,' replied the philosopher to him with a ferene air, ' you shall never overcome Aristus in a point of generosity; and whatever it may colt me, I will prove to you that I merited this mark of esteem.

At last,' said he, when Cleon had left the room, 'here is an opportunity of shewing an heroical virtue. Ha, ha! you gentlemen of the world, you will learn to admire us... They will not know it perhaps... Oh, yesa Clariffa

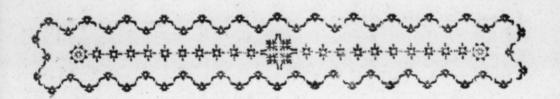
Clariffa will communicate it in confidence to her friends; these will tell it again to others; the adventure is uncommon enough to make a noise: after all, the worst that can happen will be to publish it myself. It is necessary that a good deed should be known, and it matters not which way: our age has need of these examples; they are lessons for mankind. . . . However, let me not become a dupe to my own virtues, and disposses myself of Clariffa before I am sure of Madam President. Let me see what Champagne and sleep may have produced.

While he reflected thus on his conduct, the philosopher dreffed himself. The industrious Jasmin surpassed himfelf in dreffing his head : the rofe-coloured fuit was put on before the looking glass with a secret complacency, and the fage fallied out all radiant to visit Madam President, who received him with an exclamation of furprize. But paffing all of a fudden from joy to confusion, 'I perceive,' faid she, ' Clariffa's favourite colour; you are attentive to study her taste. Go, Ariftus, go and avail yourfelf of the trouble you take to please her; it will, no doubt, have it's reward.'- My ' natural ingenuousness,' replied the philosopher, ' permits me not to conceal from you, that in the choice of this colour I have followed only her ' caprice. I will do more, Madam; I will confess that my first defire was to please in her eyes. The wifest is not without weakness; and when a woman prejudices us by flattering attentions, it is difficult not to be touched with them; but how my attachment is weakened! I acknowledge it with reproach to myfelf, Madam, and you ought also to reproach yourself for it.' - Ah! philosopher, why is this not true? But this rose colour confounds all my ideas.'- ' Very well, Madam, I assumed it with regret; I now go to quit it with joy; and if my first sim-' No, stay, I think you plicitycharming. But what do I fay? Ah, how happy are people in being to handfome! Aristus, why am I not beautiful!"- What, Madam! do not you know that ugliness and beauty exist only in opinion? Nothing is handsome, nothing ugly in itself. A beauty in one country is far from being reckoned a beauty in another; fo many men, so many minds.'- You flatter ' me,' faid Madam' Prefident with a childin ballfulness, and pretending to bluth; 'but I know, alast but too well, that I have nothing beautiful in me, except my foul.'- Very well, and is not the supreme beauty the only charm worthy to touch the heart?'-Ah, philosopher! believe me, that beauty alone has few charms.'- It has few, no doubt, for the vulgar; but to repeat it once more, you are not reduced to that. Is there nothing in a noble air, a commanding look, and an expressive countenance? And then, as to majefty, is the not the queen of the Graces?'- 'And for this pluinpness of mine, what fay you to that?'-Ah, Madam, this plumpness, which is reckoned an excess among us, is a beauty in Afia. Do you think, for example, that the Turks have no skill in women? Well, then, all those elegant figures which we admire at Paris would not even be admitted into the Grand Signior's feraglio; and the Grand Signior is no fool. In a word, a rofy state of health is the mother of the pleasures, and plumpness is it's fymbol.'- You will bring me prefently to believe that my fat is not unbecoming. But for this nose of mine, nofe without end, which runs out before myface.'- 'Why, good God! what do you complain of? Were not the nofes of the Roman matrons nofes without end? Observe all the ancient buits.'- 'But at least they had not this great mouth, and fuch blubberlips ?'- Thick lips, Madam, are the charm of the American beauties: they are, as it were, two cushions, on which foft and tender pleasure takes it's repose. As to a wide mouth, I know nothing that gives the countenance more openness and gaiety.'- 'True, when the teeth are fine; but unhappily-' 'Go to Siam, there fine teeth are vulgar, and it is a fcandal even to have any. Thus all that is called beauty depends on the caprice of mankind, and the only real beauty is the object which has charmed us. . Shall I be yours then, my dear phi-' losopher?' demanded she, hiding her face behind her fan. 'Pardon me, 'Madam, if I hefitate. My delicacy ' renders me timid, and I profess a difinterestedness not yet sufficiently known ' to you, to be above suspicion. You have talked to me of ten thousand crowns a year, and that circumstance L a makes. makes me tremble.'—'Go, Sir, you are too just to impute to me such mean suspicions; it is Clarissa that detains you; I see your evasions; leave me.'—'Yes, I leave you, to go and acquit myself of the promise I have just made to Cleon. He was dismissed, he complained to me of it, and I have promised him to engage Clarissa to give him her hand. Now, believe that I love her.'—'Is it possible? Oh, you charm me, and I cannot stand this sacrifice. Go and see her, I wait you here; do not let me languish: this very evening we will leave the country.'

will leave the country. ' I wonder at myfelf,' faid he as he was going off, ' for having the courage to marry her. She is frightful; but fhe is rich? He comes to Clarissa, finds her at her toilette, and Cleon along with her, who affumes, on feeing him, a dejected air. 'O! the handsome " fuit!' cried she. " Come this way, that I may fee you. It is quite delicious, is it not, Cleon? It was my choice. - I fee it plainly, Madam,' replied Cleon with a melancholy air. Let us · leave off this triding, interrupted the philosopher; ' I am come to clear my. felf of a crime of which I am accused, and to fulfil a ferious duty. Cleon · loves you, you love him; he has lost your heart, he tells me, and that I am the cause of it. - Yes, Sir: and why all this mystery? I have just been " making a declaration of it to him.'-· And I, Madam, declare to you that I will never make unhappy a worthy man, who merits you, and dies if he · loses you. I love you as much as he can love you: it is a confession which I am not ashamed to make; but his inclination has been more rooted by the unconquerable force of habit than mine, and perhaps also I shall find in myself resources which he has not in himself.'- 'O, the wonderful man I' cried Cleon, embracing the philosopher. 'What shall I say to you? You confound me.'- There is no " mighty matter in all this,' replied the philosopher with humility; 'your generosity set the example, I only imitate you.'- 'Come, ladies,' faid Clariffa to Lucinda and Doris, whom she saw appear at that instant; ' come and be witnesses of the triumph of philosophy.

Aristus refigns me to his rival, and · facrifices his love for me to the hap-' pinels of a man he hardly knows.' Their aftonishment and admiration were acted up to the life; and Aristus, tak. ing Clariffa's hand, which he put into Cleon's, fnuffed up in abundance, with a supercilious modesty, the incense of adoration. 'Be happy,' faid he to them, ' and cease your astonishment at an effort which, however painful, carries it's recompence along with it. What would a philosopher be, if virtue were not all in all with him?' At these words he retired, as it were, to withdraw himfelf from his glory.

Madam Prefident waited the philosopher's coming. 'Is it done, then?' de-manded the of him. 'Yes, Madam, they are united; I am now my own and yours.'- 'Oh, I triumph; you are mine. Come here, then, that I may enchain you.'- 'Ah, Madam!' faid he, falling at her knees, ' what dominion you have acquired over me! O Socrates! O Plato! what is become of your disciple? Do you yet know him in this state of debasement!' While he spoke thus, Madam President took a rofe-coloured ribband, which she bound about the fage's neck, and imitating Lucinda in the Oracle, with the most comical infantine air in the world, called him by the name of Charmer. Good Heaven! what would become of me, if any body knew ?-Ah, Madam,' faid he, ' let us fly, let us banish ourselves from a society that watches us; spare me the humiliation.'-What is it you call humiliation? I · must have you glory in their presence that you are mine, that you wear my chain. At these words the door opens, and Madam Prefident rifes from her chair, holding the philosopher in a firing. 'See here,' faid the to the company, 'fee here this proud man, who fighs at my feet for the beauty of my purfe; I deliver him up to you, I have played my part.' At this picture the roof refounded with the name of Charmer, and innumerable peals of laughter. Aristus, tearing his hair, and rending his cloaths with rage, launched out into reproaches on the perfidy of women, and went off to compose a book against the age, in which he roundly afferted, that there was no fage but himself.



MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE BAD MOTHER.

MONG the monstrous productions of Nature may be reckoned the heart of a mother who loves one of her children to the exclusion of all the rest. I do not mean an enlightened tenderness, which distinguishes among the young plants which it cultivates, that which yields the best returns to it's early care; I speak of a blind fondness, frequently exclusive, fometimes jealous, which creates an idol and victims amid the little innocents brought into the world, for each of whom we are equally bound to foften the burden of life. Of this error, so common and so shameful to human nature, I am now going to give an example.

In one of the maritime provinces, M. de Carandon, an intendant, who had rendered himself respectable by his severity in repressing grievances, making it a principle to favour the weak and controul the strong, died poor, and almost insolvent. He had left behind him a daughter, whom nobody would marry, because she had much pride, little beauty, and no fortune, At last, a rich and honest merchant made his addresses to her, out of respect to the memory of her father. ' He has done us fo many good offices,' faid the worthy Corée, this was the merchant's name, 'it is but just that some of us should repay them to the daughter.' With these thoughts Corée offered himself in an humble manner; and Mademoiselle Carandon, with a great deal of reluctance, consented to give him her hand, on condition that the should maintain

an absolute authority in his house. The good man's respect for the memory of the father extended even to the daughter; he consulted her as his oracle; and if at any time he happened to differ in opinion from her, she had nothing to do but to utter these silencing expressions, 'The late M. de Carandon, my father 'Corée never waited for her to conclude, before he consessed himself in the wrong.

He died rather young, and left her two children, of which she had condescended to permit him to be the father. On his death bed he thought it his duty to re-gulate the partition of his effects; but M. de Carandon held it, as she told him, for a maxim, that in order to retain children under the dependence of a mother, it was necessary to render her the dispenser of their effects. This law was the rule of Corée's will; and his inheritance was left in the hands of his wife, with the fatal right of distributing it to her children as the should think proper. Of these two children the eldest was her delight; not that he was handsomer, or of a more happy disposition, than the younger, but because she had ran some danger of her life in bringing him into the world; he had first made her experience the pains and joy of child-bed; he had possessed himself of her tenderness, which he also seemed to have exhausted; she had, in short, all the bad reasons that a bad mother could have for loving only

Little Jemmy was the rejected child: his mother hardly vouchfafed to fee him, and never spoke to him but to chide him. The poor child, intimidated, durst not look up before her, nor answer her without trembling. He had, she said, his father's disposition, a vulgar soul, and the air of such kind of folks.

As to the eldest, whom she had taken care to render as headstrong, difobedient, and humour some as possible, he was gentility itfelf : his obstinacy was called greatness of spirit; his humours, excels of fenfibility. She was delighted to fee that he would never give up a point when he was in the right; and you must know that he was never in the wrong. She was eternally declaring that he knew his own good, and that he had the honour of resembling the sweet Madam his mamma. This eldest boy, who was styled M. Del Etang, (for it was not thought right to leave him the name of Corée) had masters of all forts: the lessons they fet were for him alone, but little Jemmy reaped the fruit of them; infomuch, that at the end of a few years Jemmy knew all that they had taught M. De l'Etang, who knew nothing at

The good women, who make a practice of attributing to children all the little wit they have themselves, and who ruminate all morning on the pretty things they are to fay in the day, had made the mother, whose weakness they were all acquainted with, believe that her eldeft fon was a profigy. The mafters, less complaifant, or less artful, while they complained of the indocility and inattention of this favourite, were boundless in their encomiums on Jemmy: they did n tabfolutely fay that M. De l'Etang was a blockhead, but they faid that little Jemmy had the genius of an angel. The mother's vanity was wounded; and out of an injustice, which one would not believe existed in nature, if this vice of mothers were less in fashion, she redoubled her aversion to the little wretch, became jealous of his improvement, and refolved to take away from her spoiled child the humiliation of a comparison.

A very affecting adventure awakened, however, in her, the fentiments of nature; but this retort upon herself only humbled, without correcting her. Jemmy was ten years of age, M. De l'Etang near fifteen, when she fell dangerously ill. The eldest employed himself about his pleasures, and very little about his mother's health. It is the punishment

of foolish mothers to love unnatural chil-However, the began to grow uneafy; Jemmy perceived it, and his little heart was feized with grief and fear: the impatience to fee his mother grew too firong for him to conceal. They had accustomed him never to appear but when he was called; but at laft his tendernets gave him courage. He feized the instant when the chamber door was half open, entered filent and with trem. bling steps, and approached his mother's bed. 'Is it you, my fon?' said she. 'No, manima, it is Jemmy.' This natural and overwhelming answer penetrated with frame and grief the foul of this unjust woman; but a few careffes from her bad fon foon reftored him to his full afcendancy; and Jemmy, in the end, was neither the better beloved, nor reckoned the more worthy to be fo.

Scarce was Madam Corée recovered. when the returned the defign of banthing him her house: her pretence was, that M. De 'Etang, being naturally lively, was too lusceptible of diffipation to have a companion in his studies; and the impertinent prepossessions of the mafters for the child, who was the most humble and fawning with them, might eafily discourage the other, whose spirit being higher, and less tractable, required more management: it was her pleafure, therefore, that L! Etang should be the only object of their cares, and the got rid of the unfortunate Jemmy by exiling him to a college.

At fixteen L'Etangquitted his masters in the mathematicks, physicks, musick, &c. just as he had taken them: he began his exercises, which he performed much in the same manner as he had done his studies; and at twenty he ap eared in the world with the self-sufficiency of a coxcomb, who has heard of every thing, but reslected on nothing.

Jemmy, on his part, had gone through his studies; and his mother was quite wearied with the commendations they gave him. 'Well then,' said she, 'since he is so wise, he will succeed in the church; he has nothing to do but to take to that course of life.'

Unfortunately, Jemmy had no inclination for the ecclefiastick state; he came, therefore, to intreat his mother to dispense with his entering into it.

'You imagine, then,' said she to him with a cold and severe air, 'that I have enough to maintain you in the world?

'I assure

I affure you I have not. Your father's fortune was not fo confiderable as was imagined; it will scarce be sufficient to fettle your elder brother. For your part, you have only to confider whether you will run the career of benefices or of arms; whether you will have your head shaven or broken; in fhort, whether you will take a band, or a lieutenancy of infantry: this is all that I can do for you. Jemmy answered her with respect, that there were less violent courses to be taken by the fon of a merchant. At these words Mad. de Carandon was near dying with grief, for having brought into the world a fon fo little worthy of her, and forbid him her fight. Young Corée, diftreffed at having incurred his mother's anger, retired fighing, and refolved to try whether Fortune would be less cruel to him than Nature. He learned that a veffel was on the point of failing for the Antilles, whither he had a defign of repairing. He writ to his mother to alk her confent, her bleffing, and a parcel of goods. The two first articles were amply granted him, but the latter very sparingly.

His mother, too happy in being rid of him, wanted to see him before his departure, and, while she embraced him, bestowed on him a few tears. His brother also had the goodness to wish him a good voyage. These were the first caresses he had ever received from his relations: his sensible heart was penetrated with them; yet he durst not ask them to write to him: but he had a sellow collegian, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and he conjured him at parting, now and then to fend him news

of his mother.

She was now only employed in the care of settling her favourite son. He declared for the robe: they obtained him a dispensation from it's studies; and he was soon admitted into the sanctuary of the laws. Nothing remained wanting but an advantageous marriage: they proposed a rich heires; but they required of the widow the settlement of her fortune. She had the weak ness to consent to it, scarce reserving to herself sufficient to live decently; well assured that her son's fortune would be always at her disposal.

At the age of twenty-five, M. De l'Etang found himself a dapper little counsellor, neglecting his wife as much

as his mother, taking great care of his own person, and paying very little regard to the bar. As it was genteel for a husband to have somebody belides his wife, L'Etang thought it his duty to fet up for a man of intrigue. young girl, whom he ogled at the play, returned his invitations, received him at her lodgings with a great deal of politeness, told him he was charming, which he very readily believed, and in a short time eated him of a pocket-book with ten thouland crowns. But as there is no fuch thing as eternal love, this perjured beauty quitted him at the expiration of three months for a young English lord, equally foolish, and more magnificent. L'Etang, who could not conceive how they could difmifs fuch a perion as himself, resolved to averge himself by taking a mistress still more celebrated, and loading her with favours. His new conquest raised him a thousand rivals; and when he compared hunfelf with a crowd of adorers, who fighed for her in vain, he had the pleasure of thinking himself more amiable, as he found himfelf more happy. However, having perceived that he was not without uneafi-nefs, the was defirous of convincing him, that there was nothing in the world which the was not refolved to quit for him, and proposed, for the lake of avoiding im, erinence, that they should go together to Paris, to forget all the world, and live only for each other. L'Etang was transported at this mark of tenderness. Everything is got ready for the journey; they fet out, they arrive, and chute their retreat in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. Fatima (that was the name of this beauty) afked and obtained, without difficulty, a coach to take the air. L'Etang was furprized at the number of friends that he found in this good city. friends had never feen him; but his merit attracted them in crowds. Fatima received none but L'Etang's company, and he was always very lure of his friends and of her. This charming wo-man had, however, one weakness: the believed indreams. One night the had had one which could not, the fail, he effaced from her memory. L'E;ang wanted to know this dream which engaged her attention fo ferioufly. ' I dream'd, faid she, ' that I was in a delicious apartment. In it was a damask bed of three ditterent colours, with tapestry and fofas fuited to this superb bed; pannels dazzling with gold, polished cabinets, porcelaine of Japan, China monkies, the prettiest in the world; but all this was nothing. A toilette was ready set out; I drew near it; what did I

fee? My heart beats at it: a casket
of diamonds; and what diamonds!
the most beautiful aigrette, the finest

ear-rings, the handsomest esclavage, and a river without end. I am sure, Sir, something very extraordinary will happen to me. This dream has af-

fected me very strongly, and my

dreams never deceive me.

It was in vain that M. De l'Etangemployed all his eloquence to persuade her that dreams fignified nothing: fhe maintained that this dream did fignify something; and, at length, he feared left some of his rivals should propose to realize it. He was under a necessity, therefore, of capitulating; and, except in some few circumstances, resolved to accomplish it himself. We may easily judge, that this experiment did not cure her of dreaming: she took a delight in it, and dreamed fo often, that even the fortune of good Master Corée became hardly any thing more than a dream. M. De l'Etang's young wife, to whom this journey had not been very agreeable, demanded to be separated from the fortunes of a husband, who abandoned her; and her portion, which he was obliged to restore, put him still less at his eafe.

Play is a resource. L'Etang pretended to excel at piquet; his friends, who made up a common purse, all betted for him, while one of them played against him. Every time that he threw out, " Faith,' faid one of the betters, ' that is well played!'- There is no playing better, faid another. In short, M. De l'Etang played the best in the world, but he never had the aces. While they insensibly stripped him, the faithful Fatima, who perceived his decline, dreamed one night that she quitted him, and left him the next day: however, as it is mortifying to fall off, he piqued himself upon his honour, and would not abate any thing of his grandeur, fo that in a few years he was ruined.

He was now at his last shifts, when the good lady his mother, who had not managed her own reserve better, wrote to him to desire some money. He returned her answer, that he was very forry; but that, far from being able to fend her any relief, he stood in need of it himself. The alarm was already spread among their creditors, and the question was, who should first seize the ruins of their fortune. 'What have I 'done!' said the distracted mother; 'I have stripped myself of all for a son 'who has squandered every thing.'

In the mean time, what became of the unfortunate Jemmy?-Jemmy, with a good understanding, the best heart, the handsomest figure in the world, and his little venture, was happily arrived at St. Domingo. It is well known how eafy a Frenchman of good morals, and a good person, finds it to establish himself in the isles. The name of Coice, his own good fense and prudence, soon ac. quired him the confidence of the inhabitants. With the affiltances that were offered him, he purchased himself a fettlement, cultivated it, and rendered it flourishing; trade, which was then very brisk, enriched him in a short time, and in the space of five years he was become the object of the jealoufy of the handsomest and richest widows and damfels of the colony. But, alas! his fellow-collegian, who till that time had given him none but the most satisfactory news, now fent him word that his brother was ruined, and that his mother, abandoned by every body, was driven to the most dreadful extremities. This fatal letter was bedewed with tears. 'Ah, my poor mother!' cried he, 'I will fly to your relief.' He would not trust his charge to any body. cident, infidelity, neglect, or delay, might deprive her of the affistance sent by her fon, and leave her to perish in indigence and despair. 'Nothing ought to retain a fon,' faid he to himself, when the honour and life of a mother ' are at stake.'

With these sentiments, Corèe was only employed in the care of rendering his riches portable. He sold all his possessions, and this facrifice cost him nothing; but he could not but feel some regret for a more precious treasure, which he lest in America. Lucella, the young widow of an old colonist, who had lest her immense riches, had cast upon Corèe one of those looks which seem to penetrate to the bottom of the soul, and to unravel it's character; one of those looks which decide the opinion, determine the inclination, and the sudden and

confused effect of which is generally taken for a lympathetick emotion. She had imagined the faw in this young man every thing that could render a virtuous and fenfible woman happy; and her love for him had not waited for reflection to give it birth and discover itself. Corée, on his fide, had distinguished her among her rivals, as the most worthy of captivating the heart of a wife and virtuous man. Lucella, with a figure the most noble and interesting; an air the most animated, and yet the most modest; a brown complexion, but fresher than the role; a hair of the blackness of the ebony, and teeth of a dazzling whiteness and enamel; the stature and gait of one of Diana's nymphs; the smile and look of the companions of Venus; Lucella, with all these charms, was endowed with that greatness of spirit, that loftiness of temper, that justness in her ideas, that rectitude in her fentiments, which makes us fay, though not with the greatest propriety, that such a woman has the foul of a man. It was not one of Lucella's principles to be ashamed of a virtuous inclination. Scarce had Coice confessed to her the choice of his heart, when he obtained from her, without evalion, a like confession, by way of reply; and their mutual inclination becoming more tender, in proportion as it became more confidered, now wanted nothing but to be confecrated at the altar. Some disputes, concerning the inheritance of Lucella's husband, had retarded their happiness. These disputes were on the point of being fettled, when the letter from Corée's friend arrived, to tear him all at once from what he held dearest in the world, except his mother. He repaired to the beauteous widow's, shewed her the letter from his friend, and asked her advice. 'I flatter my-' felf,' faid she, ' that you have no ' need of it. Convert your wealth into mercantile commodities, hasten to the ' relief of your mother, pay your re-' spects to all your friends, and come back again: my fortune awaits you. ' If I die, my will shall secure it to you; if I live, instead of a will, you know ' what right you will have over it.' Corée, struck with gratitude and admiration, seized the hands of this generous woman, and bathed them with his tears; but as he was launching out in encomiums on her, ' Go,' faid fhe to him, ' you are a child: entertain not the

prejudices of Europe. The moment that a woman does any thing tolerably handsome, they cry her up as a prodigy, as if Nature had not given us a foul. Should you, in my place, now, be much pleased to see me in aftonishment, and viewing in you, as a phenomenon, the pure emotion of a good heart?'- 'Pardon me,' faid Corée, 'I ought to have expected it ; but your principles, your fentiments, the eafe, the simplicity of your virtues, enchant me: I admire them without being amazed at them.'- Go, my dear,' faid she to him, faluting him; I am thine, fuch as God has made mc. Do your duty, and return as foon as possible.'

He embarks, and with him he embarks all his fortune. The paffage was pretty favourable till they came towards the Canaries; but there their veffel, purfued by a corfair from Morocco, was obliged to feek for fafety in it's fails. The corfair which chased them was on the point of joining them; and the captain, terrified at the danger of being boarded, was going to frike to the pirate. 'Oh, my dear mother!' cried Corée, embracing the casket in which were contained all his hopes, and then tearing his hair with grief and rage; 'No, faid he, 'this barbarous African shall have my heart first.' Then addressing himself to the captain, the crew, and the affrighted paffengers, 'What! my friends,' faid he, ' shall we surrender ourselves like cowards? Shall we fuffer this robber to carry us to Morocco, loaded with irons; and to fell us like beafts? Are we disarmed? Are the people on board the enemy's (hip invulnerable? or are they braver than we? They want to board us; let them! what then? we hall have them the nearer.' His courage reanimated their spirits; and the captain, embracing him, extolled him for having fet the example.

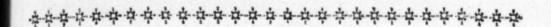
Every thing is now got ready for defence; the corfair boards them; the veffels dash against each other; death flies on both fides. In a fhort time the two ships are covered with a cloud of smoke and fire. The cannonade ceases; day-light appears, and the fword fingles out it's victims. Coree, fabre in hand, made a dreadful flaughter; the instant he saw an African throw himself on board, he ran up to him, and cleaved

him in two, crying out, ' Oh, my poor mother! His fury was as that of the lioness defending her little ones; it was the last effort of nature in despair : and the gentleft, the most sensible heart that ever existed, was now become the most violent and bloody. The captain discerned him every where, his eye flathing fire, and his arm drenched in blood. This is not a mortal, faid he to his companions; 'it is a god who fights for us!' His example kindled their courage. He finds himself at length hand to hand with the chief of the barbarians. 'My God!' cried he, 'have pity of my mother!' and at thefe words, with a back-handed blow, he let out the pirate's bowels. From this moment the victory was decifive: the few who were left of the crew of the corfair begged their lives, and were put in irons. Corée's veffel, with her booty, arrives at length on the coast of France; and this worthy fon, without allowing himself one night's repose, repairs with his treasure to his unhappy mother. He finds her on the brink of the grave, and in a state more dreadful than death itself; stripped of all relief, and in the care of one man-fervant, who, difgufted at fuffering the indigence to which she was reduced, paid her, with regret, the last duties of an humiliating pity. The shame of her fituation had induced her to forbid this fervant from admitting any person, except the priest and the charitable physician who sometimes vi-Corée asks to see her, and fited her. is refused.

· Tell my name,' faid he to the fervant. 'And what is your name?'-' Jemmy.' The fervant approaches the bed. 'A stranger,' says he, 'asks to see you, Madam.'—' Alas! and who is this stranger?'—' He says that his name is Jemmy.' At this name her heart was to violently agitated, that the was near expiring. 'Ah, my fon!' faid she, in a faint voice, and lifting upon him her dying eye-lids. 'Ah, my fon, at what a moment are you re-Your turned to see your mother! hand will foon close her eyes.' What was the grief of this pious and tender child, to fee that mother whom he had left in the bosom of luxury and opulence, to fee her now in a bed furrounded with rags, the very description of which would make the stomach rife, if it were permitted me to give it. 'Oh, my mother!' cried he, throwing himself upon this hed of woe: his fobs choaked his voice, and the rivers of tears with which he bathed the bosom of his expiring mother, were for a long time the only expression of his grief and love. 'Hea. ven punishes me, replied she, for having loved too much an unnatural fon; for having -- He interrupt. ed her: 'All is atoned for, my dear mother,' faid this virtuous young man; 'live: Fortune has loaded me with her favours; I come to pour them into the lap of Nature; it is for you that they are given me. Live! I have enough to make you love life.'-Ah! my dear child, if I have any defire to live, it is to expiate my injustice; it is to love a fon of whom I was not worthy; a fon whom I have deprived of his inheritance.' At these words she covered her face, as unworthy to fee the light. ' Ah, Madam!' cried he, preffing her in his arms, ' deprive me not of the fight of ' my mother. I am come actoss the e feas to feek and relieve her!' At this instant arrive the priest and phy-fician. 'See there,' said she, 'my 'child, the only comforters that Heaven has left me: without their charity · I should now be no more.' Corée embraces them, burfting into tears. 'My friends!' fays he to them; 'my benefactors! what do I not owe you! · but for you I should no longer have had a mother: go on, recal her to life. I am rich; I am come to make her happy. Redouble your cares, your consolations, your assistances: restore her to me.' The physician prudently faw that this fituation was too violent for the fick lady. 'Go, ' Sir,' faid he to Corée; 'trust in our e zeal, and think of nothing but to provide her a convenient and wholefome lodging; to which the lady shall this evening be removed.'

Change of air, proper nourishment, or rather the revolution created by joy, and the calm which succeeded it, infensibly re-animated the organs of life. A profound chagrin had been the ground of the disease; consolation was the remedy. Corée learned that his unhappy brother had just perished in misery. I draw a veil over the frightful picture of his death, which he had but too justly merited. They kept the knowledge of it from a feeling mother, who was as yet

too weak to support, without expiring, a new attack of grief. She learned it at laft, when her health was better eftablished. All the wounds of her heart were now opened afresh, and the maternal tears trickled from her eyes. Heaven, while it took away from her a fon unworthy of her tendernefs, restored her one who had merited it by every fenfible and touching tie of nature and virtue. He confided to her the defires of his foul; which were to embrace at once his mother and his wife. Madam Corée seized with joy the opportunity of going over with her fon to America. A city, filled with her follies and misfortunes, was to her an odious place of residence; and the moment in which she embarked restored her a new life. Heaven, which protects piety, granted them a favourable passage. Lucella received the mother of her lover as the would have received her own. Hymen made of these lovers the happielt couple, and their days still roll on in that unalterable peace, in those pure and ferene pleafures, which are the portion of virtue,



GOOD THE MOTHER.

THE care of a mother for her children is of all duties the most religiously observed. This universal fentiment governs all the passions; it prevails even over the love of life. It renders the fiercest of animals sensible and gentle, the most sluggish indefatigable. the most timid courageous to excess: not one of them loses fight of it's little ones, till the moment that their care becomes useless. We see only among mankind the odious examples of a too

early defertion.

In the midst of a world, where vice, ingenious to disguise itself, takes a thousand seducing forms; it is there, above all, that the most happy disposition requires to be enlightened without ceafing. The more shelves there are, and the more they are hidden, the more need has the frail bark of innocence and happiness of a prudent pilot. What would have been, for example, the fate of Miss Troëne, if Heaven had not made expressly for her a mother, who was one of ten thousand.

This respectable widow had devoted to the education of an only daughter the most agreeable years of her life. These were her reflections at the age of

five and twenty.

' I have loft my husband,' faid she; I have nothing but my daughter and ' myself: shall I live for myself, or ' shall I live for her? The world smiles ' upon me, and pleases me still : but if I give myself up to it, I abandon

my daughter, and hazard her happiness and my own. Suppose that a life of noise and distipation has all the charms that are attributed to it, how long may I be able to tafte them? How few of my years, which are rolling on, have I to pass in the world? how many in folitude and the bosom of my child? The world, which invites me now, will difmifs me foon without pity; and if my daughter should forget herfelf, according to my example; if the is unhappy through my negligence, what will be my comfort? Let me in good time add grace to my retreat; let me render it as agreeable as it is honourable; and let me facrifice to my daughter, who is every thing to me, that alien multitude, to whom in a fhort time I fhall be nothing." From that moment this prudent mo-

ther became the friend and companion of her daughter. But to obtain her confidence was not the work of a day.

Emily (that was the young lady's name) had received from Nature a foul fusceptible of the most lively impressions; and her mother, who studied it incessantly, experienced an uneasy joy on perceiving this fenfibility, which does fo much harm and fo much good. ' Happy,' faid the fometimes, ' happy the husband whom she will love, if he is deferving of her tenderness; if by esteem and friendship he knows how to render dear to her the cares she shall

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take to please him! but woe be to him, if he humbles and shocks her: her

wounded delicacy will be the torment of them both. I see that if a reproach

efcapes even me, a flight complaint which she has not merited, tears of grief trickle from her eyes; her droop-

ing heart is dispirited. Nothing is easier than to soothe her, nothing

eafier than to frighten her.

Temperate as was the life of Madam Du Troëne, it was however conformable to her condition, and relative to the defign the had of instructing herself at leifure in the choice of a husband worthy of Emily. A crowd of admirers, caught with the charms of the daughter, paid, according to custom, assiduous court to the mother. Of this number was the Marquis de Verglan, who, to his own misfortune, was endowed with a very handsome figure. His glass and the ladies had so often told him so, that he could not but believe it. He liftened to them with pleasure, contemplated himfelf with delight, fmiled upon himself, and was eternally singing his own praises. Nothing could be objected to his politeness; but it was so cold, and so flight, in comparison to the attentions with which he honoured himself, that one might clearly perceive that he poffeffed the first place in his own esteem. He would have had, without thinking on them, all the graces of Nature: he spoiled them all by affecting them. regard to understanding, he wanted only juffness, or rather reflection. Nobody would have talked better than he, if he had known what he was going to fay; but it was his first care to be of an opinion contrary to that of another. Right or wrong was all one to him; he was fure of dazzling, of feducing, of perfuading to whatever he would. knew by heart all that little toilette chit-chat, all those pretty things which mean nothing. He was thoroughly verfed in all the love-anecdotes of the city and court: who was the gallant of yesterday, who of to-day, who of the morrow, and how many times in the year fuch and fuch a lady had changed her admirers. He even knew a certain person who had refused to be upon the lift, and who would have supplanted all his rivals, if he had chosen to give himfelf the trouble.

This young coxcomb was the fon of an old friend of M. Du Troëne, and

the widow spoke of him to her daughter with a kind of compassion. 'It is a 'pity,' said she, 'that they spoil this 'young man! He is of a good family, 'and might have succeeded.' He had already succeeded but too well in the heart of Emily. That which is ridiculous in the eyes of a mother, is not always so in the eyes of a daughter. Youth is indulgent to youth; and there are such things as beautiful defects.

Verglan, on his fide, thought Emily tolerably handsome, only a little too plain and simple; but that might be corrected. He took but very little care to please her; but when the sinst impression is made, every thing contributes to sink it deeper. The very dissipation of this young sop was a new attraction to Emily, as it threatened her with the danger of losing him; and nothing hastens, so much as jealousy, the progress of a growing love.

In giving an account of his life to Madam Du Troëne, Verglan reprefented himself (as to be sure he ought) the most desirable man in the world.

Madam Du Troëne dropped a hint concerning modesty: but he protested that nobody was less vain than himself; that he knew perfectly well that it was not for his own sake that they sought him; that his birth did a great deal, and that he owed the rest to his wit and figure, qualities which he had not given himself, and which he was far from being proud of.

The more pleasure Emily felt in seeing and hearing him, the more care she took to conceal it. A reproach from her mother would have touched her to the heart; and this delicate sensibility rendered her fearful to excess.

In the mean time, Emily's charms, with which Verglan was so fainly touched, had inspired the discreet and modest Belzors with the tenderest passion. A just way of thinking, and an upright heart, formed the bass of his character. His agreeable and open figure was still more ennobled by the high idea that was conceived of his soul; for we are naturally disposed to seek, and believe that we discover, in the features of a man, what we know to be in his heart.

Belzors, in whom nature had been directed to virtue from his infancy, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being able to give himself up to it without precaution and constraint. Decency, honesty,

honefly, candour, a frankness which gains confidence, together with a feverity of manners which creates respect, had in him the free ease of habit. enemy to vice without pride; indulgent to fallies, without contracting any; complying with innocent cuttoms; incorruptible by bad examples; he Iwam upon the torrent of the world; beloved, respected, even by those to whom his life was a reproach, and to whom the publick esteem delighted to oppose it, in

order to humble their pride.

Madam Du Troëne, charmed with the character of this young man, had fecretly pitched upon him as the most deferving husband she could give her She was inexhautible in daughter. his commendations; and while Early applauded with the modelly of her age, Madam Du Troëne mistook the ingenuous and agreeable air which her daughter affumed towards him: for, as the esteem with which Belzors inspired her was not mingled with any fenument that the needed to conceal, Emily was

quite at her eafe.

It were to be wished, that she had been as free and as tranquil with the dangerous Verglan; though the painful fituation into which his presence cast her, had in good measure the appearance of fpleen. If Madam Du Troëne spoke in commendation of him, Emily looked down, and kept filence. 'You do not down, and kept filence. ' feem to me, daughter,' faid Madam Du Troëne, ' to relish those light and ' shining graces, on which the world ' lays fo much stress.'- ' I know no-' thing at all of them!' faid Emily, blushing. The good mother conceased her joy: she thought she faw the plain and modest virtues of Belzors triumphing in Emily's heart over the little bril-liant vices of Verglan, and those of his character; till an accident, flight in appearance, but striking to an attentive and difcerning mother, drew her out of this illusion.

One of Emily's accomplishments was drawing. She had chosen the delineation of flowers, as the most suitable to her age: for what can be more natural than to fee a rose blow beneath the hand of beauty! Verglan, by a tafte somewhat refembling hers, was passionately fond of flowers; and he never appeared without a nofegay, the prettiest in the

world.

One day Madam Du Troëne's eyes

were thrown cafually on Verglan's nofegay. The day after, the perceived that Emily, perhaps without thinking of it, was drawing the flowers of it. It was natural enough, that the flowers fhe had feen the evening before should be still prefent to her imagination, and come. as it were, of their own accord, to offer themselves to her pencil; but that which was not quite fo natural, was the air of enthuliasm which the betrayed in drawing them. Her eyes sparkled with the fire of genius; her mouth imiled amorously at every stroke of the pencil, and a colour more animated than that of the flowers which the was endeavouring to delineate, diffused itself over her cheeks. Are you pleated with the execution? faid the mother to her carelefsly. It is impossible, replied Emily, 'to represent Nature well, when we have her not before our eyes.' It was certain, however, that she had never copied her more faithfully.

Some few days after, Verglan came again with new flowers. Madam Du Troëne, without any particularity, obferved them, one after another; and, in Emily's next leffon, Verglan's nofegay was drawn again. The good mother continued her observations, and every trial confirming her infpicions, redoubled her uneafineis. ' After all,' faid fhe, I am alarmed, perhaps, at somewhat very innocent. Let me fee, however, ' if the has any meaning in all this.'

The studies and accomplishments of Emily were a fecret to her mother's acquaintance. As fhe had only intended to make her relish solitude, and preserve her imagination from the dangers of meditation, and the tediousness of idleness, Madam Du Troëne derived neither to herfelf nor daughter the leaft vanity from those talents which she had cultivated with so much care. But one day when they were alone with Belzors, and the conversation turned on the great advantage of employing and amufing one's felf; 'My daughter,' faid Madam Du Troëne, ' has created herself an amusement, which she relishes more and more. I want to have you fee fome of her defigns.' Emily opened her port-folio; and Belzors, charmed, was never weary of admiration of her performances. 'How foft and pure,' faid he, ' are the pleasures of innocence! In vain does vice torment itself, it will never tafte the like. Is it not true, true, Madam, that the hour of labour paffes away quick? And yet you have fixed it: fee it here retraced and produced anew to your eyes. Time is never loft but to the idle.' Madam

Du Troëne littened with a fecret complacency. Emily thought his observations very sensible, but was not in the

least touched by them.

Some days after, Verglan came to fee them. 'Do you know, Sir, fays Madam Du Troëne, ' that my daughter has received the highest encomiums from Belzors on her talent for drawing! I want your opinion of it.' Emily, in confusion, blushed, hesitated, faid that she had nothing finished by her, and befeeched her mother to wait till he should have some piece fit to be feen. She did not doubt but her mother was laying a fnare for her. ' Since there is a mystery in this, there is al-fo a defign, faid this discerning mother within herself : ' she is afraid that · Verglan may know his own flowers, and penetrate into the fecret motive of the pleasure she has taken in drawing them. My daughter loves this young fop; my fears were but too well founded."

Madam Du Troëne, solicited on all fides, excused herself fill on account of Emily's youth, and the resolution she had taken not to constrain her in her choice. However, this choice alarmed ' My daughter,' faid she, ' is her. going to prefer Verglan; there is, at e least, room to think so: and this voung man has every quality that can render a woman unhappy. If I declare my will to Emily, if I only fuffer her to have the flightest perception of it, she will make it a law to subfcribe to it without murmuring; the will marry a man whom fhe does not love, and the remembrance of the man fhe loves will haunt her even in the arms of another. I know her foul; " fhe will become the victim of her duty. · But shall I ordain this grievous facrifice? God forbid! No: let her own inclination decide it; but I may direct her inclination by enlightening it, and that is the only lawful use of the authority that is given me. I am certain of the goodness of heart, of the justness of my daughter's sentiments; · let me supply, by the light natural to my years, the inexperience of hers; e let her see by her mother's eyes, and

fancy, if possible, that the consults only her own inclination.

Every time that Verglan and Belzors met together at Madam Du Troëne's, the turned the convertation on the manners customs, and maxims of the world. She encouraged contradiction; and without taking any fide, gave their dispositions room to display themselves. Those little adventures with which fociety abounds, and which entertain the idle curiofity of the circles at Paris, most commonly furnished matter for their reflections. Verglan, light, decifive. and lively, was constantly on the fide of the fathion. Belzors, in a modester tone, constantly defended the cause of morality with a noble freedom.

The arrangement of Count D'Auberive with his lady was at that time the town-talk. It was faid, that after a pretty brifk quarrel, and bitter complaints on both fides, on the fubject of their mutual infidelity, they agreed, that they owed each other nothing; that they had concluded by laughing at the folly of being jealous without loving; that D'Auberive had confented to fee the Chevalier De Clange make love to his wife; and that she had promised, on her side, to receive with the greatest politeness the Marchioness De Talbe, to whom D'Auberive paid his court; that the peace had been ratified by a supper, and that two couple of lovers never maintained a better understanding with

At this recital Verglan cried out, that nothing was wifer. 'They talk of the good old times,' faid he; 'let them

produce an instance of the manners of our forefathers comparable to this. Formerly an instance of infidelity set a family in flames; they shut up, they beat their wives. If the husband made use of the liberty that was referved to him, his fad and faithful half was obliged to put up with the injury, and vent her moans at home, as in an obscure prison. If she imitated her wandering husband, it was with terrible rifks. Nothing less than her lover's and her own life were at stake. They had the folly to attach the honour of the man to the virtue of his wife; and the husband, who was not the less a fine

gentleman for intriguing elsewhere himself, became the ridiculous object of publick contempt on the first false

step of his lady. Upon honour, I do

not conceive how, in these barbarous ages, they had the courage to marry. The bands of Hymen were then downright chains. Now a-days, complaifance, freedom, peace, reign in the bosom of families. If the married pair love one another, to much the happy. If they cease to love, they tell it like well-bred perfons, and difpenfe with each other's promife of fide . lity. They give over being lovers, and become friends. Thefe are what I call focial manners, free and eafy. This makes one long to be married. - You find it then quite cafy,' Madam Du Troëne, ' for a wife to be the confidente of her husband, and for him to be the complanant friend of his wife?'- To be fure; provided it be mutual. Is it not just to grant our confidence to those who honour " us with theirs, and to render each other by turns the offices of friendthip? Can a man have a better friend than his wife, or the wife a furer and more intimate friend than her hufband? With whom shall we be free, if not with the perion, who, from ' fituation, is one with us? And when unfortunately we no longer find any · pleasure at home, what can be better than to feek it abroad, to return each ' at their own time, without jealoufy nd restraint?"

Nothing is more pleafant,' faid Belzors, 'than this new method; but you and I have a great deal of ground to go over before we can relish it. In the first place, we must give up all ' love for ourselves, wife, and children; we must be able to accustom ourselves to consider, without repugnance, as being one half of one's felf, fomebody whom we despile sufficiently, to deliver up- ' ' Well,' replied Verglan, ' what but mere prejudices are all these scruples! what hinders us from efteeming one another, if it be fettled that there is no longer any fcandal in it?'- When that is settled,' said Belzors, 'all the ties of society are broken. The inviolable fanctity of the marriage-tie forms the fanctity of all the ties of nature. Remember, my friend, that if there are no longer any facred duties for the parents, there will no longer be any for the children. All these conditions depend on each other. Family quarrels were violent in the days of our fathers; but the mass of morals was found, and the wound foon closed up again. At present it is a languishing body, wasting by a flow poison. On the other fide, my dear Verglan, we have not now the idea of those pure and intimate pleasures which the married pair felt amidft their family; nor of that union which formed the delight of their youth, and the confolation of their advanced years. a-days, when a mother is affled at the diffipations of her fon, or a father overwhelmed with any reverse of fortune, are they a refuge or support to each other? They are obliged to unbosom their grief abroad; and the consolation of strangers is very weak indeed.'

You talk like an oracle, my fage Belzors, faid Veiglan; but who has told you that two married persons would not do best to love, and to be faithful to each other all their lives? I am only, if unfortunately this mu-tual liking should cease, for their confoling each other, and I-tiling matters amicably, without forbidding those who may have loved reciprocally from the times of our fathers, to love on fill, if their heart inclines them to it.'- Aye,' faid Madam Du Troune, 'what is there to hinder them?" What is there to hinder them, Madam! replied Belzors. Cuftom, example, the bon ton, the facility of living, without fhame, according to their liking. Verglan will agree, that the life led in the world is agreeable; and change is naturally pleafing: our very weakness invites us to it. Who, then, will refift this inclination, if they take off the curb of morality?'-I! I take off nothing, faid Verglan, but I am for every body's living according to their tiking; and I very much approve of the course that D'Auberive and his lady have taken to overlook on both fides what are called injuries. If they are latisfied, every body elfe ought to be fo too.'

As he finished these last words, a servant announced the Marquis D'Auberive. 'Ah, Marquis! you come very opportunely,' said Verglan: 'tell us, prythee, if your story be true. They fay that your lady forgives you your rhubarb, and that you pass by her senna.' - 'Psha! what stuff!' said

D'Au-

D'Auberive to him carelessly. 'I have · maintained that nothing was more reafonable ; but B-lzors there condemns you without appeal.'- Why fo, pray? Would not he have done as " much? My wife is young and hand-· fome: a coquette; that is quite evident. At the bottom, however, I · believe her to be very virtuous; but though the should err a little, justice ought to take place. I conceive, however, that a person more jealous than myfelf may condemn me; but what aftonishes me is, that Belzors fhould be the first. I have hitherto · received nothing but commendations. Nothing is more natural than my proceeding; and all the world felicitate " me upon it as on fomething marvel-· lous. It looks as if they did not . think I had understanding enough to * take a reasonable step. Upon honour, · I am quite confounded at the come pliments I receive on it. As to the · rigid gentlemen, I honour them fufficiently; but I live for myself. Let every one do as much, and the happiest will always be the wifest. -Well, how is the Marchioness?' faid Madam Du Troëne to him, with a defign of changing the subject. ' Wonderfully well, Madam; we supped · together last night, and I never saw her in such good-humour.'—' I will lay a wager,' says Verglan, ' that you will take her again some day.'-· Faith, very possibly: for but yesterday, when we got up from table, I · caught myfelf faying tender things to

This first experiment made the most lively impression on Emily's understanding. Her mother, who perceived it, gave free course to her reflections; but in order to put her into the way, 'It is " wonderful,' faid she, ' how much opinions depend upon tempers. Here, now, these two young men, educated with the same care, both endued with the fame principles of honesty and virtue; observe, however, how they dif-· fer from one another! and each of · them believes he is in the right.' Emily's heart did it's best to excuse in Verglan the fault of having defended the manners of the age. 'With what levity,' said she, 'do they treat modesty

and fidelity! how they sport with what is most facred in nature! and Ver. glan gives into these irregularities!

Why has he not the foul of Belzors! Some time after, Emily and her mother being at the play, Belzors and Verglan presented themselves at their box, and Madame Du Troëne invited them both to take their feats there. The play was Ines*. The scene of the children gave Verglan an opportunity of uttering some bon mots, which he put off as excellent criticilins. Belzors, without listening to him, melted into tears, and took no pains to conceal it. His rival rallied him on his weakness, What,' said he to him, ' do children make you cry?'- 'And what would you have me be affected by?' faid Belzors. 'Yes, I confess, I never hear, without much emotion, the tender names of father and mother; the pathos of Nature penetrates me; even the most touching love interests me, moves me much lefs.' Ines was followed by Naninet: and when they came to the catastrophe, 'Oh!' faid Verglan, 'that is carrying the jest too far: let Dolban love this little wench, with all my heart; but to marry her, I think, is rather too much.'- It is a folly, perhaps,' replied Belzors; 'but I feel myfelf capable of it: when virtue and beauty are united, I cannot answer for my discretion.' Not one of their observations escapedMadamDuTroëne; Emily, still more attentive, blushed at the advantage which Belzors had over his rival. After the play, they faw the Chevalier D'Olcet pass by in weepers. What is the meaning of this, Che-" valier?' faid Veiglan to him with an air of gaiety. 'An old uncle,' replies D'Olcet, 'who has been so kind as to ' leave me ten thousand crowns a year.' 'Ten thousand crowns! I give you joy. This uncle was a brave old fellow. Ten thousand crowns.

ing. Belzors, embracing him in his
Chevalier, I conturn, faid to him, 'Chevalier, I condole with you on his death: I know ' that you think too justly to conceive any unnatural joy on the occasion.'-He has long been as a father to me,' faid the chevalier, confounded at the pleasant air he had affumed; ' but he was fo old, you know !'- That is

Ines de Castro, from which Mallet's Elvira is taken.

⁺ A petit piece of Voltaire; the story somewhat like Pamela.

a cause for patience, replied Belzors mildly, 'but not for consolation. A good relation is the best of friends; and the riches he has left you are not equal to the value of fuch a one.'-An old uncle is but a dull kind of Friend, faid Verglan; and it is a rule, that every one must live in his turn. Young folks would be much to be pitied, if old fellows were im-mortal.' Belzors changed the difcourse, in order to spare Verglan an humiliating reply. At every stroke of this contrast, Emily's heart was cruelly torn. Madam Du Troëne faw with joy the respectful and sensible air she assumed towards Belzors, and the cold and chagrined air with which the replied to Verglan's compliments; but, in order to bring about another trial, she invited them both to supper.

Verglanand They played at cards. Belzors had a tête-à tête at trictrack. Verglan liked nothing but high play; Belzors would play for as little as you pleased. The party was interesting. Mademoiselle Du Troëne was of the number of lookers-on; and the Good Mother, in making her own party, kept an eye upon her daughter, to read in her countenance what passed in her heart. Fortune favoured Belzors; Emily, difpleased as she was with Verglan, had too good a heart not to fuffer, on feeing him engaged in a ferious lofs. The young coxcomb could no longer contain himself; he grew angry, he doubled the game, and, before supper, he was on the point of playing upon honour.

Ill-humour had feized him: he did his utmost to be merry; but the alteration of his countenance banished all joy. He perceived himself that they pitied him, and that they did not laugh at some pleasantries he endeavoured to throw out; he was humbled, and indignation would have taken place, if they had not quitted the table. Belzors, whom neither his own good-luck, nor the chagrin of his rival, had moved, was eafy and modest, according to custom. They fat down again to play. Madam Du Troëne, who had finished her own party, came to be present at this, extremely uneasy at the issue it might have, but desirous that it might make it's imprestion on the foul of Emily. The fuccess exceeded her expectation: Werglan lost more than he had to pay; his trembling band and pale countenance expressed the trouble he wanted to con seal. Belzors, with an unbounded complaifance, gave him as many opportunities of revenging himself, as he thought proper; and when, by doubling the game, he had suffered Verglan to get off for a reasonable sum; 'If you please,' said he, 'we will stop here: I think I may fairly win as much as I was resolved to lose.' So much moderation and discretion excited a murmur of applause in the company. Verglan alone appeared insensible to it, and said, on getting up, with an air of dissain, 'It was not worth the trouble of playing fo long for.'

Emily did not sleep that night, so violently was her soul agitated with what she had just seen and heard. 'What 'a difference!' said she, 'and by what caprice is it that I must sigh at having been enlightened? Ought not the feduction to cease, as soon as we perceive that we are seduced? I admire one, and love the other. What is this misunderstanding between the heart and the reason, which makes us still hold dear that which we cease to esteem?'

In the morning, she appeared, according to custom, at her mother's levee.

'You seem strangely altered,' said Madam Du Troëne. 'Yes, Madam, I am very much so.'—'What, have not you slept well!'—'Very little,' said she, with a sigh. 'You must endeavour, however, to look handsome; for I am going to take you this morning to the Thuilleries, where all Paris is to be assembled. I used to lament that the sinest garden in the world was abandoned: I am very glad it is come into fashion again.'

Verglan failed not to repair there, and Madam Du Troëne retained him about her. The view of this walk had the air of enchantment. A thousand beauties, in all the gaiety of dress, were seated round the bason, whose sides are decorated by sculpture. The superb walk which this bason crowns, was filled with young nymphs; who, by their charms and accomplishments, attracted the desires after their steps. Verglan knew them all, and smiled upon them, following them with his eyes. 'This here,' said he, 'is Fatimé. Nothing is more tender and fensible; she lives like an angel with Cleon; he has given her twenty thou-

and crowns in fix months; they love is like two turtles. That there is the celebrated Corinna: her house is the temple of luxury; her suppers the most brilliant in Paris; she does the honours of them with a grace that enchants us. Do you see that fair beauty who looks fo modest, and whose glances wander languishingly on every fide? She has three lovers, each of whom flatters himself, that he alone is the happy man. It is a pleafure to fee her amidft her adorers, distributing slight favours to each, and perfuading each, in their turns, that she jilts their rivals. She is a model of coquetry, and nobody deceives a fet of lovers with fo much ad-" drefs and sprightliness. She will go a great way, on my word, and I have told her fo. - You are in her confidence, then?' faid Madam Du Troëne. " Oh, yes; they do not diffemble with " me: they know me; they know very well, that they cannot impose upon " me.'- 'And you, Belzors,' faid Madam Du Troëne to the sensible and virtuous young man, who had joined, are you initiated in these mysteries? - No, Madam: I can believe that all "that is very amusing; but the charm makes the danger.' Madam Du Troëne observed that the modest women received, with a cold and referved air, the smiling and familiar salute of Verglan, while they returned with an air of esteem and friendship the respectful salutation She rallied Verglan on of Belzors. this distinction, in order to make Emily perceive it. 'It is true,' faid he, 'Ma-dam, that they have behaved rigidly to me in publick; but, tête-à-tête, they make me amends for it.'

On her return home with them, she received a visit from Eleonora, a young widow of uncommon beauty. Eleonora spoke of the misfortune she had sustained in lofing a deferving husband; she spoke of it with so much sensibility, candour, and grace, that Madam Du Troëne, Emily, and Belzors, liftened to her with tears in their eyes. 'To a 'young, handsome woman,' said Verglan, in a gay tone, ' a husband is a trifling loss, and easy to be repaired.' Not to me, Sir,' replied the tender and modest Eleonora: 'a husband who honoured a wife of my age with his efteem and his confidence, and whose delicate love never was tainted either

by fears or jealoufy, or the negligences of habitude, is not one of those whom " we can easily replace.'- He had, I take it for granted, a fine person? faid Verglan. 'No, Sir, but his soul was beautiful.'- 'A beautiful foul!' replied Verglan, with a difdainful air: a beautiful foul! He was young at leaft?'- Not at all; he was of an age wherein we are affected when we ' have any occasion to be so.'- But if he was neither young nor handsome, I do not fee why you should afflict yourself. Confidence, esteem, handsome treatment, attend of course an amiable woman; nothing of that kind could have been wanting to you. Believe me, Madam, the effential point is to fuit yourself, as to age and figure; to unite the Graces with the Loves; in one word, to marry a handfome man, or to preferve your liberty.' - Your advice is very gallant,' re-plied Eleonora; 'but unfortunately it is misplaced.'- There is a pretty prude!' faid Verglan, as foon as fhe was gone. 'Prudery, Sir!' replied Madam Du Troëne, 'is an exaggerated copy of prudence and reason; and I fee nothing in Eleonora but what is plain and natural.'- For my part, faid Belzors, 'I think her as respectable as the is handfome.'- Respect her, ' Sir! respect her!' resumed Verglan, with vivacity, 'who hinders you? She ' is the only person can take it ill.'-Do you know,' interrupted Madam Du Troëne, ' who could confole Eleonora? Such a man as Belzors; and if I were the confidante that he con-' fulted to his choice, I would perfuade him to think of her.'- You do me great honour, Madam,' faid Belzors, colouring, 'but Eleonora deserves a heart that is disengaged, and unhap-pily mine is not so.' At these words he took his leave, quite confounded with the dismission which he thought he had received. ' For, in short,' said he, 'to ' invite me herself to pay my addresses to Eleonora, is no that giving me notice to renounce Emily? Alas! how little my heart is known to her! Verglan, who took it in the same sense, affected to pity his rival. He spoke of him as one of the honestest men in the world. It is a pity he is fo ' gloomy,' faid he, with a tone of com-passion; ' that is all they get by their virtue; they grow tiresome, and are · dismissed.

dismissed. Madam Du Troëne, without explaining herself, assured him that she had not intended saying any thing disobliging to a man for whom she had a most particular esteem and regard. In the mean time, Emily sat with downcast eyes, and her blushes betrayed the agitation of her soul. Verglan, not doubting but this confusion was an emotion of joy, retired in triumph, and the day sollowing wrote her a billet conceived in these terms.

YOU must have thought me very romantick, beautiful Emily, in having so long spoke to you only by my eyes! Do not accuse me of an unjust distinct: I have read your heart, and if I had only that to consider. But you depend on a mother, and mothers have their caprices. Happily your mother loves you, and her affection has enlightened her choice. The dismission of Belzors apprizes me that she has determined; but your consent ought to precede hers: I wait it with the most tender impatience, and the most violent love.

Emily opened this billet without knowing whence it came: she was as much offended as surprized at it, and without hesitation communicated it to her mother. 'I take very kindly of you,' said Madam Du Troëne, 'this mark of your friendship; but I owe you in my turn considence for considence. Belicors has writ to me; read his letter.' Emily obeyed and read.

" MADAM,

Honour the virtue, I admire the beauty, I do justice to Eleonora; but has Heaven favoured only her? And after having adored in your image every thing that Heaven has made most affecting, do you think me in a condition to follow the counsel which you have given me? I will not say to you how cruel it is; my respect stifles my complaints. If I have not the name, I have at least the sentiments of your son, and that character cannot be effaced.

Emily could not finish without the most lively emotion. Her mother pre-

tended not to perceive it, and faid to her, 'There now, child, I indeed must answer these two rivals; but you must dictate my answers.'—' I, Madam!'
-' Who else? Is it I whom they demand in marriage? Is it my heart that I am to consult?'- 'Ah, Madam! is not your will mine? Have not you the right to dispose of me?" You are very good, my dear; but as your own happiness is concerned, it is just that you should decide on it. These young men are both well born; their condition and fortunes nearly the same: see which comes up nearest to the idea you have formed of a good ' husband. Let us keep him, and difmis the other.' Emily, ftruck, kiffed her mother's hands, and bathed them with her tears. 'Compleat your goodness,' faid the to her, ' by enlightening me in my choice: the more important it is, the more need have I for your advice to determine it. The husband whom my mother shall chuse for me shall be dear to me; my heart dares promise that.'- 'No, my dear, there is no loving out of mere duty, and you know better than myfelf the man who is likely to make you happy. If you are not fo, I will confole you: I would readily share your forrows, but I would not be the cause of them. Come, I take pen in hand; I am going to write; you need but to dictate.' Imagine the trouble, the confusion, the moving situation of Emily. Trembling by the fide of this tender mother, one hand on her eyes, and the other on her heart, she essayed in vain to obey her; her voice expired on her lips. 'Well,' faid the good mother, 'to which of the two are we to return an answer? Make an end, or 'I shall grow impatient.'—'To Ver-glan,' said Emily, with a feeble and faultering voice. 'To Verglan; be it fo: what shall I say to him?"
"It is impossible, Sir, that a man,

"It is impossible, Sir, that a man, fo necessary to society as yourself, should renounce it to live in the bosom of his family. My Emily has not qualities sufficient to indemnify you for the sacrifices which she would require. Continue to embellish the world; for it is for that you are made."—'Is this all?'—'Yes Madam.'—'And to Belzors; what shall we say to him?' Emily continued to

dictate with somewhat more confidence.

To deem you worthy of a woman as

virtuous as handsome, was not, Sir,

to forbid you to make a choice which

interests me as much as it does me

honour; it was even to encourage

you. Your modesty has reversed

things, and you have been unjust

both to yourself and to me. Come,

and learn to judge better of the in
tentions of a Good Mother. I dispose

of the heart of my daughter, and I

esteem none in the world more than

yourself."

Come hither, my child, that I may embrace you, cried Madam Du Troëne; you fulfil the wishes of your mother, and you could not have said better, though you had consulted my heart.

Belzors hastened to them, quite beside himself with joy. Never was marriage more applauded, more fortunate. Belzors' affection was divided between Emily and her mother; and it was a most point among the world, which of the two he loved most.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far from the road from Briançon to Modena, is a folitary valley, the fight of which inspires travellers with a pleasing melancholy. Three little hills in form of an amphitheatre, on which are scattered, at a great distance from each other, some shepherds huts, torrents that fall from the mountains, clumps of trees here and there, pastures always green, form the ornament of this rural place.

The Marchioness of Fonrose was returning from France to Italy with her husband. The axle-tree of their carriage broke, and as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to seek in this valley for some shelter to pass the night. As they advanced towards one of the huts, they saw a slock going that way, conducted by a shepherdess whose gait astonished them. They drew nearer, and heard a heavenly voice, whose plaintive and moving accents made the echoes groan.

'How the fetting sun still glitters with a gentle light! It is thus,' said she, 'that at the end of a painful race, the exhausted soul departs to grow young again in the pure source of immortality. But, alas! how distant is the period, and how long is life!' On saying these words, the shepherdess retired, with her head inclined; but the negligence of her attitude seemed to give still more nobleness and majesty to her person and deportment,

Struck with what they faw, and fill more with what they had just heard, the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose redoubled their pace, in order to overtake the shepherdess whom they admired. But what was their furprize, when under the plainest head-dress, beneath the most humble garb, they faw all the graces, all the beauties united! ' Child,' faid the marchioness to her, on seeing that she avoided them, sear ' nothing; we are travellers, whom an accident obliges to feek helter in thefe huts till the day: will you be so good as to be our guide?'- 'I pity you, ' Madam,' faid the shepherdels to her, looking down and blufhing; thefe huts are inhabited by poor wretches, and you will be very ill lodged.'- 'You lodge there, without doubt, yourself,' replied the marchioness; 'and I can · eafily endure, for one night, the inconveniencies which you suffer always.'

I am formed for that,' said the shepherdess, with a modesty that charmed them. 'No, furely,' faid the Marquis De Fonrose, who could no longer dissemble the emotion she had caused in him'; 'no, you are not formed to fuffer; and Fortune is very unjust! Is it possible, lovely damsel, that so many charms are buried in this defart, under that habit?' - Fortune, Sir!' replied Adelaide, (this was the name of the shepherdess;) 'Fortune is not cruel but when she takes from us that which fhe has given us. My condition has it's pleafures for one who knows no other; and cultom creates wants for you, which shepherds do not know. That may be,' faid the marquis, with respect to those whom Heaven has placed from their birth in this obscure condition; but you, astonishing damsel, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were never born what you now are; that air, that gait, that voice, that language, every thing betrays you. But two words which you have just now spoken, proclaim a cultivated understanding, a noble foul. Proceed; teach us what misfortune can have reduced you to this strange abasement.'- ' For a man in misfortune,' replied Adelaide, ' there are a thousand ways to extricate himfelf; for a woman, you know, there is no other honest resource than fervitude, and the choice of masters. ' They do well, in my opinion, who prefer the good. You are now going to fee mine; you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, the fimplicity, the probity of 4 their manners.

While she talked thus, they arrived It was separated by a parat the hut. tition from the fold into which this incognita drove her sheep, telling them over with the most serious attention, and without deigning to take any farther notice of the travellers, who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, fuch as Philemon and Baucis are described to us, came forth to meet their guests, with that village-honesty which recals the golden age to our minds. 'We have nothing to offer you,' faid the good woman, 'but fresh straw for a bed; milk, fruit, and rye-bread for your food; but the little that Heaven gives us, we will most heartily share with you.' The travellers, on entering the hut, were furprized at the air of regularity which every thing breathed there. The table was one fingle plank of walnut-tree highly polished: they faw themselves in the enamel of the earthen vessels defigned for their milk. Every thing presented the image of chearful poverty, and of the first wants of Nature agreeably fatisfied. 'It is our dear daughter, faid the good woman, ' who takes upon her the management of our house. In the morning, before her flock ramble far into the country, and while they begin to graze round the house on

the grafs covered with dew, he washes, cleans, and fets every thing in order, with a dexterity that charms us.'-What!' faid the marchioness, 'is this shepherdess your daughter?'- 'Ah, Madam, would to Heaven she were! cried the good old woman; ' it is my heart that calls her fo, for I have a mother's love for her: but I am not fo happy as to have borne her; we are not worthy to have given her birth.'- 'Who is the then? Whence comes she? and what misfortune has reduced her to fuch a condition?'-All that is unknown to us. now four years fince the came in the habit of a female peafant to offer herfelf to keep our flocks; we would have taken her for nothing, so much had her good look and pleasing manner won upon our hearts. We doubted her being born a villager; but our questions afflicted her, and we thought it our duty to abitain from them. This respect has but augmented in proportion as we have become better acquainted with her foul; but the more we would humble ourselves to her, the more he humbles herfelf to us. Never had daughter more attention for her father and mother, nor officioussels more tender. She cannot obey us, because we are far from commanding her; but it feems as if the faw through us, and every thing that we can wish is done, before we perceive that the thinks of it. She is an angel come down among us to comfort our old age.'- ' And what is she doing now in the fold?' demanded the marchionefs. 'Giving the flock fresh litter; drawing the milk from the ewes and she-goats. This milk, preffed out by her hand, feems to become the more delicate for it. I, who go and fell it in the town, cannot ferve it falt enough. They think it delicious. The dear child employs herfelf, while the is watching the flock, in works of straw and ofier, which are admired by Every thing becomes valuable all. beneath her fingers. You fee, Madam, continued the good old woman, ' you fee here the image of an eafy and quiet life: it is the that procures it to us. This heavenly daughter is never employed but to make us happy.'-Is the happy herfelf?' demanded the Marquis De Fonrose. ' She endeavours to perfuade us fo, replied the old man; · but

but I have frequently observed to my wife, that at her return from the palture, she had her eyes bedewed with tears, and the most afflicted air in the world. The moment the fees us, the affects to smile: but we see plainly that the has some grief that consumes her. We dare not afk her what it is." . Ah, Madam!' faid the old woman, how I fuffer for this child, when the perfits in leading out her flocks to pasture in spite of rain and frost! Many a time have I thrown myself on my knees, in order to prevail with her to let me go in her flead; but I never could prevail on her. She goes out at fun-rife, and returns in the evening benumbed with cold. " Judge, now, fays fhe to me, " whether I would " fuffer you to quit your fire-fide, and expose yourself at your age to the es rigonrs of the feafon. I am scarce " able to withstand it myself." Neverthelefs, fhe brings home under her arm the wood with which we warm ourfelves; and when I complain of the fatigue she gives herself, " Have done, have done, my good mother, it is by exercise that I keep myself er from cold: labour is made for my " age." In short, Madam, she is as good as fhe is handfome, and my huf-· band and I never speak of her but with tears in our eyes.'- 'And if the · should be taken from you?' faid the marchioness. ' We hould lose,' interrupted the old man, 'all that we hold dearest in the world; but if the here felf was to be the happier for it, we · would die happy in that confolation.' - Oh, aye!' replied the old woman, medding tears; 'Heaven grant her a fortune worthy of her, if it be possi-· ble! It was my hope, that that hand, fo dear to me, would have closed my eyes, for I love her more than my " life." Her arrival broke off their difcourfe.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, a basket of fruit in the other; and after saluting them with an ineffable grace, the directed her attention to the care of the samily, as if nobody observed her. 'You give yourself a great dea' of trouble, my dear child, 'said the marchioness. 'I endeavour, Madam,' replied she, 'to suffil the intention of those I serve, who are desirous of entertaining you in the best manner they are able. You will have, 'continued she,

fpreading over the table a coarfe but very white cloth, ' you will have a frugal and rural repast: this bread is not the whitest in the world, but it taftes pretty well; the eggs are fresh, the milk is good; and the fruits, which I have just now gathered, are such as the season affords.' The diligence, the attention, the noble and becoming grace with which this wonderful shepherdels paid them all the duties of hospitality; the respect she thewed for her master and mistress, whe. ther the fpoke to them, or whether the fought to read in their eyes what they wanted her to do; all thefe things filled the Marquis and Marchioness of Fon. rose with astonishment and admiration. As foon as they were laid down on the bed of fresh straw which the shepherdess had prepared for them herself, 'Our adventure has the air of a prodigy, faid they one to another; we must clear up this mystery; we must carry away this child along with us."

At break of day, one of the men, who had been up all night mending their carriage, came to inform them that it was thoroughly repaired. Madam De Fonrose, before she set out, ordered the shepherdess to be called to her. Without wanting to pry,' faid she, 'into the fecret of your birth, and the cause of your misfortune; all that I fee, all that I hear, interests me in your favour. I fee that your spirit has raised you above ill-fortune; and that you have fuited your fentiments to your present condition: your charms and your virtues render it respectable, but yet it is unworthy of you. I have it in my power, amiable stranger, to procure you a happier lot; my husband's intentions agree entirely with mine. I have a confiderable estate at Turin: I want a friend of my own fex, and I thall think I bear away from this place an invaluable treasure, if you will accompany me. Separate from the proposal, from the fuit I now make you, all notion of servitude: I do not think you made for that condition; but though my prepossessions in your favour should deceive me, I had rather raise you above your birth, than leave you beneath it. I repeat to you, it is a friend of my own fex that ' I want to attach to me. For the reft, be under no concern for the fate of ' these good people: there is nothing which I would not do to make them ramends for your loss; at least they hall have wherewith to spend the remainder of their lives happily, according to their condition; and it is from your hand that they shall receive the benefits I intend them.' The old folks, who were present at this discourse, kiffing the hands of the marchioness, and throwing themselves at her feet, begged the young incognita to accept of these generous offers: they represented to her with tears, that they were on the brink of the grave; that the had no other confolation than to make them happy in their old age; and that at their death, when left to herfelf, their habitation would become a dreadful folitude. The hepherdels, embracing them, mingled her tears with their's; she returned thanks to the Marquis and Marchionels of Fonrose for their goodness, with a fensibility that made her still more beautiful. 'I cannot,' faid she, 'accept' of your courteses. Heaven has marked out my place, and it's will is accomplified; but your goodness has made impressions on my foul which will never be effaced. The respectable name of Fonrose shall ever be present to my imagination. I have but one favour more to ask you, faid she, blushing, and looking down; that is, to be fo good as to bury this adventure in eternal filence, and to leave the world for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown wretch, who wants to ' live and die in oblivion.' The Marquisand Marchioness of Fonrose, moved with pity and grief, redoubled a thoufand times their instances : she was immovable, and the old people, the travellers, and the shepherdels, separated with tears in their eyes.

During the journey, the marquis and his lady were taken up with nothing but this adventure. They thought they had Their imaginations been in a dream. being filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin. It may eafily be imagined that they did not keep filence, and this was an inexhaustible subject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonrose, being present at these discourses, lost not one circumflance. He was at that age wherein the imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible; but he was one of those characters whose sensibility difplays not itself outwardly, and who are fo much the more violently agitated,

when they are so at all, as the sentiment which affects them does not weaken itfelf by any fort of diffipation. All that Fonrose hears said of the charms, virtues, and misfortunes of the shepherdess of Savoy, kindles in his foul the most ardent defire of feeing her. He forms to himself an image of her, which is al-ways present to him. He compares her to every thing that he fees, and every thing that he fees vanishes before her. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he takes to conceal it. Turin becomes odious to him. valley, which conceals from the world it's brightest ornament, attracts his whole foul. It is there that happiness waits him. But if his project is known, he foresees the greatest obstacles: they will never consent to the journey he meditates; it is the folly of a young man, the consequences of which they will be apprehenfive of; the shepherdess herself, frighted at his pursuits, will not fail to withdraw herself from them; he loses her, if he should be known. these reflections, which employed his thoughts for three months, he takes a resolution to quit every thing for her fake; to go, under the habit of a shepherd, to feek her in her folitude, and to die there, or draw her out of it.

He disappears; they see him no more. His parents become alarmed at his abfence: their fear increases every day; their expectations disappointed throw the whole family into affliction; the fruitlefiness of their enquiries compleats their despair; a duel, an affassination, every thing that is most unfortunate, presents itself to their imagination; and these unhappy parents ended their refearches by lamenting the death of their fon, their only hope. While his family are in mourning, Fonrose, under the habit of a shepherd, presents himself to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the vallies, which they had but too well described to him. His ambition is accomplished: they trust him with the.

care of their flocks.

The first day after his arrival, he left them to wander at random, folely attentive to discover the places to which the shepherdels led hers.

Let us manage, faid he, 'the timidity of this folitary fair one: if the ' is unfortunate, her heart has need of confolation; if it be nothing but a

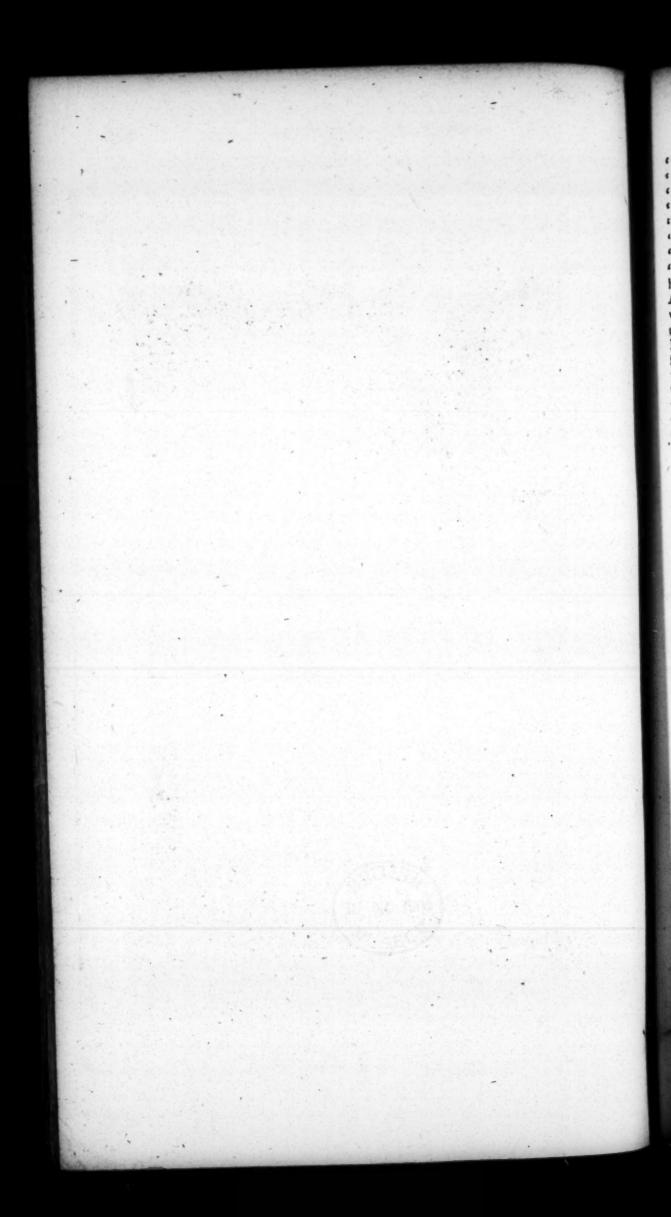
defire to banish herself from the world,

and the pleasure of a tranquil and innocent life that retains her here, fhe will feel some dull moments, and wish for company to amuse or console her. If I succeed so far as to render that agreeable to her, she will soon find it necessary; then I shall take counsel from the situation of her soul. After all, we are here alone, as it were in the world, and we shall be every thing to each other. From confidence to friendship the passage is not long; and from friendship to love, at our age, the road is fill easier. And what was Fonrose's age when he reafoned thus? Fonrose was eighteen; but three months reflection on the same ob. ject unfolds a number of ideas. While he was thus giving himself up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he hears at a distance that voice, the charms of which had been so often extolled to him. emotion it excited in him was as lively as if the had been unexpected. 'It is here, faid the shepherdes in her plaintive strains ; 'it is here that my heart enjoys the only happiness that remains to it. My grief has a luxury in it for my foul; I prefer it's bitterness to the deceitful sweets of joy.' These accents rent the sensible heart of Fonrose. What,' said he, ' can be the cause of the chagrin that confumes her? How A hope still more pleasing presumed, not without difficulty, to flatter his defires. He feared to alarm the shepherdess if he refigned himself imprudently to his impatience of feeing her near, and for the first time it was sufficient to have heard The next day he went out again to lead his sheep to pasture; and after observing the route which she had taken, he placed himself at the foot of a rock, which the day before repeated to him the founds of that touching voice. I forgot to mention that Fonrole, to the handsomett figure had joined those talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect. He played on the hautboy like Besuzzi, of whom he had taken his lesions, and who formed at that time the delight of Europe. Adelaide, buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the echoes kept filence. All on a sudden this filence was interrupted by the plaintive founds of Fonrose's hautboy. These unknown founds excited in the foul of Adelaide

a furprize mingled with anxiety. The keepers of the flocks that wandered on the hills had never caused her to hear aught before but the founds of rustick pipes, Immoveable and attentive, fhe feeks with her eyes who it was that could form fuch harmonious founds. Slie perceives, at a distance, a young shepherd seated in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock; she draws near, to hear him the better. ' See, faid fhe, ' what the mere instinct of Nature can do! The ear teaches this shepherd all the refinements of art. Can any one breathe purer founds? What delicacy in his inflexions! what variety in his gradations! Who can ' fay after this, that talte is not a gift of Nature?' Ever fince Adelaide had dwelled in this folitude, this was the first time that her grief, sulpended by an agreeable distraction, had delivered up her foul to the sweet emotion of pleasure. Fonrose, who saw her ap. proach and feat herfelf at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. He seized, without seem. ing to affect it, the moment of her retreat, and managed the course of his own flock in fuch a manner as to meet her on a declivity of a hill, where the road croffed. He cast only one look on her, and continued his route, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But what beauties had that one look ran over! What eyes! what a divine mouth! How much more ravishing still would those features be, which are so noble and touching in their languor, if love re-animated them! He law plainly that grief alone had withered in their spring the roses on her lovely cheeks; but of so many charms, that which had moved him most was the noble elegance of her person and her gait; in the ease of her motions he thought he faw a young cedar, whose ftraight and flexible trunk yields gently to the zephyrs. This image, which love had just engraven in flaming characters on his memory, took up all his thoughts. How feebly,' faid he, 'have they painted to me this beauty, unknown to the world, whose adoration the merits! And it is a defart that the inhabits! and it is thatch that covers her! She who ought to fee kings at her feet, empleys herself in tending an humble flock! Beneath what garments has the prefented herfelf to my view? adorns



Hate IV.



dorns every thing, and nothing diffigures her. Yet what a life for a frame so delicate! Coarse food, a savage climate, a bed of straw; great gods! And for whom are the roses made? Yes, I will draw her out of this state, fo much too hard and too unworthy of her.' Steep interrupted his reflections, but effaced not her image. Adelaide, on her fide, fenfibly ftruck with the youth, the beauty of Fonrose, reased not to admire the caprices of Fortune. 'Where is Nature going,' said she, 'to re-assemble together so many talents and fo many graces! But, alas! those gifts which to him are here but useless, would be perhaps his misfortune in a more elevated state. What evils does not beauty create in the world! Unhappy as I am, is it for me to fet any value on it? This melancholy reflection began to poison in her foul the pleasure she had tasted; she reproached herfelf for having been fenfible of it, and resolved to deny it herfelf for the future. The next day Fonrose thought he perceived that she avoided his approach; he fell into a profound melancholy. 'Could fhe fuspect my ' difguise?' said he. 'Should I have betrayed it myself?' This uneasines poffeffed him all the live-long-day, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not so far but she could easily have heard it; and his filence aftonished her. She began to fing herself. 'It seems, faid the fong, 'that every thing around ' me partakes of my heaviness: the birds fend forth none but forrowful ' notes; Echo replies to me in complaints; ' the Zephyrs moan amidft these leaves; the found of the brooks imitates my ' fighs, one might say that they flowed with tears.' Fonrose, softened by these ftrains, could not help replying to them. Never was concert more moving than that of his hautboy with Adelaide's voice. 'O Heaven!' faid she, 'it is enchantment! I dare not believe my ears: it is not a frepherd, it is a god whom I have heard! Can the natural fense of harmony inspire such concord of founds?' While the was speaking thus, a rural, or rather a celettial melody, made the valley refound. Adelaide thought the faw those prodigies realizing which Poetry attributes to her sprightly fifter Mufick. Attonifed, confounded, the knew not whether the ought to take herself away, or resign herself up to this

enchantment. But the perceived the shepherd, whom she had just heard, reaffembling his flock in order to regain his hut. 'He knows not,' fays fhe, the delight he diffuses around him; his undisguised soul is not in the least vain of it: he waits not even for the praises I owe him. Such is the power of mulick: it is the only (alent that places it's happines in itself; all the others require witneffes. This gift of Heaven was granted to man in his innocence: it is the pureft of all pleafures. Alas! it is the only one I still relish; and I consider this shepherd as a new echo, who is come to answer to my grief.'

The following day Fonrose affected to keep at a distance in his turn: Adelaide was affl cted at it. 'Chance,' faid the, ' feemed to have procured me this feeble consolation; I gave myself up to it too easily, and, to punish me, she has deprived me of it.' At last, one day, when they happened to meet on the declivity of the hill, 'Shepherd,' faid the to him, 'are you leading your flocks' far off?' These first words of Adelaide caused an emotion in Fonrose, which almost deprived him of the use of his voice. 'I do not know,' faid he, hefitating; 'it is not I who lead my flock, but my flock that leads me; thefe places are better known to it than to me: I leave to it the choice of the best ' pattures.'- 'Whence are you, then?' faid the shepherdess to him. 'I was born beyond the Alps,' replied Fon-rofe. 'Were you born among shepherds?' continued she. 'As I am a fhepherd,' faid he, looking down, 'I must have been born to be one.'- 'I doubt it,' replied Adelaide, viewing him with attention. Your talents, your language, your very air, all tell me, that Fate had placed you in a better fituation.'- 'You are very obliging, faid Fonrose; 'but ought you, of all persons, to believe that Nature refuses every thing to shepherds?' Were you born to be a queen?' Adelaide blufhed at this answer; and changing the subject, 'The other day,' said she, 'by the found of a hautboy you accompanied my fongs with an art that would be a prodigy in a simple shepherd.'-'It is your voice that is fo,' replied Fonrose, 'in a simple shepherdels.'-But has nobody instructed you?'-' I have, like yourself, no other guides 100 than my heart and my ear. You fung, I was melted; what my heart feels, my hautboy expresses; I breathe my foul into it. This is the whole of my foul into it. fecret; nothing in the world is easier. 'That is incredible,' said Adelaide. I faid the very same on hearing you,' replied Fonrose, but I was forced to believe it. What will you fay? Nature and Love sometimes take a de-· light in affembling their most precious gifts in persons of the most humble fortune, to shew that there is no condition which they cannot ennoble.' During this difcourfe, they advanced towards the valley; and Fonrose, whom a ray of hope now animated, began to make the air refound with those sprightly notes which pleasure inspires. pr'ythee now!' said Adelaide, 'spare my foul the troublesome image of a fentiment which fhe cannot relish. . This folitude is consecrated to Grief; her echoes are not used to repeat the eccents of a profane joy; here every thing groans in concert with me.'-I also have cause to complain!' replied the young man; and thefe words, proa long filence. You have cause to complain! replied Adelaide; 'is it of mankind? is it of fortune?'- No matter,' faid he, 'but I am not hap-Said Adelaide: 'Heaven gives us to

· Whoever you may be, if you know " misfortune, you ought to be compaffionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence; but promise me that it shall be mutual. "Alas! said Fonrose, 'my missortunes are such, that I shall perhaps be condemned never to reveal them.' This mystery but redoubled the curiofity of Adelaide. Repair to-morrow,' faid the to him, to the foot of that hill, beneath that old tuffed oak where you have heard me moan. There I will teach you things that will excite your pity. Fonrole passed the night in the utmost emotion. His fate depended on what he was going to hear. A thousand alarming ideas agitated him by turns. He dread-A thousand alarming ed, above all, the being driven to despair by the communication of an unfuccessful and faithful love. "If fhe is in · love,' faid he, 'I am undone!'

each other as a consolation in our

froubles; mine are like an overwhelm -

ing load, which weighs down my heart.

He repairs to the appointed place, The day was He sees Adelaide arrive. overcast with clouds, and Na u:e, mourn. ing, feemed to forebode the fadness of their conversation. As soon as they were feated at the foot of the oak, Ade. laide spoke thus. 'You fee theie ftones which the grass begins to cover; they are the tomb of the most tender, the most virtuous of men, whom my love and my imprudence have cost his life. I am a French woman, of a family of distinction; and, to my misfortune, too rich. The Count D'Orestan con. ceived the tenderest passion for me; I was fenfible to it, fenfible to excels. My parents opposed the inclination of our hearts, and my frantick palfion made me confent to a marriage facred to virtuous fouls, but difallow. ed by the laws. Italy was at that time the theatre of war. My husband went thither to join the corps which he was to command; I followed him as far as Briançon: my foolish tenderness retained him there two days, in spite of himself; for he, a young man, full of honour, prolonged his stay there with the greatest reluctance. He facrificed his duty to me: but what would not I have facrificed to him! In a word, I required it of him; and he could not withstand my tears. He took leave with a foreboding which alarmed me. I accompanied him as far as this valley, where I received his adieus; and in order to wait to hear from him, I returned to Briançon. A few days after, a report was spread of a battle. I doubted whether D'Orestan had got thither; I wished it for his honour, I dreaded it for my love; when I received a letter from him, which I thought very confoling. "I shall be such a day, at fuch an hour," faid he, "in the valley, and under the oak where we parted; I shall repair there alone; " I conjure you to go there, and expect me, likewise, alone; I live yet but for " you." Hew great was my miltakel · I perceived in this billet nothing more than an impatience to fee me again, and this impatience made me happy. I repaired, then, to this very oak. D'Orestan arrives; and, after the ten-derest reception, "You would have it so, my dear Adelaide,' faid he; " I have failed in my duty at the most " important moment of my life. What or I feared

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" I feared is come to país. A bat-" tle has happened; my regiment " charged; it performed prodigies of a valour, and I was not there. I am dishonoured; lost without re-" fource. I reproach not you with " my misfortune, but I have now but " one facrifice more to make you, and " my heart is come to accomplish it." At this discourse, pale, trembling, and scarce breathing, I took my hufcongeal in my veins, my knees bent under me, and I fell down fenfelefs. . He availed himself of my fainting to tear himfelf from my bofom; and in a tittle time I was recalled to life by the report of a fhot, which killed him. I will not describe to you the fi uation I was in; it is inexpressible; and the tears which you now fee flowing, the fighs that stifle my voice, are but a · feeble image of it .- After passing the whole night befide his bloody corpfe, in a grief that thupified me, my firth care was, to bury along with him my chame: my hands dug out his grave. I feek not to move you; but the moment in which the earth was to feparate me from the forrowful remains of myhusband, was a thousand times more dreadful to me than that can be which is to separate my body from my foul. Spent with grief, and deprived of o nourishment, my enfeebled hands took up two whole days in hollowing out 4 this tomb with inconceivable labour. When my strength for look me, I repos-· ed myfelf on the livid and cold bosom of my husband. In short, I paid him the rites of sepulture, and my heart promised him to wait in these parts till death re-unites us. In the mean ' time, cruel hunger began to devour my exhausted entrails. I thought it · criminal to refuse nature the supports of a life more grievous than death. I changed my garments for the plain ' habit of a shepherdess, and I embraced that condition as my only refuge. From that time my only confolation has been to come here, and weep over this grave, which shall be my own. 'You see,' continued she, 'with what fincerity I open my foul to you. With you I may henceforth weep at liberty: it is a consolation I had need of; but I expect the same confidence from you. Do not think that you have des ceived me. I fee clearly, that the state of a shepherd is as foreign, and newer to you than to me. You are young, perhaps sensible; and, if I may believe my conjectures, our missertunes have the same source, and you have loved as well as I. We shall only feel the more for one another. I consider you as a friend, whom Heaven, touched by my missortunes, deigns to send me in my solitude. Do you also consider me as a friend, capable of giving you, if not salutary counsel, at least a consolatory example.

You pierce my very foul,' faid Fonrose, overcome with what he had just heard; ' and whatever fenfibility you may attribute to me, you are very far from conceiving the impression that the recital of your misfortunes has Alas! why cannot I made on me. return it with that confidence which you tettify towards me, and of which you are to worthy? But I warned you of it; I foresaw it. Such is the nature of my forrows, that an eternal filence must shut them up in the bottom of my heart. You are very unhappy,' added he with a profound figh; I am still more unhappy: this is all I can tell you. Be not offended at my filence; it is terrible to me to be condemned to it. The constant companion of all your steps, I will foften your labours; I will partake of all your griefs: I will see you weep over this grave, I will mingle my tears with yours. You shall not repent having deposited your woes in a heart, alast but too fenfible.'- I repent me of it from this moment,' faid the with confusion; and both, with downcast eyes, retired in filence from each other. delaide, on quitting Fonrose, thought the faw in his countenance the impreffion of a profound grief. 'I have reforrows; and what must be their hor-' ror, when he thinks himself still more wretched than I!

From that day more fighing and more conversation followed between Fonrose and Adelaïde. They neither sought nor avoided one another: looks of confernation formed almost their only language; if he found her weeping over the grave of her husband, his heart was seized with pity, jealousy, and grief; he contemplated her in blence and answered her fighs with deep groans.

Two months had passed away in this

painful fituation, and Adelaide faw Fonrole's youth wither as a flower. forrow which confumed him afflicted her fo much the more deeply, as the cause of it was unknown to her. She had not the most distant suspicion that she was the object of it. However, as it is natural, when two fentiments divide a foul, for one to weaken the other, Adelaide's regret on account of the death of D'Orestan became less lively every day, in proportion as the delivered herfelf up to the pity with which Fonrose inspired She was very fure that this pity had nothing but what was innocent in it; it did not even come into her head to defend herself from it; and the object of this generous sentiment being continually present to her view, awakeued it every instant. The languor into which this young man was fatlen became fuch, that she thought it her duty not to leave him any longer to himfelf. ' You are dying,' faid the to him, 'and you add to my griefs that of feeing you confumed with forrow under my eye, without being able to apply any remedy. If the recital of the impru-dences of my youth has not inspired you with a contempt for me; if the pureft and tendereft friendship be dear to you; in thert, if you would not render me more unhappy than I was before I knew you, confide to me the cause of your griefs: you have no person in the world but myself to affift you in supporting them; your fecret, though it were more important than mine, fear not that I shall divulge. The death of my hufband has placed a gulph betwist the world and me; and the confidence which I require will foon be buried in this grave, to which grief is with flow fteps conducting me. - I hope to go before you,' faid Fonrole, burfting into Suffer me to finish my deplarable life without leaving you afterwards the reproach of having fhortened it's course,'- O Heaven, what do " I hear!' cried the with distraction. What, II can I have contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? Go on; you pierce my foul. What have I done? what have I said? Alas, I tremble! Good Heaven! hast thou fent me into the world only to create wretches? Speak; nay, fpeak! you must no longer conceal who you are;

you have faid too much to diffemble any longer.'- Well, then, I am-I am Fonrose, the son of those trawellers whom you filled with admiration and respect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms inspired me with the fatal defign of coming to fee you in this difguife. I have left my family in the deepest forrow, thinking they have loft me, and lamenting my death. I have feen you; I know what attaches you to this place; I know that the only hope that is left me, is to die here, adoring you. Give me no useless counsel or unjust reproaches. My resolution is as firm and immoveable as your own. If, in betraying my fecret, you diffurb the last moments of a life almost at an end, you will to no purpose injure me, who would never offend you.

Adelaide, confounded, endeavoured to calm the despair into which this young man was plunged. 'Let me,' said she, 'do to his parents the service of restor- ing him to life; let me save their only hope: Heaven presents me with this 'opportunity of acknowledging their favours.' Thus, far from making him surious by a misplaced rigour, all the tenderness of pity, and consolation of friendship, was put in practice in order

to foothe him.

Heavenly angel? cried Fonrose, 'I fee all the reluctance that you feel to make any one unhappy: your heart is with him who reposes in this grave; I see that nothing can detach you from him; I see how ingenious your virtue is to conceal your woe from me; I perceive it in all it's extent, I am overwhelmed by it, but I pardon you; it is your duty never to love me, it is mine ever to adore you.'

Impatient of executing the defigurable which she had conceived, Adelaide arrives at her hut. 'Father,' said she to her old master, 'do you think you' have strength to travel to Turin? I have need of somebody whom I can 'trust, to give the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose the most interesting intelligence.' The old man replied, that his zeal to serve them inspired him with courage. 'Go,' resumed Adelaide, 'you will find them bewailing the death of their only son; tell them 'that he is living, and in these parts, 'and that I will restore him to them;

but that there is an indispensible ne-

to feich him.

He fers out, arrives at Turin, fends in his address as the old man of the valley of Savoy. 'Ah!' cried Madam De Fonrose, 'some missortune, perhaps, has happened to our shepherdess.' - Let him come in,' added the marquis; 'he will tell us, perhaps, that the confents to live with us.'- After the loss of my fon,' faid the marchione's, 'it is the only comfort I can tatte in this world.' The old man is tatte in this world." introduced. He throws himself at their feet: they raise him. 'You are lamenting the death of your fon,' faid he; 'I come to tell you that he lives: our dear child has discovered him in the valley; the fends me to inform you of it; but yourfelves only, she fays, can bring him back. As he spoke this, surprize and joy deprived the Marchionels De Fonrole of her fenles. The Marquis, distracted and amazed, calls out for help for his lady, recals her to life, embraces the old man, publifhes to the whole house that their fon is restored to them. The marchioness, resuming her spirits, What shall we do?' faid fhe, taking the old man by the hands, and preffing them with tenderness, 'what shall we do in gratitude · forthis benefit, which restores life to

Every thing is ordered for their departure. They fet out with the good man; they travel night and day, and repair to the valley, where their only good awaits them. The shepherdess was out at pasture: the old woman conducts them to her; they approach. How great is their furprize! their fon, that well-beloved fon, is by her fide in the habit of a simple shepherd. Their hearts, sooner than their eyes, acknowledge him. ' Ah, cruel childl' cried his mother, throwing herfelf into his arms, 'what ' forrow have you occasioned us! why withdraw yourfelf from our tender-ness? and what is it you come here for?'—'To adore,' said he, 'what ' you yourself admired.'- Pardon me, ' Madam,' said Adelaide, while Fonrose embraced his father's knees, who raised him with kindness; 'pardon me for having left you so long in grief: if I had known it fooner, you should have been sooner consoled.' After the first emotions of nature, Fonrale re-

lapfed into the deepeft affiction. Let us go,' faid the marquis, 'let us go reft ourselves in the nut, and forget all the pain that this young madman has occasioned us.'- Yes, Sir, I have been mad,' faid Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand, 'nothing but the lofs of my reason could have fuspended in my heart the emotions of nature, fo as to make me forget the most facred duties; in fhort, to detach myself from every thing that I held dearest in the world: but this madness you gave birth to, and I am but too severely punished for it. love without hope the most accomplished person in the world; you see nothing, you know nothing of this incomparable woman: the is honefty, fenfibility, virtue itself; I love her even to idolatry, I cannot be happy without her, and I know that the cannot be mine.'- Has fhe confided to you,' faid the marquis, 'the fecret of her birth?'- I have learned enough of it,' faid Fonrole, ' to affure you, that it is in no respect beneath my own; the has even renounced a confiderable fortune to bury herself in this defart.'- 'And do you know what has induced her to it?'- 'Yes, Sir; but it is a fecret which she alone can reveal to you.'- She is married, perhaps?'- She is a widow; but her heart is not the more difengaged; her ties are but too ftrong.'- 'Daughter,' faid the marquis, on entering the hut, 'you fee that you turn the heads of the whole family of Fonrose. The extravagant passion of this young man cannot be justified but by fuch a prodigy as you are. All my wife's wishes are confined to having you for a companion, and a friend; this child, here, will not live unless he obtains you for his wife; I desire no less to have you for my daughter: see how many persons you will make unhappy by a refusal.'—'Ah, Sir!' said she, your goodness confounds me; but hear and judge for me.' Then Adelaide, in the presence of the old man and his wife, made a recital of her deplorableadventure. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the Marquis de Fonrose, and ended by calling on himself to witness the inviolable fidelity she owed her spouse. At these words, consternation spread itself over every countenance. Young Fonrose,

Fonrose, choaked with sobs, threw himfelf into a corner of the hut, in order to give them free scope. The father, moved at the fight, flew to the affiftance of his fon. 'See,' faid he, 'my dear A-· delaide, to what a condition you have reduced him.' Madam de Fonrose, who was near Adelaide, preffed her in her a ms, bathing her at the same time with her tears. 'Alas! why, my daughter, faid the, why will you a feeond time make us mourn the death of our dear child?' The old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon Adelaide, waited her speaking. 'Heaven is my witness,' faid Adelaide, rifing, 'that I would lay down my life in gratitude for · such goodness. It would heighten my misfortunes to have occasion to reproach myself with yours; but I am willing that Fonrose himself · should be my judge: suffer me, if you please, to speak to him for a moment. Then retiring with him alone; 'Fonrose,' said she, 'you know what facred ties retain me in this place. If I could cease to love and lament a husband who loved me but too well, I should be the most despi-cable of women. Esteem, friendship, gratitude, are the fentiments I owe you; but none of these can cancel · love: the more you have conceived for me, the more you should expect from me; it is the impossibility of fulfilling that duty, that hinders my impoling it on mylelf. At the same time, I fee you in a fituation that would move the leaft sensible heart; it is shocking to me to be the cause, it would be still more shocking to me to hear your parents accuse me with having been your destruction. I will forget myself, then, for the present, and leave you, as far as in me lies, . to be the arbiter of our deftiny. It is for you to chuse that of the two situations which appears to you least pain-· ful; either to renounce me, to subdue · yourfelf, and forget me; or to poffefs a woman, whose heart, being full of

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another object, can only grant you fentiments too feeble to fatisfy the wishes of a lover. '—' That is enough.' faid Fonrose; 'and in a soul like yours, friendship should take place of love. I shall be jealous, without doubt, of the tears which you shall bestow to the memory of another husband: but the cause of that jealous, in rendering you more respectable, will render you also more dear in my eyes.

'She is mine!' said he, coming and throwing himself into the arms of his parents; 'it is to her respect for you, 'to your goodness, that I owe her, and 'it is owing you a second life.' From that moment their arms were chains from which Adelaide could not disengage her.

felf.

Did she yield only to pity, to gratitude? I would fain believe it, in order to admire her the more: Adelaide believed fo herself. However it be, before the set out, the would revisit the tomb, which she quitted but with regret. 'O, my dear D'Orestan,' faid she, if from the womb of the dead thou canst read the bottom of my foul, thy shade has no cause to murmur at the facrifice I make: I owe it to the generous sentiments of this virtuous fa-' mily; but my heart remains thine for ever. I go to endeavour to make them ' happy, without any hope of being ' myfelf fo.' It was not without fome fort of violence they forced her from the place; but the infifted that they should erect a monument there to the memory of her husband; and that the hut of her old master and mistress, who followed her to Turin, should be converted into a country-house, as plain as it was solitary, where she proposed to come sometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time, the affiduities of Fonrose, the fruits of her second marriage, have fince opened her foul to the impressions of a new affection, and they cite her as an example of a woman, remarkable and respectable even in her infidelity,

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THE HAPPY DIVORCE.

NEASINESS and inconfrancy are, in the greatest part of mankind, nothing more than the confequence of false calculation. Too strong a prepossession in favour of the happiness we delire, makes us experience, as foon as we possess it, that uneafiness and difgust which suffer us to relish nothing. The imagination deceived, and the heart diffatisfied, wander to new objects, the prospect of which dazzles in it's turn, and the approach difabuses us. Thus, from illusion to illusion, life is passed away in changing the chimera: this is the malady of lively and delicate fouls; Nature has nothing fufficiently perfect for them; whence it proceeds, that it is thought fuch a mighty matter to fix the tafte of a pretty woman.

Lucilia, in the convent, had painted to herfelf the charms of love, and the delights of marriage, with the colouring of an imagination of a girl of fifteen, whose flower nothing had yet tarnished.

She had feen the world only in those ingenious fictions which are the romance of human nature. It costs nothing to an eloquent man to give love and marriage all the charms that he conceives. Lucilia, according to these pictures, saw lovers and husbands only as they are to be met with in fables, always tender and full of love, saying nothing but fine things, taken up folely with the care of pleasing, new homages, or pleasures eternally varied.

Such was the prepossession of Lucilia, when they came to draw her out of the convent to marry the Marquis De Lifere. His engaging and noble figure inspired her with a favourable opinion of him, and his first addresses succeeded in determining the irresolution of her soul. She faw not yet in the marquis the ardour of a paffionate lover; but she thought modeftly enough of herfelf not to pretend to fet him on fire at first light. This liking, tranquilat it's birth would make a rapid progress; he must have time. However, the marriage was concluded upon, and solemnized before the inclination of the marquis was grown a violent paffion.

Nothing was more steady or folid than the temper of the Marquis De Li-

fere. In marrying a young woman, he propoted to himfelf, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her friend, perfuaded that an honest man does whatever he pleases with a well-disposed woman, when he has gained her confidence; and that a husband who makes himself dreaded, invites his wife to deceive him, and authorises her to hate him.

In order to follow the plan which he had traced out to himfelf, it was neceffary not to be a too p flionate lover; passion knows no rule. He had confidered well before his engagement, on the kind of liking with which Lucilia infpired him, refolved never to marry a woman whom he should love to distraction. Lucilia found in her hulband only that lively and tender friendfhip. that attentive and constant complaisance, that foft and pure pleafure, that love, in thert, which has neither it's het nor At firft, the flattered herfelf cold firs. that intoxication, enchantment, transports, would have their turn; but the foul of Lifere was unalterable.

This is very extraordinary,' faid the; 'I am young, handfome, and my husband does not love me! I am his, and he thinks it enough to poffefs me with coldness. But, then, why suf-fer him to be cold? Can he have any violent longings for what is in his power without referve or trouble? He would become passionately fond of me, if he were jealous. How unjulk We must tormen them, in are men! order to please them. Be tender, fai hful, fond, they neglect, they disdain you. An even course of happiness makes them dull : caprice, coquerry, inconstancy, rouze and entiven them; they fet no value on pleasure, but in proportion to the trouble it gives them. Lifere, less fure of being beloved, will become a thousand times fonder. That is easy; let me be in the fash on. Every thing around me prefen s me with enough to make him uneary, if he is capable of jealouly.

After this fine project, Lucilia gave herself up to diffipation, to coquetry the assumed a mystery in all her proceedings; she made parties without the

marquis,

marquis. ' Did I not foresee it,' said he to himself, that I had a wife like other women? Six months after marriage, she begins to be tired of it. I flould be a happy man, now, if I were pafficuately fond of my wife! Happily my liking and esteem for her · leave me full enjoyment of my reason: . I must make use of it, dissemble, · Tubdue myfelf, and employ nothing · but gentleness and foothing measures, to keep her in order. They do not always fucceed; but reproaches, complaints, restraint, and violence, succeed still less.' The moderation, complaifance, and tranquillity of the marquis, put Lucilia out of all patience. Alas!' faid fhe, 'do what I will, it is all to no purpose; this man will never love me: he is one of those cold fouls whom nothing moves, nothing engages; and I am condemned to pass my life with a stone that knows neither how to love nor hate! O, the delight of fenfible fouls, the charm of impaffioned hearts!-Love, who raiseft us to heaven on thy fiery pinions! where are those flaming darts, with which thou woundest happy lovers? where is that intoxication into which thou plungest them? where are those ravishing transports with which they mutually inspire each other?-Where are they?' continued fhe. 'In free and independent love, in the difposal of two hearts which give a loose to themselves. And why should the marquis be fond? What facrifice have I made him? By what marks of courage, by what heroick devotion of myfelf, have I moved the fensibility of his foul? Where is the merit of having obeyed, of having accepted for a husband an amiable and rich young man, chosen without my consent? Is it for love to interfere in a marriage of convenience? But is this then the lot of a woman of fixteen, to whom, without vanity, Nature has given wherewith to please, and still more, wherewith to love? For, after all, I cannot conceal from myself the graces of my figure, nor the fensibility of my heart. At fixteen, to languish without hope in cold indifference, and to fee at least a score of years waste away without pleasure, which might have been delicious! I say, a score at · leaft, and it is not defiring to tire the world, to be content to renounce it

before forty years of age. Cruel fa.
mily! was it for you that I took a husband? You chose me an honest man! a rare present you made me!
To be dull with an honest man, and to be dull all one's life! Very hard, indeed!

This discontent soon degenerated into peevishness; and Lifere thought he perceived, at laft, that fhe had taken an aversion to him. His friends displeased her, their company became troublesome to her, the received them with a coolness sufficient to keep them at a distance, The marquis could no longer diffemble. Madam,' faid he to Lucilia, 'the end of marriage is to make people happy; we are not fo, and it is in vain to pique ourselves on a constancy which restrains us. Our fortune puts us in a condition of doing without each other, and of resuming that liberty of which we imprudently made a mutual facrifice. Live by yourself; I will live by myself. I ask towards me only that decency and regard which you owe to yourself. "— With all my heart, Sir," replied Lucilia with the coldness of disgust; and from that moment every thing was fettled, that Madam might have her equipage, her table, her domesticks, in one word, a separate maintenance.

Lucilia's suppers soon became ranked among the most brilliant in Paris. Her company was fought by all the handfome women and men of gallantry. But there was a necessity for Lucilia's having some particular, and he who should engage her first, it was observed, had the only hard talk! In the mean time, the enjoyed the homages of a brilliant fet; and her heart, yet irrefolute, feemed to suspend her choice only to render it more flattering. She thought, at last, the faw the perfon who would determine it. At the approach of the Count De Blamzé, all other pretenders lowered their tone. He was, of the whole court, the most to be dreaded by a young wo-It was agreed, that there was no refisting him, and fo they spared themselves the trouble. He was beautiful as the day, presented himself with grace, spoke little, but extremely well; and if he faid common things, he rendered them interesting by the most pleasing found of voice, and the most beautiful look in the world. They could not say that Blamze was a fop, his foppery had so much dignity. A modest haughtiness formed his character; he decided with the gentlest air in the world, and the most laconick tone: he listened to contradictions with goodhumour, replied to them only with a smile; and if they pressed him to explain himself, he smiled still and kept silence, or repeated what he had said before. Never did he combat the opinion of another, never did he take any trouble to give a reason for his own: it was the most attentive politeness, and the most decisive presumption, that had ever yet been united in a young man of quality.

This affurance had fomething commanding in it, which rendered him the oracle of taste, and the legislator of sashion. They were never sure of being right in the choice of a suit, or the colour of a carriage, till Blamzé had approved by a glance. "It is excellent, it is handsome!" were the precious words from his mouth; and his silence a dead warrant. The despotism of his opinion extended even over beauty, talents, wit, and graces. In a circle of women, she whom he had honoured with a particular attention was that instant in vogue.

Blamzé's reputation had gone before him to Lucilia's; but the deference which even his rivals paid him, redoubled the esteem the had conceived for him. She was dazzled with his beauty, and still more furprized at his modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful air, seated himself in the lowest place, but all looks were foon directed towards him. His dress was the model of taste: all the young people who furrounded him studied it with a scrupulous attention. His laces, his embroidery, his manner of dreffing his head, were all examined: they wrote down the names of his tradespeople and workmen. ' It is strange,' faid they, we see these designs, these colours, no where else! Blamzé confessed modestly, that it cost him very little trou-ble. 'Industry,' said he, ' is at it's ' highest perfection; you need but to ' enlighten and direct it.' He took a pinch of fnuff as he faid these words, and his box excited new curiofity; it was, however, the work of a young artist whom Blamzé had drawn from his obscurity. They asked him the price of every thing; he replied with a faile, that he knew the price of none

of them; and the women whispered in each other's ear the name of the semale who took these matters under her care.

'I am ashamed, Madam,' said. Blamze to Lucilia, 'that these trifles should engage the attention which ought to centre in a more interesting object. Pardon me if I liften to the frivolous questions of these young men: never did complaisance cost me o fo dear. I hope, added he in a low voice, ' that you will permit me to come and make myself amends in fome more tranquil moment.'- I shall be very glad to see you,' replied Lucilia blushing, and by her blushes, and the tender smile with which Blamze accompanied a most respectful bow, the affembly judged that it would not be long before matters came to a conclufion. Lucilia, who did not fee the confequence of a few words said in her ear, and who did not think that she had made an affignation, scarce paid any attention to the meaning looks which the women cast on each other, or the light railleries which escaped the men-She delivered herfelf up infenfibly to her own reflections, and was quite grave the whole evening. They often turned the conversation on Blamze; all the company spoke well of him; his rivals talked of him with esteem; Lucilia's rivals spoke of him with complaisance. Nobody was more genteel, more gallant, more respectful; and of twenty women, on whose account he had reason to pride himself, not one had any reason to complain. Lucilia became attentive: nothing escaped her. 'Twenty women?' faid fhe within herfelf; ' that is much; but where is the wonder? He feeks one who may be worthy to fix him, and capable of fixing herfelf,

She hoped the next day that he would come early, and before the crowd of visitors: fhe waited for him; fhe grew uneafy; he never came; the was out of temper: he writ; she read his billet, and her illhumour ceased. He was distracted to lofe the most agreeable moments of his Some impertinents had broke in upon him, he would have made his escape; but these impertinents were people of rank. It was not in his power to be happy till the next day; but he beseeched Lucilia to receive him early, To abridge,' faid he, 'by a few hours, the cruel weariness of absence.' The company came as usual, and Lucilia receive & received them with a coldness at which they were piqued. 'We shall not have Blamzé this evening,' faid Clarissa, with a disconsolate air, ' he goes to sup at Araminta's little box. At thefe words Lucilia turned pale, and the gaiety which reigned around her only ferved to redouble the grief which she endeavoured to dissemble. Her first emotion was, not to fee the perfidious man more. But Clariffa wanted, perhaps, either out of malice or jealoufy, to impute a wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was after all engaging herself to nothing, to see him once more; and before condemning him, it

was but just to hear him.

While she was yet at her toilette, Blamzé arrives in an undress, but the most elegant undress in the world. Lucilia was a little furprized to see a man whom the fcarce knew appear in a difhabille; yet if he had given himself time to drefs, perhaps she would have been forry for it. But he faid fo many handfomethings to her on the freshness of her complexion, the beauty of her hair, the brilliancy of her morning appearance, that she had not the courage to complain. However, Araminta did not go out of her head; but it would not have been decent to appear jealous fo foon; and one reproach might betray her. She contented herself with asking him what he had done with himfelf the evening before. What did I do with myfelf! Do I know myself? O, how · troublesome the world is! How happy are we in being forgotten and far from the crowd, in being devoted to one's felf, and the person we love! Follow my advice, Lucilia, get out of this whirlwind: the more repose, the more · liberty, as foon as we give ourselves up to it. Now I have mentioned the whirlwind, what do you do with all these young fellows who pay court to · you? They dispute with each other the conquest of you: have you vouch-fafed to make a choice? The easy fafed to make a choice?" familiarity of Blamzé had at first astonished Lucilia; this question entirely confounded her. . I am impertinent, perhaps?' refumed Blamzé, who perceived it. 'Not at all,' replied Lucilia with gentleness. ' I have nothing to conceal, and I am not afraid that any body should see through me. I amuse myself with the levity of these giddy young fellows, but not one of them

feems to me worthy of a ferious attachment.' Blamze spoke of his rivals with indulgence, and thought that Lucilia judged too feverely of them, Cle. on, for example,' faid he, ' has fomething very amiable in him; he knows nothing as yet; it is a pity, for he fpeaks well enough of things which he is ignorant of, and he is a proof to me, that with wit one may dispense with common sense. Clairfont is a coxcomb; but it is the first fire of his age, and he only wants to be disciplined by a woman who has feen life. Pomblac's disposition pronounces him a man of sentiment; and that simplicity which looks fo like filliness, would please me well enough if I were a woman : some coquette will make her advantage of him. Little Linval is conceited, but when he has been supplanted five or fix times, people will not be furprized to fee him grown modest. At present, continued Blamzé, ' none of all these will suit you; we behold you, therefore, free: what use do you make of your freedom?'-I endeavour to enjoy it,' replied Lu-. That is mere childifhness,' recilia. fumed the count : ' we never enjoy our freedom but in the moment when we renounce it; and we ought not to preferve it with care, but in order to lose it at a proper opportunity. You are young, you are handsome, do not flatter yourself with being long difengaged; if you will not refign your heart, it will refign itself; but among those who may pretend to ir, it is of importance to make a right choice. As foon as you love, and even when you do not love, you will be beloved infallibly: that is not the point; but at your age women have need of finding in a lover a counfellor, a guide, a friend, a man formed by the custom of the world, and able to enlighten you in respect of the dangers you are going to run in it.'- A man, like yourfelf, for example !' faid Lucilia, in an ironical tone, and with a fneering fmile. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Blamzé; ' I should do pretty well for your purpose, were it not for all this multitude that besieges me; but how to disengage myself from it?- Why, do not disengage yourself from it at all,' replied Lucilia; ' you would excite too many complaints, and makeme too many enemies. As to complaints,

plaints,' faid the count coldly, ' I am accustomed to them: as to enemies, one never gives one's felf the least concern about them, when one has cause to be fatisfied; and the good fense to live for one's self.'—' At my age,' said Lucilia, smiling, 'we are still too timorous; and though there were nothing farther to experience in it than the despair of an Araminta, that alone would make me tremble.'- 'An Araminta;' replied Blamzé, without Araminta is a good any emotion. creature, who hears reason, and who does not give herself up to despair : I fee fomebody has been talking to you of her; you shall have the whole account of my connections with her. Araminta is one of those beauties, who feeing themselves on the decline, that they may not fall into oblivion, and to revive their expiring consequence, have occasion from time to time to make some noise in the world. has engaged me to pay her fome small attentions, and to behave to her with fome warmth. It would not have been handsome to refuse her, so I made myself subservient to her views. In order to give the more celebrity to our adventure, she has thought proper to take a little box. It was in vain that I represented to her that it was not worth while for a month at most which I had to bestow on her: the box was fur-nished without my knowledge, and in the handsomest manner; she made me promise, and there lay the grand point, to sup with her there with an air of mystery; yesterday was the day appointed. Araminta, for the greater fecrecy, invited nobody there but five of her female friends, and permitted me to carry only the like number of my friends. I went; assumed an air of pleasure; was gallant and warm towards her: in a word, I let all the guefts go away, and did not retire myself till half an hour after them; this was all, in my opinion, that decorum required; and accordingly Araminta was charmed with me. was sufficient to bring her again into vogue; and I may henceforth take my leave of her whenever I please, without fear of reproach. This, Madam, is my manner of conducting myself. The reputation of a woman is as dear to me as my own; nay, more, it costs me nothing to make a

facrifice to her glory of my own vanity. The greatest misfortune to a woman who sets up for a beauty, is to be forsaken: I never forsake them; I leave myself to be discharged, I pretend even to be inconsolable at it, and sometimes I have shut myself up three days successively without seeing any body, in order to leave the lady from whom I had detached myself all the honour of the rupture. You see, beautiful Lucilia, that the men are not all as bad as they say, and that there are still among us principles and morals.

Lucilia, who had read only the romances of time past, was not at all ac-customed to this new style, and her furprize redoubled at every fyllable. What; Sir!' faid fhe; ' is this what you call principles and morals?'- Yes, Madam, but this is rare, and the fingular reputation which my proceedings have acquired me, does no great honour to the rest of our youth. Upon honour, the more I think on it, the more I wish, for your own interest, that you had somebody like me. - I flatter myself, faid Lucilia, that I shall be treated as tenderly as another, and that, at least, I shall not experience the shock of being forsaken.'- 'You are merry, Madam; but, to be ferious, you deserve a person who thinks, and knows how to develope those qualities of heart and understanding, which I think I have discovered in you. Lifere is a good man; but he never knew how to make the most of his wife; and in general the defire of pleaf . ing a husband is not strong enough, to induce a woman to give herself the trouble of being amiable to him to a Happily, he leaves certain degree. you at your own pleafure; and you would not be worthy of so reasonable a procedure, if you should lose the most precious time of your life in indolence or diffipation.'- I am not afraid,' faid Lucilia, ' of falling into any of these excesses.' - ' We see, however, nothing else in the world. True, Sir; and that is the reason why I should be difficult in my choice, if I had any defign of making one: for I think there is no excuse for an attachment, but that it is folid and durable "What, Lucilia! at your age would you pique yourfelf upon constancy? Really, if I thought P 2 60,

fo, I should be capable of committing a folly.'- 'And that folly would be- 'To grow prudent, and attach myself in good earnest? - Se-riously! would you have the courage? - Upon my credit, I am a little fearful of it, if you would have me own the truth. A strange declaration! It is a little ill expressed; but I beg you will pardon me; it is the first in my life. The first, say you? Yes, Madam: hitherto they have had the modesty to spare me the trouble of making advances; but I fee plainly that I grow old.'- Well, Sir, for the novelty of the thing, I pardon you this first essay: I will do more still, I will confess to you, that it cannot displease me. That is happiness indeed! Do you give me leave to love you; and will you do me the honour to love me too?'- 'Ah! that is another thing; time shall show me whether you deserve it.'- 'Look at me, Lucilia.'-'I do look at you.'-'And do not you laugh?'-' What should I laugh at?'-' At your own answer. Do you take me for a child? I talk reasonably to you, I think. And it is in order to talk reasonably to me, that you have done me the honour to grant me a tête-à-tête?'-I did not think, that in order to be ressonable, we had need of witnesses; after all, what have I said to you, which you ought not to have expected? I find in you graces, wit, an engaging and noble air.' You are very good.'- But that is not enough to merit my confidence, and determine my inclination.'- Not enough, Madam! excuse me a little. Please to inform me, what you would require more?'- 'A more thorough knowledge of your temper, a more intimate persuasion of your sentiments for me. I promise you nothing, I for-bid myself nothing; you have every thing to hope, but nothing to claim: you are to confider whether that fuits you.' - 'No price, without doubt, beautiful Lucilia, should be thought too dear to merit and obtain you: but feriously, would you have merenounce all the charms of the world to have my happiness depend on an uncertain contingency? I am, you know, and I am not conceited of it, I am the man the most fought after in all France; be it talke or fancy, it is no matter;

it is her concern that flould have me, though but for a time.'- You are right,' faid Lucilia; 'I was unrea. fonable, and your moments are too precious. - No, I confess to you feriously, that I am tired of being in fashion; I was looking out for an object that might fix me; I have found it; I attach myself: nothing can be more fortunate; but still this ought not to be to no purpose. You would have time for reflection; I give you twenty-four hours: I think that is very handsome, and I never gave so much time before.'- My reflections are too flow, replied Lucilia, and you are too much in a horry for us to agree on this point. I am young, perhaps have fensibility; but my age and senfibility shall never engage me in an imprudent step. I have told you, if my heart yields, time, proofs, reflection, the pleasing habitude of confidence and esteem, will have decided it's choice. "Madam, in good earnest, now, do you think to find an amiable man sufficiently disengaged to lose his time in spinning out an intrigue to this length? and do you yourself intend to pass your youth in confulting whether you shall love of no ?'- I cannot tell,' replied Lucilia, " whether I shall ever love, nor what time I shall employ in resolving; but that time will not be loft, if it spares me regret.'- 'I admire you, Madam; · I admire you!' faid Blamze, taking his leave; 'but I have not the honour to be of the ancient order of chivalry, and I did not come here so early to compose a romance with you."

Lucilia, thunderstruck at the scene which she had just had with Blamze, passed in a short time from astonishment to reflection. 'Is this, then,' said she, the man in vogue, the most amiable man in the world? He condescends to think me handsome; and if he believed me capable of constancy, he would be guilty of the folly of loving me in good earnest; but yet he has not time to wait till I have consulted myself. I must seize the moment of pleasing him, and determine in twenty-four hours : he never gave fo much time before Do the women, then, humble themselves thus, and the men thus prescribe them the condition! happily he has made himself known to me. Under that modest air which

had seduced me, what conceit, what presumption! Ah! I see, the most mortifying evil to a woman, is that

of loving a fop.'

The same day, after the opera, Lu-cilia's company being met together, Pomblac came to tell her, with an air of mystery, that sie would have neither Blamzé nor Clairfont to sup with her. Very well, faid she, I require not of my friends any affiduity that confrains them: there are even fuch people whose assiduity would constrain me. '- If Blamze be of that number, replied Pomblac frankly, Clairfont has delivered you from him, at least for some time.'- 'How so?'-Do not be frightened: all is very well over.'- How, Sir, what is over!'-After the opera, the curtain being dropped, we were on the stage, and, according to custom, hearing Blamze deciding on every thing. Having given us his opinion on the finging, the dancing, and the decorations, he asked us, if we were to fup at the little marchioness's: (pardon me, Madam, it was you he spoke of.) We replied, "Yes."-" I shall not be there," faid he; "we are in the pouts fince this morning." I asked what might be the cause of these pouts. Blamze told us, that you had made him an affignation; that he never came; that you were piqued at it; that he had made up that this morning; that you played the child; that he was in a hurry to conclude; that you had demanded time for reflection; and that, tired out with your ifs and your buts, he had left you in the lurch. He told us, that you wanted to fet off with a ferious engagement; that he had fome inclination to it; but that he had not time enough on his hands; that, on calculating the strength of the citadel, he had judged that it might fustain a siege; but that nothing would do for him but a surprize. "It is an exhim but a furprize. " ploit that may fuit fome of you, added he; " you are young, it is the " time when one loves to encounter difficulties, in order to overcome them; " but I forewarn you, that virtue is her fort, and fensibility her weak part: " every thing was concluded, if I had "taken the trouble to play the passion-" ate lover!" I was fully perfuaded that he lyed,' refumed the young man, but I had the prudence to be filent.

Clairfont was not so patient as I: he fignified to him, that he did not believe one word of his story; and at this declaration they went out together. I followed them. Clairfont received a wound.'- 'And Blamzé-?' Blamzé has two, of which he will not recover without some difficulty. While I helped him to get into his coach, If Clairfont," faid he, " know how to make an advantage of, this adventure, he will carry Lacilia. A woman defends herself but ill against a man who defends her so well. Tell him " that I dispense with this being a fe-" cret to her; it is just that she should " know what she owes to her knight." Lucilia had all the difficulty in the

Lucilia had all the difficulty in the world to conceal the trouble and confernation which this story gave her. She feigned a head-ache, and it is well known that a head-ache, in a handsome woman, is a civil way of dismissing impertments: so they left her alone at their rising from

table.

Delivered up to herself, Lucilia could not confole herfelf for having been the subject of a duel, which would make her the town-talk. She was ftrongly touched by the warmth with which Clairfont had revenged the affront offered her; but what an humiliation to her if this adventure should make a noise, and Lifere should be informed of it? Happily the fecret was kept. Pomblac and Clairfont made a point of faving Lucilia's honour; and Blamze, being cured of his wounds, was far from boalting of an imprudence by which he had been so severely punished. It will be asked, perhaps, how a man, till then so discreet, came all of a sudden to cease to be so. It is because we are under less temptation to publish favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourselves for the rigours we undergo. This first indiscretion had like to have cost him his life. He was for a month on the brink of the grave. Clairfont had lefs difficulty to get his wound cured, and Lucilia faw him again with a tenderness hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourselves to any one who has exposed his life for us, we attach ourselves as naturally to the person for whom we have exposed our life; and fuch fervices, perhaps, are stronger ties to the person who has performed them, than to the party for whom they were performed. Clairfont then became desperately in

love with Lucilia; but the more she owed him in return, the less he dared to require any thing of her; he found a fenfible pleasure in being generous, and he ceased to be so if he availed himself of the rights he had acquired to Lucilia's gratitude: accordingly, he was more timorous than if he had merited nothing; but Lucilia read his foul, and this delicacy took the strongest hold of her. In the mean time, the fear of appearing to want gratitude, or the dread of carrying it too far, made her diffemble her knowledge of the intelligence Pomblac had given her; thus the good-will the testified towards Clairfont appeared free and difinterested, and he was so much the more affected by it. Their mutual inclination every day made a fentible progress. They sought one another with their eyes, conferred with intimacy, listened to each other with complaifance, gave one another an account of their proceedings, in reality, without affectation, and, as it were, for the fake of faying fomething; but with fo much exactness, that they knew, almost to a minute, the hour at which they were to fee each other again, Clairfont insenfibly became more familiar, and Lucilia less reserved. Nothing remained but to explain themselves; for which purpose there was no need of those marvel. lous incidents which love fometimes fends to the affistance of bashful lovers. One day that they were alone, Lucilia let her fan drop; Clairfont picks it up, and presents it to her; she receives it with a pleafing smile; that smile inspires the lover with the courage to kiss her hand; that hand was the most beautiful hand in the world; and from the moment that Clairfont's lips were applied to it, she was unable to withdraw it. Lucilia, in her emotion, made a flight effort to draw back her hand; he opposed a gentle violence, and his eyes, tenderly fixed on Lucilia's eyes, entirely difarmed her. Their looks had expressed every thing before their tongues interfered; and the mutual confession of their love was made and returned in two words. 'I breathe, we love!' faid Clairfont, intoxicated with joy. 'Alas! yes, we do love!' replied Lucilia, with a profound fight; ' it is no longer time to deny it. But remember that I am bound by duties: those duties are in-violable; and, if I am dear to you, they will be facred.'

Lucilia's inclination was not one of those fashionable passions which stiffe shame in their infancy, and Clairfont respected it too much to take advantage of it as a weakness. Transported with being loved, he for a long time confined his defires to the delicious possession of a heart pure, virtuous, and faithful. 'How little we love,' faid he to himself in his delirium, ' when we are not made happy by the fingle pleasure of loving! Who was the stupid savage who first branded with the name of rigour that resistance which timid modesty opposes to wild defire? Is there, beautiful Lucilia, is there a denial which your looks would not foften? Can I complain when you finile upon me? And has my foul any wishes still to form, when my eyes draw from yours that heavenly voluptuousness with which you intoxicate all my fenses? Far he from us, I confent to it, all those pleafures followed by regrets, which would trouble the ferenity of your life. I respect your virtue as much as you cherish it yourself; and I should never pardon myfelf the having caufed any remorfe to spring up in the bosom of innocence itself.' Sentiments fo heroick charmed Lucilia; and Clairfont, more tender every day, was every day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be fo. But at length the railleries of his friends, and the suspicions they excited in him with respect to that virtue which he adored, embittered his happiness. He became gloomy, uneasy, jealous; every thing vexed him, every thing gave him umbrage. Lucilia every day perceived her chain become closer and heavier; every day there were new complaints to hear, new reproaches to undergo. Every man that the received with civility was a rival whom the mut banish. The first facrifices that he required were made without opposition; he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted still more, she was weary of obeying him. Clairfont imagined he faw in Lucilia's impatience an invincible attachment to the connections which he prohibited; and that love, at first fo delicate and submissive, became fierce and tyrannical. Lucilia was terrified; the fought to appeale him, but to no purpose. 'I will not believe, faid the imperious Clairfont, 'I will not believe that you love me till you live for me alone as I do for you, What

if I postess, if I fill your foul, what do you do with this troublesome crowd? Ought it to cost you any thing to banish what afflicts me? Would it cost me any pain to renounce every thing that would displease you? What do I fay? Is it not a continual violence that I do myself to see any thing but Lucie lia? Would to Heaven we were freed from this crowd, which belieges you, and which deprives me every moment either of your looks or your thoughts! The folitude that fo terrifies you would compleat all my wishes. Are not our fouls of the same nature? or the love which you think you feel, is it not the fame that I feel? You complain that I demand facrifices of you! Require, Lucilia, require in your turn; chuse the most painful, the most grievous trials; you shall see whether I hesitate. There is no connection which I would not break, no effort which I would not make; or rather I should not make any. The pleasure of gratifying you will make me amends, will ferve instead of every thing; and what they call denials would be to me enjoyments.'- You think fo, Clairfont, replied the tender and ingenuous Lucilia, ' but you deceive yourself. Each of these denials is but little; · but all together make up a great deal. It is the continuance of them that is tiresome: you have made me know by experience, that no complainance is inexhaustible. While she spoke thus, Clairfont's eyes, sparkling with impatience, were fometimes turned up to heaven, and fometimes fixed on her. Believe me,' continued Lucilia, 'the facrifices of true love are made in the heart, and under the veil of mystery: felf-love alone demands publick ones; to that victory is little; it aspires to the honours of a triumph; and that is what you exact,'

What a cold analysis,' cried he, and what vain metaphysicks! Love, to be sure, reasons thus! I love you, Madam; nothing, to my misfortune, is truer; I would facrifice a thousand lives to please you; and whatever may be this sentiment which you call self love, it detaches me from the whole world to deliver myself up solely to you; but in abandoning myself thus, I would possess you in the same manner. Cleon, Linval, Pomblac, all these are sufficient to make me un-

easy: I cannot answer for myself. After this, if you love me, nothing ought to be more precious to you than my repose; and my uneasiness, were it even a folly, you ought to dissipate. But why do I say a folly? You render my alarms and suspicions but too reasonable. And how should I be easy, when I see that every one who comes near you engages you more than myself?

Ah, Sir! what acknowledgments do I owe you?' faid Lucilia with a figh; 'you make me fee the depth of the abysis into which love was going Yes, I fee that there to plunge me. is no flavery comparable to that which a jealous lover imposes.'- I, Madam! Do I make you a flave? Have not you even an absolute empire over me? do not you do what you please with me? — Enough, Sir: I have suffered a long time; I flattered myfelf; but you now draw me out of my illusion, and nothing can lead me into it again. Be my friend, if you can be fo: it is the only title that remains to you with me.'- Ah, cruel woman! would you have my death?" -I want nothing but your eafe and my own.'- 'You overwhelm me. What is my crime?'- Loving yourself too well, and not esteeming me enough." 'Ah! I swear to you-' 'Swear nothing: your jealoufy is a vice in your disposition, and the disposition never corrects itself. I know you, Clairfont; I begin to dread you, and cease to love you. This very moment I fee my frankness makes you desperate; but of two punishments I chuse the shortest; and by taking away from you the right of being jealous, I create you the happy necessity of ceasing to be fo.'- I know you in my turn, replied Clairfont with a stifled rage: the delicacy of a fensible soul ill agrees with the levity of yours; it is a Blamzé that you must have for a lover, and I was a fool to take it ill . . . Go no farther,' interrupted Lucilia, I know all that I owe to you; but I retire to spare you the shame of having reproached me with it.'

Clairfont went off in a rage, and fully resolved never more to revisit a woman whom he had so tenderly loved, and who had disinissed him with so much

inhumanity.

Lucilia, restored to herself, found herself,

herself, as it were, relieved from a burden that overwhelmed her. But, on one fide, the dangers of love, which she had just experienced; on the other, the sad prospect of everlasting indifference; suffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel disquietudes, or insupportable dulness. What, said she, has Heaven given me a sensible heart only to make me the sport of a fop, the victim of a tyrant, or the gloomy companion of a kind of philosopher, neither affected nor moved at any thing!' These reflections plunged her into a languor which the was not able to conceal: her company perceived it, and became foon as melancholy as herself. The women, to whom her house was a rendezvous, " She is loft, faid were alarmed at it. they, if we draw her not out of this fad state; she is disgusted with the world; she loves nothing but solitude; the symptoms of her melancholy become every day more terrible; and, by the force of some violent paffion which agitates her, it is to be feared that she will fall again into the power of her husband. Do we know nobody to turn this young head? Blamze himself set about it the wrong way, and did not succeed: as to Clairfont, on whom we depended, he is a little fool who loves like a madman; no wonder he should be affronted.'-· Hold,' faid Cephifa, after being loft in thought for fome time, Lucilia has a romantick way of thinking; she must have something in the fairy take, and the magnificent Dorimon is exactly the man that fuits her, She will grow mad for him, I am fure; * let us engage him only to go and invite her to supper at his fine countryhouse: I will take upon me to give him his lesson.' The party was accepted, and Dorimon made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the man in the world who knew best the most able artists, received them with the best grace, and recompensed them most liberally; accordingly he had the reputation of a con-

noisseur, and a man of taste.

If, some centuries hence, this tale should be read, they may imagine it mere fiction, and the habitation I am going to describe may pass for a fairy caftle; but it is not my fault if the luxury of our times comes into competition with the marvellous of fables, and

if, in the representation of our follies, probability should be wanting to truth.

On the rich banks of the Seine arifes, in form of an amphitheatre, a small eminence exposed to the first rays of the morning, and the ardent fires of noon. The forest which crowns it, defends it from the chilling blast of the north, and the watery influence of the west. From the summit of the hill fall in cascades three copious springs of water purer than chryftal, which the industrious hand of art has conducted by a thousand windings over green flopes. Sometimes these waters divide themselves, and glide along in meanders; fometimes they reunite in basons, in which the heavens behold themselves with delight; then they precipitate themselves, and pour along, dashing against rocks cut out into grottos in which the chizzel has imitated the fanciful varieties of Nature. The Seine, which forms a bow at the foot of the hill, receives them into his peaceable bosom; and their fall recalls to our minds those fabulous times in which the nymphs of the fountains de. scended into the humid palace of the rivers, to temper the ardours of youth and love.

An ingenious whimficalness feems to have defigned the gardens watered by these streams. All sides of this smiling scene agree without samenes: the very fymmetry is striking; the eye roves without lassitude, and reposes without A noble elegance, a richness well managed, a bold and yet delicate taste, have been employed in embellish. ing them. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much art. The concourse of simple beauties forms all it's magnificence; and the equilibrium of masses, joined to the variety of forms, produces that beautiful harmony which forms the delight of be-

holders,

Groves ornamented with statues, lattice-work fashioned into arbours and bowers, decorate all the known gardens; but these riches, displayed without un-derstanding and taste, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull admiration, foon attended with fatiety. Here the disposition and connection of the parts form, of a thousand different sensations, but one continued enchant-The second object that is disment. covered adds to the pleasure raised by

the first; and both are still farther embellished by the charms of the new objest that succeeds, without effacing them.

This delicious landscape is terminated by a palace of fuch airy architecture, that the Corinthian order itself has less elegance and lightness. Here the colunns imitated the palm-trees united in arbours. The roof of the vault, formed of palms, composes a chapiter more natural and as noble as the vale of Callimachus. These palms were interwoven among each other in the interstices of the columns, and their natural wreathings concealed from the deceived eye the heaviness of the entablature. As these columns are fufficient for the weight of the edifice, they leave a continued transparency to the walls, by means of chasims artfully contrived. We see none of those double roofs which crush our modern architecture; and the frightful irregularity of our Gothick chimnies is loft in the crown-work.

The interior luxury of the palace is suitable to the magnificence without. It is, in short, the temple of the arts and of taste. The pencil, the chizzel, the graving tool, every thing that industry has invented for the delicacies of life, is there displayed with a discreet profusion; and the Pleasures, the daughters of Opulence, there flatter the soul through

all the fenfes.

Lucilia was dazzled with fo much magnificence; the first evening appeared to her a dream; it was nothing but one continued scene of shews and feastings, of which she plainly perceived herself was the divinity. The earnestness, the vivacity, the gallantry with which Dorimon did the honours of this beautiful dwelling, the changes of scene which he produced with one fingle look, the abfolute empire which he feemed to exercife over the arts and pleasures, recalled to Lucilia's imagination every thing that she had read of the most celebrated enchanters. She dared not trust her eyes, and even thought herfelf enchanted. If Dorimon had availed himself of the intoxication into which she was plunged, the dream perhaps had ended after the manner of modern romances. But Dorimon was merely gallant; and all he had the courage to permit himself to do, was to ask Lucilia to come sometimes and embellish his hermitage; for so he called this manfion.

Lucilia's companions had observed her with attention. The most experienced judged that Dorimon was too much taken up with his magnificence, and too little with his happiness. 'He 'ought,' faid they, 'to have seized the first moment of surprize: it is a kind of transport which we do not feel twice.'

In the mean time, Lucilia's head being filled with alt that the had just feen, the formed to herfelf the most wonderful idea of Dorimon himself. So much gallantry bespoke an imagination brisk and sprightly, a cultivated genius, a delicate tafte, and a lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the care of pleaf-This portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. Dorimon was yet young, of an engaging figure, and a most joyous temper. wit was all in fallies: he had in his way of thinking little warmth, but much refinement. Nobody faid more gallant things; but he had not the gift of enforcing them: every body loved to hear him, but nobody believed him. He was the most seducing man in the world for a coquette, the least dangerous to a woman of fentiment.

She consented to see him again at his own house, and this gave occasion to new entertainments. But in vain had the gallantry of Dorimon re-assembled there all the pleasures which she had given birth to; in vain were these pleafures varied every instant with as much art as tafte: Lucilia was at first slightly moved, foon after fatiated; and before the close of the day, she conceived it possible to grow dull in this delicious abode. Dorimon, who never quitted her, exerted all the talents of pleating; he held her in discourse on a thousand ingenious subjects, he mingled also some foft things with them; but still this was not what she had conceived. She thought to find a god, and Dorimon was but a man; the pomp of his house eclipsed him; proportions were not observed; and Dorimon, while he surpassed himself, was all the while inferior to the idea which every thing around him inspired.

He was very far from suspecting the injury which this comparison did him in the imagination of Lucilia, and he waited only one happy moment to avail himself of his advantages. After the concert, and before supper, he led her, as it were by chance, into a solitary closet, where she might go, he said, and

ruminate, when she should have any moments of pouting. The door opens, and Lucilia fees her image reflected a thousand times in the dazzling pierglasses; the voluptuous paintings with which the pannels were covered, multiplied themselves around her. Lucilia, admiring herfelf, thought the beheld the goddess of Loves. At this fight an exclaination of furprize and admiration escaped her, and Dorimon seized the instant of this sudden emotion. Reign here; there is your throne, faid he to her, shewing her a fofa, which the hand of fairies had fown with flowers. My throne !' faid Lucilia, feating herfelf, and with a tone of gaiety; 'well, aye, I like it pretty well, and I find myfelf " the queen of a mighty pretty people." She fooke of the multitude of Loves which the perceived in the glaffes. . Amidst these subjects, will you condefcend, Madam, to admit me?' faid Dorimon with ardour, and throwing himfelf at her feet. 'Ah! as to you, faid the with a ferious air, ' you are no child;' and at these words she would have got up, but he retained her with a strong hand, and the effort she made to escape rendered him still bolder. Where am I, then?' faid fhe with terror: 'let me go; let me go, I say; or 'my cries These words awed 'Excuse, Madam,' said he, ' an him. imprudence, of which you are yourfelt in some measure the cause. come here tête à tête, and répose yourfelf on this fofa, as you have done, is ' giving to understand, according to the received custom, that a little vio-Ience would not be ill taken. With you I fee plainly that it means nothing; we misunderstand each other.' - Oh! very much,' faid Lucilia, going out in a rage; and Dorimon followed her, a little confounded at his mistake. Happily their absence had not been long enough to give time for flander to speak ill of it. Lucilia, diffem-bling her perturbation, told the compamy that she had just been seeing a very fine cabinet. They ran there in a body; and their exclamations of admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of Supper.

The sumptuousness of this feast seemed to improve still upon all the pleafures that they had tasted. But Dorimon endeavoured in vain to do the honours of it: he had lost that gaiety which was so natural to him; and Lucilia replied to the gallant things they addressed to her, in order to draw her out of her reverie, only by a forced smile, with which good-breeding endeavours to disguise ill-humour.

There, 'faid her friends to her, on going home with her, 'there now is a man who fuits you: with him life is a continual enchantment; it appears as if all the pleasures obeyed his voice; the moment he commands, they arrive in troops.'

· There are fome, faid Lucilia coldly, which cannot be commanded: they are above riches; we find them only in our hearts.'- 'Upon my word, my dear,' faid Cephisa to her, 'you are very difficult.'- 'Yes, Madam, very difficult, replied the with a figh: and during the rest of the journey they kept a profound silence. This is nothing but a handsome woman spoiled,' faid her friends, at quitting her; ' yet if her whims were chearful ones, we might amuse ourselves with them; but nothing in the world is more gloomy. It was worth while indeed to separate from her busband, to be a prude to the rest of the world!'

' Is this, then, the world so much boasted of?' said Lucilia, on her side; I have passed rapidly through every thing agreeable in it: what have I found? a coxcomb, a jealous lover, a vain man, who arrogates to himself, as fo many charms, his gardens, his palace, and his entertainments, and who thinks that the feverest virtue can defire no better than to yield to him. Ah, how I hate those makers of romances, who have lulled me with their fables! My imagination filled with a thousand chimeras, I thought my husband infipid; and yet he is worth more than all I have feen. He is plain; but is not his plainness a thousand times preferable to the vain pretentions of a Blamzé? He is temperate in his affections, and what would become of me if he were violent and passionate like Clairfont? He loved me little, but he loved only me; and if I had been reasonable, he loved me enough to make me happy. I had not with him those pompous and noify pleatures which intoxicate at first, and soon after cloy: but his complaisance, his sweetness, his delicate attentions, furnished me every moment with plea-« fures,

fures, the most pure and folid, if I had but known how to relish them. Fool that I was! I purfued illusions, and fled happiness itself : it is placed in the filence of the passions, the equilibrium and repose of the foul. But, alas! it is a fine time to acknowledge my errors, when they have made me lose the friendship, the confidence, per-haps the esteem, of my husband. Thank Heaven! I have nothing to reproach myself with but the indiscretions of my age. - But is Lifere obliged to believe me in this point, and would he vouchfafe to hear me ?-Ah, how difficult is it to return to one's duty, when we have once abandoned it !- Difficult ! and why? Who hinders me? The dread of being humbled .- But Lifere is a good man; and if he has spared me in my errors, would he diffress me in my reformation? I have but to detach myself from a pernicious society, to live at home with fuch of my female friends as, my husband respects, and whom I can fee without blushing. All the while that he has seen me delivered up to the world, he has never come near me; but if he sees me restored to myself, he will condescend, perhaps, to recal me to him; and if his heart be not restored to me, the only consolation that remains to me, is that of rendering myself worthy of it : I shall be at least reconciled to myself, if I cannot be fo to my husband.

Lifere, full of grief, had kept fight of her through all her whirl of company: he depended on the justness of her way of thinking, and the probity of her foul. She will perceive, faid he, 'the frivo. lousness of the pleasures which she feeks, the folly of the women, the vanity of the men, the falfity of both; and, if the returns virtuous, her virtue will be but the more confirmed by the dangers it has run. But will she have escaped all the shelves that surround her, the charms of flattery, the fnares of seduction, the attractions of pleasure? We despise the world when we know it thoroughly; but we give ourselves up to it before we know it, and the heart is frequently lost before reason enlightens it. O Lucilia!' cried he, looking at the portrait of his wife, which in folitude was his only conversation; 'O Lucilia! you were so de-ferving of being happy! and I flattered myself that you would be so with

me. Alas! perhaps some one of those handsome corrupters, who form at once the ornament and misfortune of the world, is at this very time employed in feducing her innocence, and is bent upon her defeat, merely for the pleasure of boasting of it. would my wife's shame raise an eternal barrier between us! It would no longer be permitted me to live with her, from whom death alone ought to separate me! I have betrayed her in abandoning her. Heaven had chosen me for the guardian of her imprudent and frail youth. I have consulted only custom, and I have been struck only by the frightful idea of being hated as a tyrant.'

While Lifere floated thus in this cruel uncertainty, Lucilia was not less agitated between the defire of returning, and the dread of being repulsed. Twenty times had she risen, after passing the night in fighs and tears, with the resolution of going to wait his rifing, in order to throw herself at his feet, and ask his pardon. But a shame, well known to sensible and delicate fouls, had still witheld her footsteps. If Lifere did not despise her, if he still preserved any feeling for her, any esteem; from the time-when she had broken off with her parties, from the time that she had lived retired and folitary, how came it that he had never vouchfafed to fee her even once? Every day, as he went by, he enquired after his. lady's health; she heard of it: she hoped that at last he would ask to see her; each day this hope was renewed; she expected, all trembling, the moment of Lifere's calling; the drew as near as poffible, in order to listen to him, and retired in tears, after having heard him ask, as he went along, 'How does my Lady do?' She could have wished to have Lifere informed of her repentance, of her return to herself : 'But to whom can I truft?' faid fhe; ' to friends! is there one of them faithful enough, discreet enough, wise enough, for so delicate an interpolition? Some of them might have the talents, but had not the zeal; and others had the zeal, but not the talents: besides, it is so hard to trust to others what we dare not confess ourselves! A letter . . . ; but what shall I write to him? General expressions would not touch him, and particulars are fo humiliating ! At length a thought came into her head, by which her delicacy and fensibility were equally fatisfied. Lifere had abfented himself for two days, and Lucilia seized the opportunity of his ab-

sence to execute her defign.

Lifere had an old fervant, whom Lucilia faw melting into tears at the moment of their separation, and whose zeal, honesty, and discretion, were well known to her. ' Ambrose,' said she to him, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'-Ah, Madam!' faid the good man, command me; I am yours, with all my foul: would to God that you and my master loved one another as I love you! I know not which of you is wrong; but I am forry for you both: it would be delightful to fee you together, and I fee nothing here which does not give me forrow, ever fince you have been on ill terms.'- It is perhaps my fault,' faid Lucilia, humiliated; 'but, my dear Ambrose, the evil is not without remedy: only do what I shall tell you. You know that my portrait is in your mafter's chamber. O yes, Madam, he knows it very well too; for he sometimes shuts himself up with it for " whole days: it is all his consolation. · He looks at it, he talks to it, he fighs " most pitifully; and I fee plainly that the poor gentleman would still much frather converse with you than with your · picture.'- You tell me very comfortable news, my dear Ambrose; but go and take away that portrait privately; and chuse, in order to bring it me, a time when you may not be feen by any body.'- I, Madam, deprive my mafter of all that he holds dearest in the world! rather ask my lite.'Be affured,' replied Lucilia, 'my defign is not to deprive him of it. · morrow evening thou shalt come and fetch it, to put it in it's place again: I will only beg of you to fay nothing to my husband.'- Very well,' faid Ambrole; I know that you are good-ness itself, and you would not now, at the latter end of my life, give me the mortification of having made my mafter uneafy.' The faithful Ambrose executed Lucilia's order. She had in her portrait the tender and languishing air which was natural to her; but her look was serene, and her hair set

She sent for her painter, with flowers. ordered him to draw her with her hair dishevelled, and to paint the tears trickling from her eyes. As foon as her idea was carried into execution, the picture was replaced in Lifere's apartment. He comes into it, and his eyes are foon raised on the dear object. It is easy to conceive how great was his furprize. The dishevelled hair firikes him first : he draws near, and fees the tears flow. · Ah!' cried he; ' ah, Lucilia! are these the tears of repentance? Is that the forrow of love?' He goes out transported; he flies to her; he seeks her with his eyes, and he finds her in the fame fituation as the picture had reprefented her. Immoveable for a moment, he eyes her with tenderness; and suddenly throwing himself at her feet, 'Is ' it really true,' said he, ' that my wise ' is restored to me?'—' Yes,' said Lucilia, with fighs; ' yes, if you think her fill worthy of you?'- 'Can she have ceased to be fo,' replied Lifere, locking her in his arms. ' No, my dear, be comforted; I know your foul, and I have never ceased to mourn and to esteem you. You would not return to me, if the world had been able to · feduce you, and this voluntary return is the proof of your virtue.'—' Oh!
thank Heaven!' faid she, her heart being eased by the tears which flowed in abundance from her eyes; ' thank " Heaven! I have no shameful weakness to blush at: I have been foolish, but not dishonest.'- 'If I doubted it, would you now be in my bosom?' replied Lifere; and at these wordsbut who can describe the transports of two fensible hearts; which, after having groaned under a cruel separation, were reunited for ever! On learning their reconciliation, the family were filled with joy; and the good Ambrose faid, his eyes swimming with tears, God be praised! I shall now die conf tent.

From that day, the tender union of this pair ferves as an example to all those of their age. Their divorce has convinced them that the world had nothing that could make either of them amends; and this is what I call A HAPPY DI-VORCE.

ANNETE AND LUBIN.

TRUE STORY.

IF it be dangerous to tell every thing to children, it is more dangerous fill to leave them in ignorance of every thing. There are grievous crimes according to the laws, which are not fo in theeyes of Nature; and we are now going to fee into what an abysis the latter leads innocence when the has a fillet over the eyes.

Annete and Lubin were the children of two liters. These strict ties of blood ought to be incompatible with those of marriage: but Annete and Lubin had no fuspicion that there were in the world other laws than the simple laws of Nature. From the age of eight years they kept sheep together on the smiling banks of the Seine. They now touched on their fixteenth; but their youth differed not from infancy but by a warmer fen-

timent of mutual friendship.

Annete, beneath a plain country coif, bound back negligently her ebon hair. Two large blue eyes sparkled beneath her long eye lashes, and expressed most innocently every thing which the dull eyes of our old coquettes endeavour to express. Her rosy lips seemed to solicit to be kissed. Her complexion, tanned by the fun, was enlivened by that light shade of purple which colours the down of the peach. Every part of her, which the veils of modesty concealed from the rays of noon, effaced the whiteness of the lily: we thought we faw the head of a lively Brunette on the shoulders of a beautiful Blonde.

Lubin had that decifive, open, and joyous air, which proclaims a free and contented mind. His look was that of defire, his laugh the laugh of joy. When he burst out, he displayed teeth whiter than ivory. The freshness of his round cheeks invited the hand to pat them. Add to all this a nose in the air, a dimple in the chin, white filver locks curled by the hand of Nature, a genteel make, a deliberate pace, the frankness of the golden age, which suspects and blushes at nothing. This was the portrait of Annete's cousin.

Philosophy brings man back nearer to Nature; and it is for this reason that instinct sometimes resembles it. I should

not be furprized, then, if my shepherds should be imagined to be somewhat philosophical; but I forewarn my readers that it is without their knowing it.

As they both went frequently to fell fruits and milk in the city, and as peo-ple were glad to see them, they had an opportunity of observing what passed in the world, and of giving an account to each other of their little reflections. They compared their lot to that of the most opulent citizens, and found themfelves happier and wifer. ' The fenfeless creatures!' faid Lubin; 'during the finest part of the year they shut themselves up in quarries! Is it not true, Annete, that our hut is preferable to those magnificent prisons which they call palaces? When the thatch that covers us is burnt up by the fun, I go to the neighbouring forest, and in lefs than an hour make you a new house, more chearful than the former. The air and the light are ours. A branch less gives us the frethness of the east or the north; a branch more defends us from the hears of the fouth, and rains of the west: that is not very dear, Annete?'

' No, truly,' faid she: ' and I can-not think why, in the fine weather, they do not come all, two and two, to live in a pretty hut. Have you feen, Lubin, those tapestries of which they are fo vain? What comparison between them and our beds of verdure? How we fleep on them! how we wake!'- And you, Annere, have you remarked what trouble they take to give a rural air to the walls which flut them up? Those landscapes which they endeavour to imitate, Nature has made for us: it is for us that the fun shines; it is for us that the seafons delight to vary themselves.'-Right,' faid Annete; 'I carried the other day some strawberries to a lady of quality; they were entertaining her " with mufick. Ah, Lubin! "what a ter-" rible noise!" I said in myself: " why " does she not come some morning and. " hear our nightingales?" The un-

happy woman was laid down upon cushions; and she yawned in such a

6 manner

manner as to move pity. I asked what ailed her ladyship; they told me that she had the vapours. Do you know, Lubin, what the vapours are? —'No, not I; but I am afraid they are one of those distempers which one gets in the city, and which take away from persons of quality the use of their legs. That is very sad, is it not, Annete? And if they were to hinder you from running upon the grass, you would be very sorry, I believe!'—'O, very sorry; for I love to run; especially, Lubin, when I run after

· you.

Such was pretty nearly the philosophy of Lubin and Annete. Free from envy and ambition, their state had nothing humiliating to them, nothing pain-ful. They passed the fine weather in that green hut, the master-piece of Lu-In the evening they were bin's art. obliged to lead back their flocks to the village; but the fatigue and pleasures of the day prepared them a tranquil repose. The morning recalled them to the fields, more earnest to see each other again. Sleep effaced in their lives nothing but the moment of absence : it preserved them from dulness. Nevertheless, a happiness so pure was not unalterable. The flender waift of Annete insensibly became rounder. She knew not the cause of it; Lubin himself did

not suspect it. The bailiff of the village was the first who perceived it. 'God defend you, Annete,' faid he to her one day, 'you feem to be very round!'—' True,' faid she, dropping a curtsey. But, Annete, what has happened to this handsome shape? Have you had any · love affair?'- 'Any love affair? Not that I know.'- 'Ah, child! nothing · is more certain; you have listened to fome of your young fellows.'- Yes, s truly, I do litten to them; does that fpoil the shape?'- No, not that, but fome of them have a kindness for you. 'Kindness for me? Aye, Lubin and · I are kind to each other all the day · long.'- And you have granted him every thing, is it not so?'-' Oh, Lord, yes: Lubin and I have nothing to refuse one another. - How, nothing to refuse one another !'- Oh, nothing at all! I should be very forry

if he kept any thing to himself,

and more forry still to have him be-

is not his. Are we not coufins?'Coufins?'-' Coufins german, I tell you.'- O Heaven !' cried the bailiff, there is an adventure!'- 'Aye, or elle do you think that we should have been every day together? that we should have had but one and the fame hut? I have heard it faid, indeed, that the shepherds are to be dreaded; but a continued to interrogate; Annete con-The judge tinued to reply; infomuch that it was clearer than the day that she would shortly be a mother. Become a mother before marriage! that was a riddle to Annete. The bailiff explained it to her. 'What,' faid he to her, 'the first time that this misfortune happened, did not the fun hide himself? did not the heavens thunder upon you?'-No,' replied Annete; 'I remember it was the finest weather in the world.' " Did not the earth shake! did it not open itself?'-'Alas, no!' faid Annete again, 'I faw it covered with flowers.' - And do you know what a crime you have committed?'- I know not what a crime is; but all that we have done, I swear to you, was in good friendship, and without any ill delign. You think that I am big with child; I should never have thought it; but if it be fo, I am very glad of it : I shall ' have a little Lubin, perhaps.'-' No,' replied the man of law, ' you will bring into the world a child, which will own neither it's father nor mother, which will be ashamed of it's birth, and will reproach you for it. What have you done, unhappy girl! what have you done! How I pity you, and how I pity that innocent!' These last words made Annete grow pale and tremble. Lubin found her all in tears. Here!' faid she to him with terror, do you know what has happened; I am big with child.'- With child! and by whom ?'- By you.'- You joke. And how has that happened?' "The bailiff has just explained it to me.'—'Well?'—'Well! when we thought we were only shewing kindness to each other, we were making love.'- 'That is droll!' faid Lubin: only fee how we come into the world. But you are in tears, my dear Annete! ' Is it this that makes you uneasy?'-' Yes, the bailiff has made me tremble: ' my child, he faid, will own neither it's father nor mother; he will ree proach

proach us with it's birth.'- 'Why?' Because we are cousins, and have committed a crime. Do you know, Lubin, what a crime is?'- Yes, it is a wicked thing. For example, it is a crime to take away life from any one; but it is not to give it. The bailiff does not know what he fays.'
Ah, my dear Lubin! go and find
him out, I beseech thee: I am all of a He has put I know not tremble. what into my foul, which embitters all the pleasure I had in loving thee. Lubin ran to the bailiff. 'A word, if you please, Mr. Judge,' said he, accolling him; ' you will have it that I am not to be the father of my own child, and that Annete is not to be it's mother?'- 'Ah, wretch! dare you shew yourself, faid the bailiff, after ruining this young innocent?'-'You are a wretch yourfelf,' replied Lubin. ' I have not ruined Annete; he waits me now in our hut. it is you, wicked man, that (she fays) have put I know not what into her foul, that grieves her; and it is very 'ill done to afflict Annete.'- You young villain! it is you that have folen from her her chief good. And what is that?'- Innocence and ' honour.'- 'I love her more than my bife, faid the shepherd, and if I have done her any injury, I am here to repair it. Marry us; who hinders you? We ask no better. - That is impossible.'- 'Impossible! And why? The most difficult part, in my opinion, is over, feeing we are now father and " mother.'- 'And there is the crime,' cried the judge; ' you must separate, ' you must fly each other.'- ' Fly each other! And have you the heart to propose it to me, Mr. Bailit? And who is to take care of Annete and my child? Quit them! I would fooner die.'—' The law obliges thee to it,' faid the bailiff. 'There is no law that ' holds good there,' replied Lubin, clap-ping on his hat. ' We have a child without you, and if it please Heaven we will have more, and we will love for ever.'- 'Ah, the audacious young knave, what, rebel against the law!'-Ah, the wicked man, the bad heart, that wants me to abandon Annete! Let me go and find out our parson, faid he to himself; 'he is a good man, and will have pity on us.' The priest

was severer than the judge, and Lubin retired, confounded at having offended. Heaven without knowing it. ' For, after all,' faid he still, 'we have done

nobody any harm.

' My dear Annete,' cried Lubin, on feeing her again, 'every body condemns 'us; but no matter: I will never leave you.'- I am big with child,' faid Annete, reclining her face on her two hands, which she bathed with tears: and I cannot be your wife! Leave me, I am diffreffed; I have no longer any pleasure in seeing you. Alas! I am ashamed of myself, and I reproach myfelf for all the moments that I have paffed with you. — Ah, the curfed bailiff! faid Lubin: but for

him we were fo happy!

From that moment, Annete, a prey to her grief, could not endure the light. If Lubin wanted to console her, he saw her tears stream afresh: she replied to his careffes only by pushing him off with horror. 'What, my dear Annete!' faid he to her, am I no longer the Lubin you loved fo much?'- Alas! no; you are no longer the same. I tremble the moment you come near me; my child, who moves in my womb, and whom I should have had so much joy in feeling, feems already to complain that I have given him my cousin for a father.'—' You will hate my child, then?' said Lubin to her, sobbing. Oh, no, no; I shall love it with all my foul!' faid the. 'At least they will not forbid me to love my child, to give him my milk and my life. But that child will hate it's mother: the judge has foretold it to me.'- Do not mention that old devil,' faid Lubin, clasping her in his arms, and bathing her with tears; ' your child shall love you, my dear Annete; he will love you, for I am his father.

Lubin in despair employed all the eloquence of nature and love to diffipate Annete's fear and grief. 'Let us fee, faid he, ' what have we done to anger Heaven? We have led out our flocks to feed in the same meadows; there is no harm in that. I have built a hut, you have taken pleasure in reposing in it; there is no harm in that. You flept upon my knees: I drew in your breath, and that I might not lose one gasp, I drew gently near you; there was no harm yet. It is true, that fornetimes, awakened by my careffee 'Alas!' faid she, fighing,

there was no harm in that.'

It was in vain that they recalled to memory all that had paffed in the hut; they faw nothing but what was natural and innocent, nothing of which any body had any room to complain, nothing at which Heaven could be incensed.
Yet that is all, faid the shepherd;
where then is the crime? We are coufins, fo much the worse; but if that does not hinder our loving, why ought it to hinder our marrying? Am I on that account less the father of my child, and you less it's mother? Mark me, Annete! let them talk on: you depend on nobody; I am my own " master; let us dispose of ourselves; every one does what he pleases with his own property. We shall have fo much the better. If a child: it be a daughter, she will be genteel and amiable, like yourfelf; if it be a boy, he will be alert and joyous, like his father. It will be a treasure to us both. We will try who can love him best; and say what they will, he will know his father and mother by the tender care we shall take of him. It was in vain that Lubin talked fense and reason; Annete was not at ease, and her uneafiness redoubled She did not comprehend every day. the discourse of the bailiff, and this very obscurity rendered his reproaches and menaces more terrible.

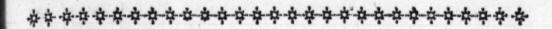
Lubin, who faw her confuming herfelf with forrow, faid to her one morning, 'My dear Annete, your grief will kill me; return to yourself, I beseech you. I have this night thought of an expedient which may relieve us. The parson told me, that if we were rich, the evil would be but half so great, and that by means of a good deal of money coufins drew themselves out of trouble; let us go and find out the lord of the manor: he is rich, and not proud; he is a father to us all; with him a shepherd is a man; and I have heard it faid in the village, that he likes that they should get children. We will relate our adventure to him, and beg him to affift us in repairing the evil, if there be any.'- What, would you dare?' faid the shepherdess. Why not?' replied Lubin: 'my lord. is goodness itself, and we should be the first unfortunate creatures whom he would have left without fuccour.'

Behold, then, Annete and Lubin di. recting their way towards the castle. They afk to speak with his lord thip, and are permitted to appear. Annete, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her hands placed one in another over her round little waift, makes a modest curtfey. Lubin makes a leg, and pulls off his hat, with the simple grace of Nature.
'My lord,' faid he 'here is Annete
'big with child, faving your presence,
'and it is I alone who have done her that injury. Our judge fays that we ought to be married, in order to get children; I defire him to marry us, He fays that is impossible, because we are cousins; but I think the thing may be done, feeing that Annete is hig with child, and that it is not more difficult to be a husband than a father. The bailiff fends us to the devil, and we recommend ourselves to you.' The good man had much ado to withold laughing at Lubin's harangue. 'Chil. dren,' fays he, ' the bailiff is right. But take courage, and tell me how the affair happened.' Annete, who had not thought Lubin's manner fufficiently touching; (for Nature teaches women the art of foftening and gaining upon men, and Cicero is but a novice to a young female petitioner.) Annete then spoke. 'Alas, my lord!' faid she, nothing is more plain or more natural than all that has happened to us. Lubin and I from our infancy kept sheep together: we careffed one another while infants; and when we see one another continually, we grow up without perceiving it. Our parents are dead; we were alone in the world. " If we " love not one another," faid I, " who will love us?" Lubin faid the fame, Leifure, curiofity, and I know not what besides, made us try every method of testifying that we loved one another; and you fee what has befallen us. If I have done ill, I shall die with forrow. All that I desire is, to bring my child into the world, in order to console him when I shall be no more.'- 'Ah, my lord,' faid Lubin, bursting into tears, ' prevent Annete from dying. I should die too, and that would be a pity. If you knew how we lived together, you should have feen us before this old bailiff struck terror into our souls! it was then who should be gayest. See, now, how pale and forrowful she is; she whose complexion could have defied

all the flowers of the spring. What disheartens her most is, that they threaten her that her child will reproach her with it's birth. At these last words, Annete was not able to contain her sobs. He will come, then, faid she, to reproach me in my grave. I only ask of Heaven to live long enough to give him suck; and may I die the instant he has no need of his mother! At these words she covered her face with her apron, to hide the tears which overslowed it.

The wife and virtuous mortal, whose

fuccour they implored, had too much sensibility not to be touched with this affecting scene. 'Go, children,' said he,
'your innocence and love are equally
'respectable. If you were rich, you
'would obtain the permission of loving
one another, and of being united. It
is not just that your missfortune should
be deemed a crime.' He disdained
not to write to Rome in their favour,
and Benedict XIV. consented with pleafure that these lovers should be made
man and wife.



THE SAMNITE MARRIAGES.

AN ANCIENT ANECDOTE.

Let every legislator, who would affurehimself of the hearts of men, begin by ranging the women on the side of the laws and manners; let him put virtue and glory under the guard of beauty, under the tutelage of love: without this agreement he is sure of nothing.

Such was the policy of the Samnites, that warlike republick which made Rome pass under the yoke, and was a long time her rival. What made a Samnite a warrior, a patriot, a man virtuous against every trial, was the care they took to attach to all these qualities the most valuable prize of love.

The ceremony of their marriages was celebrated every year in a wide place, destined for military exercises. All the youth, who were of a sufficient age to give citizens to the republick, assembled on a solemn day. There the young men chose their wives, according to the rank which their virtues and their exploits had given them in the annals of their country. We may easily conceive what a triumph this must be to those women who had the glory of being chosen by the conquerors; and how pride and love, those two springs of the human passions, gave force to virtues on which all their success depended. They expected every year the ceremony of their marriages with a timid impatience: till then the

young men and maidens of the Sam. nites never faw one another but in the temple, under the eyes of their mothers and prudent old men, with a modesty equally inviolable to both fexes. Indeed, this austere confinement was no restraint to the desires: the eyes and heart made a choice; but it was to the children a religious and facred duty to confide their inclination to the authors of their days; a secret of this sort divulged was the shame of a family. This intimate communication of the dearest sentiment of their foul, this tender disclofure, which it was not permitted them to give to their defires, their regrets, their fears, but in the respectable bosom of Nature, rendered a father and mother the friends, the consolers, the support, of their children. The glory of some, the happiness of others, connected all the members of a family by the warmest interests of the human heart; and this fociety of pleasure and pain, cemented by habitude, and confecrated by duty, lasted till the grave. If the event did not answer their desires, an inclination which had not manifested itfelf abandoned it's object so much the easier, as it would have been in vain to have purfued it with obstinacy, and there was a necessity for it's giving place to the object of a new choice: for marriage was an act of duty in a citizen.

The legislator had wisely considered, that he who would not take a wife himfelf, depended in some measure on the wives of others: and in making a crime of adultery, he had made a duty of marriage. There was a necessity, therefore, of presenting themselves to the assembly as soon as they had attained the age pointed out by the laws, and of making a choice according to their rank, though it were not also according to their defires.

Among a warlike people, beauty, even in the weaker fex, has fomething fierce and noble, which favours of their The chace was the most familiar amusement of the Samnite maidens; their skill in drawing the bow, their nimbleness in the race, are talents Thefe exercises unknown among us. gave their persons a wonderful ease, and their action a freedom full of graces. Unarmed, modesty was painted on their countenances; as foon as they had faftened on their quivers, their head was erected with a warlike affurance, and courage sparkled in their eyes. beauty of the men had a majestick and ferious character; and the image of battles, for ever present to their imaginations, gave to their looks a grave, commanding, and favage boldness. Amidft this warlike youth was diftinguished, by the delicacy of his features, his fensible and tender air, the son of the brave Telespon, one of the old Samnites who had fought best for liberty. This old man, in refigning up his arms to the hands of his fon, had faid to him, My fon, I hear sometimes the old men, with an ill-natured raillery, telling me that I aught to clothe you like a woman, and that you would have made a pretty huntress. These railleries afflict your father; but he confoles himself in the hope that Nature has at least made no mistake in the heart which she has given you. Take courage, my father, replied the young man, piqued with emulation; these old men will, perhaps, be glad one day that their children follow my example: let them take me for a girl here, the Romans shall not be mittaken in me.' Agatis kept his word with his father, and displayed in his first campaigns an intrepidity, an ardour, which changed their railleries into encomiums. His companions faid to one another with aftonishment, Who would have thought

this effeminate body was filled with so manly a courage? Cold, hunger, fatigue, nothing daunts him: with his touching and modest air he braves.

death full as well as we.

One day, in presence of the enemy, Agatis seeing with composure a shower of arrows falling around him; 'You 'who are so handsome, how are you so 'brave?' said one of his companions, who was remarkable for his ugliness. At these words the signal for the attack was given. 'And you, who are so 'ugly,' replied Agatis, 'will you now see which of us two shall carry off the 'standard of the battalion we are going to charge?' He said; both of them spring forward; and, in the midst of the carnage, Agatis appears with the standard in his hand.

However, he now approached the age wherein he was to enter himself in the number of married persons; and, in the quality of father, to obtain that of citizen. The young damsels, who heard of his valour with esteem, and saw his beauty with a soft emotion, envied each other his looks. One alone at last attracted them, the beautiful Cephalis.

In her were affembled, in the highest degree, that modefly and boldness, those noble and touching graces, which characterize the Samnite beauties. The laws, as I have faid, had not forbid the eyes to speak; and the eyes of love are very eloquent, when it has no other language. If you have sometimes seen lovers constrained by the presence of a severe witness, do not you admire with what rapidity the whole foul unfolds itfelf in the lightening of one fugitive glance? A look of Agatis declared his trouble, his fears, his hope, and the emulation of virtue and glory with which love had just enflamed his heart. Cephalis seemed to forbid her eyes to meet those of Agatis; but her eyes were sometimes a little flow in obeying her, and were not cast downwards till after they had been answered. One day especially, and it was that which decided the triumph of her lover; one day her locks being fixed upon him, after remaining for some time immoveable, were turned up towards Heaven with the most tender Ah! I understand that expression. wish,' said the young man in himself;
I understand it, and I will accomplish it. Charming maiden, have I flat-tered myself too much? Did not your teyes, raifed up to Heaven, beseech it to render me deserving of chusing you? Well, Heaven has listened to you; I feel it by the emotions of my soul. But, alas! all my rivals (and I shall haverivals without number) will dispute with me this honour: a brilliant action depends upon circumstances; should any one happier than I attain it, he has the honour of the first choice; and the first choice, beautiful Cephalis, cannot but fall upon you.

These ideas engaged his attention without remission: they engaged also the attention of his mistress. 'If Aga-tis had to chuse,' said she, 'he would fix upon me; I dane believe it: I have observed him well, I have thoroughly read his foul. Whether he roughly read his foul. Whether he presents himself to my companions, or whether he speaks to them, he has not with them that complaifance, that fweet earnestness, which he bethat his voice, naturally foft and tenwhen he speaks to me. His eyes especially Oh! his eyes have said to me what they say to no one else; and would it had pleased the gods that he were the only one who diftinguished me from the crowd! Yes, my dear Agatis, it would be a misfortune to feem handsome to any other than thee. What comparison between him and those youths who terrify me while they feek me out with their eyes? Their murderous air frightens me. Agatis is valiant, but has nothing ferocious in him; even under arms, we fee in him I know not what that is moving. He will perform prodigies of valour, I am fure; but after all, if fortune betrays love, and if some other has the advantage . . . that thought chills me with terror.

Cephalis diffembled not her fears to her mother. 'Put up vows,' faid she to her, 'put up vows for Agatis's glory; you will put them up for the happiness of your daughter. I think, I am sure he loves me; and can I not adore him? You know that he has the esteem of our elders; he is the idol of all my companions: I see their confusion, their blushes, their emotion at his approach; one word from his mouth fills them with pride.'—'Very well,' said her mother smiling, 'if he loves you, he will chuse you.'—'He

would chuse me, without doubt, if he had the right of chusing; but my mother—' But my daughter, he will have his turn.'—' His turn, alast it will be a pretty time,' replied Cephalis, fixing her eyes on the ground. How, my daughter? Methinks, to hear you—the word is, who shall have you! You flatter yourself a little.'—' I do not flatter myself; I tremble; happy if I had known to please only him whom I shall always love!'

Agatis, on his fide, the evening of the day on which he took the field, faid to his father, embracing him, ' Adieu, dear author of my life; either you fee me for the last time, or you shall see me again the most glorious of all the fons of the Samnites.'- Well faid, my boy: thus it is that a well-born fon ought to take leave of his father. In reality, I fee thee animated with an ardour that aftonishes even myself; what propitious deities inspire thee? What deities, my father? Nature and Love, the defire of imitating you, and of meriting Cephalis.'-Oh! I understand; love is concerned in it: there is no harm in that. Come, tell me a little: I think I have sometimes distinguished your Cephalis among her companions.'- Yes, my father, the is eafily diftinguished.'-But do you know that the is very beautiful?'- Beautiful! beautiful as glory.'- ' I think I fee her,' continued the old man, who took a delight in animating him; 'I fee in her the figure of a nymph.'- 'Ah, my father!' cried Agatis, ' you do a great deal of honour to the nymphs.'- 'An elegant gait?' "And still more noble." - A fresh complexion?'- The role itself.'-Long tresses braided with grace?'— And her eyes, my father, her eyes? Oh! that you had seen them, when lifted up to Heaven after being fixed on me, they prayed for victory.'You are right, she is all charming; but you will have rivals.'- ' Rivals! I have undoubtedly a thousand.'-They will carry her off from you.'-They will carry her off from me?' ---To tell you the truth, I am afraid of it; these Samnites are very brave young fellows!'- Oh! let them be as brave as you please; that is not what diffurbs me. Let them but give · me an opportunity of meriting Cephabis, you shall hear of me.' Telespon, who till then had taken a delight in stimulating him, could no longer contain
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The day of departure, according to custom, the whole army filed off before the young maidens, who were ranged on the spot, to animate the warriors. The good old Telespon marched by his son's fide. 'Ah, ah!' faid the other old men, · fee Telespon is grown young again; where is he going then at his age?'-To a wedding,' replied the good man; to a wedding.' Agatis made him remark Cephalis from afar, who towered above her companions with a grace perfectly celettial. His father, who had his eyes upon him, perceived, that in passing before her, that Iweet and serene countenance was inflamed with a martial ardour, and became terrible as the countenance of Mars. 'Courage, 'my fon!' faid he to him; 'indulge thy passion, it becomes thee well.'

Part of the campaign passed between the Samnites and the Romans in obferving each other, without coming to any decisive action. The strength of the two states consisted in their armies; and the generals on both sides acted like able officers. However, the young Samnites who were to marry, burned with impatience of coming to blows. 'I have done nothing yet,' said one, 'wor' thy to be inscribed in the annals of the

republick; I shall have the shame of hearing myself named without any eulogy to distinguish me.'—'What pity,' said another, 'that they vouch afe not to offer us an opportunity of signaliz-

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The Romans advance; the Samnites wait them with firmness. ' Let us fall ' upon them,' said the Roman general; a still body cannot futtain the impetuofity of that which runs upon them.' On a fudden the Samnites themselves spring forward, with the rapidity of coursers when the barrier is opened to them. The Romans halt; they receive the shock without being broken or disordered; and the skilfulness of their chief changes on a sudden the attack to a defence. They fought a long time with incredible obstinacy: to conceive it, we must picture to ourselves men who had no other passions than love, nature, country, liberty, glory, defending in those decisive moments all those interests at once. In one of the redoubted attacks of the Samnites, old Telefpon was dangeroully wounded, as he fought by the fide of his fon. The youth, full of love for his father, feeing the Romans giving way in all parts, and thinking the battle won, purfued the invincible movement of nature, and drawing his father out of the tumult, helped him to drag himfelf to some distance from the place of combat. There, at the foot of a tree, he dreffed, with tears, the deep wound of the venerable old man. While he was drawing the dart out of it, he heard near him the noise of a troop of Samnites, who had been repulsed. 'Whither are you going, my friends?' faid he to them, quitting his father. 'You fly! this is your way. And perceiving the left wing of the Romans uncovered; ' Come on,' faid he; · let us attack their flank: they are

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The Samnites, after their victory, busied themselves the whole night in succouring the wounded: they spared no pains to save the worthy father of Agatis; and he recovered, though with some difficulty, of his weakness.

The return from the campaign was the time of their marriages, for two reafons: one, that the reward of services done their country might follow them close, and that the example might thence have more force; the other, that during the winter the young husbands might have time to give life to new citizens, before they went to expose their own. As the deeds of this glowing youth had been more brilliant than ever, they thought proper to give more pomp and splendour to the feast, which was to be their triumph.

There were few maidens in the state, who had not, like Cephalis, some communication of sentiments and desires with some one of the young men; and each of them put up vows for him whose choice she hoped to fix, if he should have it in his power to chuse.

The place in which they were to affemble, was a vast amphitheatre, entered by triumphal arches, on which were seen hung up the spoils of the Romans. The young warriors were to repair there armed at all points; the young maidens with their bow and quiver, and as well clad as the simplicity of a state, in which luxury was unknown, permitted.

' Come, daughters,' faid the mothers, eager to adorn them, 'you must present yourselves at this august feast, with all the charms that Heaven has been pleased to grant you. The glory of men is to conquer, that of women to please. Happy those who shall merit the wishes of these young and valiant citizens, who are now going to be adjudged the most worthy of giving defenders to the state! the palm of merit will fhelter their habitation, the publick esteem will furound it. Their children will be the elder sons of their country, and it's most precious hope." While they spoke thus, these tender mothers interweaved with vine-leaves and myrtle the beautiful treffes of thefe young virgins, and gave to the foldings of their veil that air and turn which was most favourable to the character of their beauty. From the knots of the girdle beneath the bosom, they created waves of the most elegant drapery; fixed the quiver on their shoulders; instructed them to present themselves with grace, leaning on the bow; and threw back their light robe negligently, above one of their knees, in order to give their gait more ease and majesty. This industry of the Samnite mothers was an act of piety; and gallantry itself, employed in the triumph of virtue, affumed the facred character of it. The maidens, admiring themselves in the chrystal of the pure wave, never thought themselves sufficiently handsome; each of them exaggerated the advantages of her rivals, and dared no longer reckon upon her own.

But of all the wishes formed in that great day, there were none more ardent than those of the bezutiful Cephalis. May the gods grant us our prayers, faid her mother to her, embracing her; but, my daughter, wait their will with the submission of an humble heart! if, they have given you some charms, they know what value to let upon them. It is for you to crown their gifts with the graces of modelty. Without modefty, beauty may dazzle, but will never touch the heart. It is by this that it inspires a tender veneration, and obtains a kind of worship. Let this amiable modefty ferve as a veil to defires, which, perhaps, may become extinct before the day closes, and give place to a new inclination.' Cephalis was not able to bear this idea without letting fall some tears. 'These tears,

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But of all the wishes formed in that great day, there were none more ardent than those of the beautiful Cephalis. " May the gods grant us our prayers," faid her mother to her, embracing her; but, my daughter, wait their will with the jubmission of an humble heart ! if, they have given you some charms, they know what value to fet upon them. It is for you to crown their gifts with the graces of modesty. Without modelty, beauty may dazzle, but will never touch the heart. It is by this that it inspires a tender veneration, and obtains a kind of worship. Let this amiable modesty serve as a veil to defires, which, perhaps, may become extinct before the day closes, and give blace to a new inclination.' Cephalis was not able to bear this idea without letting fall some tears. ' These tears,

faid her mother to her, are unworthy a Samnite maiden. Learn, that of all the young warriors now about to affemble, there is not one but has lavished his blood for our defence, and our liberty; that there is not one of them but merits you, and towards whom you ought to be proud of paying the debt due from your country. Think of that, dry up your tears, and follow me.

On his fide, the good old Telespon conducted his fon to the affembly. Well, 'faid he, ' how goes thy heart ? " I have been sufficiently pleased with you this campaign, and I hope they will speak well of it.'- 'Alas!' said the tender and modest Agatis, 'I had but a moment for myfelf. I should e perhaps have done fomething; but you were wounded. I owed all my attention to you. I do not reproach myself for having sacrificed my glory to you: I should be inconsolable for having betrayed my country; but I " should have been no less so for having ahandoned my father. Thank Heaven! my duties were not incompatible; " the rest is in the hand of the gods.'-' How religious we are, when we are afraid!' faid the old man, smiling. Confess that you were more resolute, when you went out to charge the Romans; but take courage, all will go well: I promise you a handsome wife.'

They repair to the affembly, where feveral generations of citizens, ranged in amphitheatre, formed a most awful fight. The circuit rounded off into an oval. On one fide were feen the daughters at the feet of their mothers; on the other fide, the fathers ranged above their fons: at one end fat the council of old men; at the other the youth not yet marriageable, placed according to the degrees of their age. The new married pairs of the preceding years crowned the circle. Respect, modelty, and silence, reigned throughout. This filence was inddenly interrupted by the noise of warlike instruments, and the Samnite general was feen to enter environed with heroes, who commanded under him. His presence made all the affembly look down. He traverses the circuit, and goes to place himself with his retinue in the midst of the fages.

The annals of the republick are opened, and a herald reads with a loud voice, according to the order of time, the testi-

mony which the magistrates and genea rals had paid to the behaviour of the young warriors. He, who by any cowardice or baseness had set a blot upon his name, was condemned by the laws to the infamous punishment of celibacy, till he had redeemed his honour by some brave action: but nothing was more rare than fuch examples. A plain honesty, an irreproachable bravery, was the least praise that could be given a young Samnite: and it was a kind of shame to have done only one's duty. The greater part amongst them had given proofs of a courage, a virtue, which every where elfe would be deemed heroick, but which in the manners of that people were hardly to be diftinguished, so familiar were they. Some of them raised themselves above their rivals by actions that were striking; but the judgment of the spectators became more fevere in proportion as they received the report of virtues ftill more worthy of commendation; and those which had at first struck them, were effaced by greater strokes. The first campaigns of Agatis were of this number; but when they came to the recital of the last battle, and it was related how he had abandoned his father to rally his companions, and lead them back to the fight; this facrifice of nature to his country carried all their fuffrages: the tears ran from the eyes of the old men; those who surrounded Telespon embraced him with joy, those at a greater distance congratulated him by gesture and look. The good man smiled, and burst into tears; the very rivals of his fon viewed him with respect; and the mothers, pressing their daughters in their arms, wished them Agatis for their husband. Cephalis, pale and trembling, dares not lift up her eyes: her heart, filled with joy and fear, had suspended it's motion; her mother, who supported her on her knees, dares not speak to her, for fear of betraying her, and thinks the fees all eyes fixed upon her.

As foon as the murmur of the universal applause was appeased, the herald names Parmeno, and relates, that in the last battle, the courser of the Samnite general being thrown down under him, transfixed by a deadly shaft, and the hero in his fall being for a moment defenceless, a Roman soldier was on the point of piercing him with his javelin; when Parmeno, to save the chief's life, had exposed his own, by throwing him-

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felf before the blow, from which he had received a deep wound. 'It is certain,' faid the general, addressing himself to the assembly, that this brave citizen made a buckler for me with his body; and if my life be of fervice to my country, it is a gift of Parmeno's.' At these words, the assembly, less moved, but not less astonished, at Parmeno's courage than that of Agatis, bestowed upon him the same eulogies; and the suffrages and good wishes were now divided between those two rivals. The herald, by order of the elders, commands filence; and those venerable judges get up to deliberate. Their opinions are opposed to each other for a long time with equal advantage. Some of them pretended, that Agatis ought not to have quitted his post to affist his father, and that he had done nothing but repair this fault by abandoning his father to rally his companions: but this unnatural fentiment was espoused by very few. The most aged of the elders then spoke, and faid, ' Is it not virtue that we are to recompense? The point, then, is only to know which of these two emotions is the most virtuous; to abandon a dying father, or to expose one's own life. Our young warriors have both of them performed an action decifive with respect to the victory: it is for you, virtuous citizens, to judge which of the two it must have cost ' most. Of two examples equally serviceable, the most painful is that which " must be most encouraged."

Will it be believed of the manners of this people? It was decided with one voice, that it was braver to tear one's felf from the arms of a dying father, whom we could fuccour, than to expose one's seif to death, even though it were inevitable; and all the fuffrages concurred in decreeing to Agatis the honour of the first choice. But the contest about to arise will appear still less probable. Their deliberations were carfied on aloud; and Agatis had heard that the principles of generofity alone made the balance incline in his favour. There arose in his soul a reproach which made him ashamed. ' No,' said he in himself, 'it is a surprize; I ought not to make an ill use of it.' He asks leave to speak; they attend in filence. A triumph which I have not merited, faid he, 'would be the torment of my life; and in the arms of my virtuous

spouse, my happiness would be embittered by the crime of having obtained her unjuftly, You think you crown in me the person who has done most for his country; ye wise Sam-nites, I must confess, that what I did, was not entirely done for that alone. I love, I longed to merit what I love; and if there is any glory redounds to me from a conduct which you vouchfafe to commend, love divides it with virtue. Let my rival judge himself, and let him receive the prize, which I yield to him, if he has been more generous than I.' How is it possible to express the emotion which this confesfron caused in all hearts! On one fide it tarnished the lustre of the actions of this young man; and on the other it gave to the character of his virtue fomething more heroick, more furprizing, more uncommon, than the most noble devotion of life. This stroke of frankness and candour produced, with regard to these young rivals, two very oppofite effects. Some, admiring them with an undifguised joy, seemed to testify, by a noble affurance, that this example raised them above themselves; others, loft and confused, appeared to be overwhelmed, as by a weight above their strength. The matrons and virgins, in their hearts, unanimously gave the prize of virtue to him who had the magnanimity to declare, that he was not worthy of it: and the elders had their eyes fixed on Parmeno; who, with a composed countenance, waited till they should deign to hear him. 'I know not, faid he at last, addressing himself to Agatis, I know not to what degree the actions of men ought to be difinterested, in order to be virtuous. There is nothing, strictly speaking, but is done for our own satisfaction; but what I should not have done for mine, is the confession I have just heard; and even supposing that there may have been hitherto fomething more brave in my conduct than in yours, which is a point yet undecided, the feverity with which you have just now judged yourfelf, raifes you above me.

Here the elders, confounded, knew not which fide to take: they had not even recourse to voices, in order to determine to whom to give the prize. It was decided by acclamation, that both of them merited it, and the honour of the second choice was now unworthy either of one

or the other. The most aged of the judges spoke again. 'Why delay,' said he, 'by our irresolutions, the happiness of our young people? Their choice is made in the bottom of their hearts; let them be permitted to communicate one to the other the secret of their desires: if the object of them be disserent, each, without precedency, will obtain the wise he loves; if it happen that they are rivals, the law of chance shall decide it; and there is no Samnite maiden but may glory in consoling the less successful of these two warriors.' Thus spoke the venerable Androgeus, and all the assembly

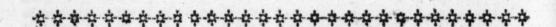
applauded.

They cause Agatis and Parmeno to advance to the middle of the circus. They begin by embracing each other, and all eyes are bedewed with tears. Trembling each, they heatate: they are afraid to name the wife of their defires; neither of them thinks it possible that the other can have made a choice different from his own. 'I love,' faid Parmeno, ' the most accomplished of · Heaven's works; grace and beauty ' itself.'- ' Alas!' replied Agatis, 'you love her whom I adore : it is naming f her, to paint her thus; the nobleness of her features, the gentle fire of her looks, I know not what of divinity in her shape and gait, sufficiently dithinguish her from the crowd of Sams nite maidens. How happy will one of us be, reduced to another choice!' - You fay true, replied Parmeno, there is no happiness without Eliana, Agatis, 'is it the daughter of the wife " Androgeus, Eliana, whom you love?"

- And who then hould I love?' faid Parmeno, aftonished at the joy of his rival. 'Eliana! not Cephalis!' refumed Agatis with transport. 'Ah! if so, we are happy: embrace me; you reftore me to life. By their embraces it was easy to judge that they were reconciled about their love. The elders ordered them to draw near; and, if their choice was not the same, to declare it aloud. At the names of Eliana and Cephalis, the whole amphitheatre refounded with shouts of applause. Androgeus and Telespon, the brave Eumenes, father of Cephalis, Parmeno's father, Melante, felicitated each other with that melting tenderness which mingles in the joy of old men. 'My friends,' faid Telespon, ; we have brave children there: with what ardour are they going to beget others! When I think of it, I imagine myself to be still in the flower of my age. Paternal weakness apart, the day of marriages is a feltival to me: I think it is I who marry all the virgins of the commonwealth. While he spoke thus, the good man leaped with joy; and as he was a widower, they advited him to put himself again into the ranks. 'No raillery,' faid he; 'if I were always as young, I might yet do something to ipeak of.'

They repaired to the temple to confecrate at the foot of the altar the ceremony of the marriages. Parmeno and Agatis were conducted together in triumph; and there was ordered a folema facrifice, to return thanks to the gods for having given to the republick two

fuch virtuous citizens.



THE GOOD HUSBAND.

FELISONDE, one of those good fathers of a family who recal the golden age to our minds, had married his only daughter, Hortensia, to the Baron De Vallain; and his niece, Amelia, to the President De Lusane.

Valfain, gallant without affiduity, fufficiently tender without jealousy, too much taken up about his own gory and advancement to make himself the

guardian of his wife, had left her, upon the thrength of her own virtue, to deliver herfelf up to the diffipations of a world, in which being launched himfelf, he took a delight in feeing her thine. Lusane, more retired, more affiduous, breathed only for Amelia; who, on her fide, lived but for him. The mutual care of pleasing was their contrant employment, and to them the most

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facred of duties was the sweetest of

pleafures.

Old Felisonde was enjoying the union of his family, when the deaths of Amelia and Valsain diffused forrow and mourning over it. Lufane in his grief had not even the consolation of being a father: Valfain lest Hortensia two children with very little to support them. The first forrows of the young widow were only her husband; but we forget ourselves in vain, we return thither infenfibly. The time of mourning was that of reflection.

At Paris, a young woman, religned to diffipation, is exempt from censure as long as the is in the power of a hufband: they suppose that the person most interested ought to be the most rigid, and what he approves they dare not blame; but, delivered up to herself, she falls again under the tutelage of a severe and jealous publick, and it is not at twenty-two that widowhood is a free flate. Hortensia then saw clearly that the was too young to depend only on herself, and Felisonde saw it still clearer. One day this good father communicated his fears to his nephew Lufane. friend,' said he, ' you are much to be pitied, but I am still more so. I have but one daughter; you know how I love her, and you fee the dangers that fhe runs. The world, which has feduced her, invites her back again; her mourning over, the will refign herself to it; and I am afraid, old as I am, I may live long enough to have occasion to be ashamed. My daughter has a fund of virtue; but our virtue is within ourselves, and our honour, that honour fo dear, is placed in the opinion of others.'- ' I understand you, Sir; and to fay the truth, I share your uneafiness. But can we not engage Hortenfia to a new match?' - 'Ha, my friend! what reasons she has to oppose me! two children, two children without fortune; for you know that I am not rich, and that their father was ruined.'- 'No matter, Sir; consult Hortensia: I know a man, if it should be agreeable to her, who thinks justly enough, who has a heart good enough to ferve as a father to her children, The good old man thought he understood him, O, you,' faid he to him, 'who formed the happiness of my niece Amelia, you whom I love as my own fon;

Lufane! Heaven reads in my heart-But tell me, does the husband whom you propose know my daughter? Is not he afraid of her youth, her levity, the flight the has taken in the world? - He knows her as well as you do, and heefteems her no less. Felisonde delayed not to speak to his daughter. Yes, my father, I agree,' faid she, that my fituation is delicate. To be observant of one's self, to be afraid of one's felf without ceafing, to be in the world as before one's judge, is the lot of a widow at my age: it is painful anddangerous.'-'Well,then,daughter, Lusane has talked to me of a husband who would fuit you.'- Lufane, my father? Ah, if it be poffible, let him give me one like himfelf! Happy as I was myself with Valsain, I could not help envying sometimes the lot of his wife.' The father, transported with her answer, went to give an account of it to his ne-' If you do not flatter me,' faid phew. Lusane, 'to-morrow we shall all be happy.'- 'What, my friend, is it you?'- 'I myfelf.'- 'Alas! my heart had told me fo,'- 'Yes, it is I, Sir, who would confole your old age, by bringing back to her duty a daughter worthy of you. Without giving into indecent extravagancies, I fee that Hortenfia has affumed all the airs, all the follies of a woman of fashion. Vivacity, caprice, the defire of pleafing and of amusements, have engaged her in the labyrinth of a noify and frivolous acquaintance; the point is to withdraw her from it. Todo that, I have occasion for a little courage and resolution: I shall have tears perhaps to contend with, and that is much for a heart fo sensible as mine; nevertheless, I can answer for myself. But you, Sir, you are a father; and if Hortenfia should come to complain to you- ' Fear nothing; dispose of my daughter: I confide her to thy virtue; and if the authority of a hulband be not enough, I relign to you that of a father. Lusane was received by Hortensia

with the most touching graces, 'Think faid the to him, that you fee in me,' the wife that you have lott; if I take her place in your heart, I have no-

thing to regret.'

When they came to draw up the ar-ticles; 'Sir,' faid Lusane to Felisonde,

e let us not forget that we have two orphans. Their father's estate has not permitted him to leave them a large inheritance; let us not deprive them of their mother's, nor let the birth of my children be a misfortune to them.' The old man was moved even to weeping with the generosity of his nephew, whom he called from that moment his son. Hortensia was not less sensible to the proceedings of her new husband. The most elegant equipage, the richest cloaths, the most precious trinkets, a house in which every thing breathed taste, elegance, wealth, proclaimed to this young lady a husband attentive to all her pleasures. But the joy she felt was not of long duration.

As foon as a calm had succeeded to the tumult of the wedding, Lusane thought it his duty to come to an explanation with her on the plan of life which he wanted to trace out to her. He took for this serious discourse the peaceful moment of her waking; that moment in which the silence of the senses the reason it's perfect freedom, wherein the soul herself, lulled by the trance of sleep, seems to revive with pure ideas; and being wholly mistress of herself, contemplates herself, and reads in her own bosom, as we see to the bottom of

a clear and fmooth water.

My dear Hortenfia, faid he to her, I want you to be happy, and to be always fo. But it will cost you some flight facrifices, and I had much rather ask them plainly of you, than engage you to them by indirect methods,

which would flew diffruff,

' You have paffed with the Baron De Valsain some agreeable years. Made for the world, and for pleasures, young, brilliant, and diffipated himfelf, he inspired you with all his tastes. My character is more ferious, my condition more modest, my temper a little more severe; it is not possible for me to assume his manners, and I believe it is the better for you. The path you have yet followed is strewed with flowers and fnares; that which we are going to purfue has fewer attractions and fewer dangers. The charm which furrounded you would have been diffipated with youth; the ferene days I prepare for you will be the fame in all featons. It is not in the midft of the world that an honest woman finds happiness; it is in the midst of her

own family, in the love of her dutie the care of her children, and the intimate commerce of a worthy set of

acquaintance,'

The preamble gave Hortensia some furprize; above all, the word family startled her ear: but assuming a tone of raillery, 'I shall become, perhaps, some day or other,' faid fhe, 'an excellent manager of a family; at present I know nothing of it. My duty is to love you, I fulfil it; my children do not yet want me: as to my acquaintance, you know that I fee none but genteel people. '- ' Let us not confound, my dear, genteel people with good people. '- 'I understand your distinction; but in point of acquaintances, we ought not to be so difficult. The world, fuch as it is, amuses me; and the way of living in it has nothing incompatible with the decency of your condition: it is not I who wear the robe, and I do not fee why Madame Lusane should be more obliged to be a mope than Madam De Valsain. Be, then, my dear president, as grave as you please; but do not take it amis that your wife be giddy a few years longer: every age will bring it's lik-'ings along with it.'- 'It is pity,' re-plied Lusane, 'to bring you back to serioufness, for you are a charming trifler. There is a necessity, however, for talking reason to you. In the world, do you love without distinction every thing that composes it?'- 'Not separately; but the medley pleases me well enough all together.'-"What of the dealers in scandal, for instance?' 'The scandal-mongers have their charms.'- They give a ridiculous turn to the plainest things, a criminal air to the most innocent, and publish, with exaggeration, the foibles or irregularities of those whom they have just flattered.'- 'It is true, that at the first glance we are frightened at these characters, but at bottom they are very little dangerous; from the moment that we rail at all the world, railing does no harm: it is a species of contagion which weakens in proportion as it extends itself.'- And those tops, whose very looks are an infult to a virtuous woman, and whole conversation dishonours her, what say you to them?'- One never believes them.'- 'I would not imitate them in speaking ill of your fex; there are 4 many many valuable women, I know, but there are---!' Just as it is a-" mongst you, a mixture of virtues and vices.'—" Very well; and what prevents our making a choice in this mixture?'- ' We do make one intimacy, but in the world we live with the world.'- But I, my dear, I would live only with people, who by their manners and character are deserving to be my friends. Your friends, Sir, your friends! and how many of them have we in life?'- ' A great many, when we are worthy, and know how to cultivate them. I speak not of that generous friendship, the devo-tion of which proceeds almost to he-roism; I call those friends who come to me with the defire of finding joy and peace, disposed to pardon my foibles, to conceal them from the eyes of the publick, to treat me when prefent with frankness, when absent with . tenderness. Such friends are not fo rare; and I presume to hope, that I shall have such.'- With all my heart; we will introduce our feveral acquaintance to each other.'- ' I will not have two fets of acquaintance.'-What, Sir, will not your door be open?" Open to my friends, always: to every comer, never, I give you my word. - No, Sir, I will not fuffer you to revolt against the publick by We may not odious diftinctions. love the world, but we ought to fear it, and not offend it.'- 'Oh, be easy, my dear, that is my concern: they will fay that I am a brute; jealous, perhaps; that fignifies little to me. - It fignifies to me. I would have my husband be respected, and not have cause to reproach me with having made him the town-talk. Form your own company as you shall think proper, but leave me to cultivate my old acquaintance, and prevent the court and town from letting their tongues loofe upon you.'

Lufane admired the address of a young woman in defending her liberty. 'My dear Hortensia,' said he to her, 'it is not, as a whim, that I have taken my resolution: it is upon thorough confideration, you may believe me, and nothing in the world can change it. Chuse, among the persons whom you see, such a number of decent women and prudent men as you shall think proper, my house shall be theirs; but

that choice made, take leave of the rest. I will join my friends to yours: our two lists united shall be deposited with my porter for his constant rule; and if he deviates from it, he shall be discharged. This is the plan I propose to myself, and which I wanted to communicate to you.

to communicate to you.'
Hortensia remained confounded at feeing all her fine projects vanish in a She could not believe that it was Lusane, that gentle and complaifant man, who had just been talking to 'After this,' faid fhe, ' who can traft men? fee the tone this man affumes! with what composure he dictates his will to me! To fee only vira fine chimera! And then the amufing fociety which this circle of respectable friends must afford! Such is my plan, faid he, as if there was nothing but to obey when he had faid it. See how we spoil them. My cousin was a good little woman, who moped as much as he pleased. She was as happy as a queen the moment her husband deigned to smile upon her, and quite transported with one cares, the would come to me and boaft of him as a divinity. He believes, without doubt, that according to her example I shall have nothing elfe to do but to please him: he is mistaken, and if he intends to put me in leading-ftrings, I will let him fee that I am no longer a " child."

From that moment, to the joyous, free, and endearing manner which she had observed with Lusane, succeeded a cold and reserved air, which he saw plain enough, but took no notice of it to her. She had not failed to make her marriage known to that swarm of slight acquaintances, who are called friends. They came in crowds to congratulate her, and Lusane could not decline returning with her those visits of ceremony; but he insufed into his politeness such striking distinctions, that it was not difficult for Hortensia to discern those whom he wished to see again.

In this number was not included one Olympia, who, with a fovereign contempt for the opinion of the publick, pretends that every thing which pleases is right, and joins the example to the precept; nor one Climene, who does not know why a woman should make any scruple to change her lovers when she is thinks the timid precautions of secrefy too much beneath her quality. In this number were not included those smart toilette and scene hunters, who leading in Paris a life of idleness and inutility, (grubs in the morning, and butterslies in the evening*) pass one half of their time in having nothing; nor those obliging gentry by profession, who having no personal existence in the world, attach themselves to a handsome woman to pass for one of her danglers, and who ruin her in order to support themselves.

Hortenfia retired to her own apartment uneasy and pensive. She thought she saw herself on the point of being deprived of every thing that makes life agreeable: vanity, a taste for pleasure, the love of liberty, every thing revolted against the empire which her husband wanted to assume. However, having armed herself with resolution, she thought it her duty to dissemble for a time, the better to chuse the moment of breaking

out. The next day Lusane asked her if she had made out her lift. ' No, Sir,' faid the, ' I have not, and shall not make any.'- Here is mine,' continued be, without any discomposure; ' see, if in the number of your friends and of mine I have forgot any one you like, and that is fit for us.'—' I have told you, Sir, that I shall not meddle in your arrangements, and I beg of you, once for all, not to interfere in mine. If our acquaintance do not fuit, let " us do like all the reft of the world: · let us divide them without conftraining ourselves. Have those whom you like to dinner; I will have those whom I like to supper.'- Ah, my dear Hortenfia! what you propose to me is far from my principles. Do not think of it: never in my house shall fuch a custom take place. I will make it as agreeable as I can to you; but no distinction, if you please, between your friends and mine. This evening all whom this lift contain- are invited to sup with you. Receive them well, I beseech you, and prepare yourfelf to live with them. At these words he retired, leaving the lift for Hortenfia to perufe. 'There,' faid fhe, his law is laid down!' And running it over, the was encouraging herfelf not to submit to it, when the Countess De Fierville, Valfain's aunt, came to fee her, and found her with tears in her eyes. This haughty woman had taken Ho tenfia into her friendthip, and as the flattered her inclinations, had gained her a confidence. The young lady, whose heart flood in need of consolation, told her the cause of her chagrin. ' How! " what !' cried the counters, " after having had the folly to dispose of yourfelf fo unsuitably, will you also be so weak as to degrade yourfelf? You a flave! and to whom? a man of the robe! Remember that you have had the honour to be Madam De Valsain." Hortenfia was now ashamed of having had the weakness to expose her husband. Though he might be in the wrong,' said she, ' that should not hinder me from respecting him: he is the honesteft man in the world, and what he has done for my children-' ' An honest man! and who is not fo? That is a merit to be met with in every ffreet. And what has this honest man done so wonderful for your children? He has not robbed them of their fortune. To be fure it would have been worth while to have abused your father's weakness! No, Madam, he has not acquired the right of talking so magitterially. Let him prefide in his own court, but leave you to command at home.' At these words, Lufane entered. 'In my house, Madam, it is neither my wife nor I that commands, it is reason; and probably it is not you that the will chuse for an arbitreis.'- 'No, Sir!' replied the countefs, with a commanding tone, 'it ' is not for you to make laws for this · lady. You have heard me, and I am glad of it: you know my opinion of the absurdity of your proceedings.'Madam,' replied Lusane, ' if I were as wrong as you suppose me, I am not to be corrected by affronts. Gentleness and modefty are the arms of your fex, and Hortensia by her felf is much more powerful than with your affift-

^{*} Grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the ewening.] Chenilles le main, et papillions le foir. The humour of this passage, being in some degree local, cannot be entirely preserved in the translation. It is an allusion to dress, en chenille, being at Paris a common cant phrase for a morning dishabille.

ance. Leave our agreements to ourfelves, fince we are the persons who must live together. Though you should have rendered her duties odions to her, you could not have dispensed with her fulfilling them; though you should have made her lose the confidence and friendship of her husband, you could not have made her amends for them. Spare her that advice which he neither will nor ought to follow. To another they might have been dangerous; to her, thank Heaven! they are only useless .- Hortenfia,' added he, going, ' you have not defired to give · me uneafinefs, but let this ferve you as a lesson.'- See how you defend yourself!' said Madam De Fierville to Hortenfia, who had not even dared to lift up her eyes. ' Obey, my dear, obey! It is the portion of weak fouls. Good Heaven! faid she going out, I am the gentlest, the most virtuous woman on the face of the earth; but if a husband had dared to treat me thus, I should have taken an handsome ' revenge of him!' Hortenlia had scarce strength enough to get up to attend Madam De Fierville, so great was her terror and confusion. She perceived the advantage that her imprudence gave her husband; but, far from availing himself of it, he did not even so much as reproach her with it; and his delicacy punished her more than his resentment would have done.

In the evening, the visitors being as-sembled, Lusane seized the moment when his wife was yet in her own apartment. - Here,' said he to them, the rendezvous of friendship: if you like it, come often, and let us pais our life together.' They all replied with one voice, that they defired no-thing better. There,' continued he, presenting to them the good Felisonde, there is our worthy and tender father, who will be the foul of our pleafures. At his age, joy has fomething more fenfible and tender in it than in youth, and nothing is more amiable than an amiable old man. He has a daughter whom I love, and whom I would make happy. Assist me, my friends, to keep her among us; and let love, na-ture, and friendship, conspire to render her house every day more agreeable to her. She entertains for the world the prepoffessions of her age; but when we shall have tasted the

charms of a virtuous fociety, this vain world will touch her but little.' While Lusane spoke thus, old Felisonde could not refrain letting fall some tears. 'O, 'my friend!' said he, clasping him in his arms; 'happy the father, who at his 'death can leave his daugher in such 'good hands!'

The instant after arrived Madam De Lusane. All hearts flew out to meet her; but her own was not easy. She disguised her ill temper under the reserved air of ceremony; and her politeness, though grave, still appeared amiable and touching; such a gift have the natural graces of embellishing every thing.

They played. Lufane made Hortenfia observe that all his company played
low. 'It is,' said he, 'the way to
'maintain union and joy. High play
'preposses and alienates our minds;
'it afflicts those who lose; it imposes
'on those who win the duty of being
'grave, and I think it incompatible
'with the openness of friendship.' The
supper was delicious: transport and
good-humour were diffused round the
table. The heart and the mind were
at ease: the gallantry was such as modesty might smile at, and neither decency
nor liberty were under restraint.

Hortensia in another situation would have relished these tranquil pleasures; but the idea of constraint which she attached to them embittered their sweet-ness.

The day after, Lusane was surprized to find her of a freer and pleafanter air: he suspected that she had taken some new resolution. 'What shall we do to-' day?' faid he. ' I am going to the play,' faid she, ' and I shall come home to supper.'- ' Very well; and who are the ladies you are going with?" 'Two of Vallain's friends, Olympia and Artenice.'- It is cruel to me, faid the husband, ' to be obliged to give you uneafiness continually; but why, Hortenfia, will you expose me to it? Do you think me fo inconfistent in the principles I have laid down, as to consent that you should be seen in publick with those women?'- To he fure you must consent to it, for the party is fettled, and I shall certainly not fail in it.'- 'Pardon me, Madam; you shall fail in it, that you may not fail in the regard due to yourself.'-Is it failing in regard to myself to fee women whom all the world fees?'-

Yes, it is to expose yourfelf to be · confounded with them in the opinion of the publick.'- 'The publick, Sir, is not unjust; and in the world all per-fons answer for themselves.'-' The publick, Madam, supposes with reafon, that those who are allied in pleafures, are allied in manners, and you ought not to have any thing in com-. mon with Olympia and Artenice. If you would not break off with them * too abruptly, there is a way; excuse · yourfelf only from the play, and invite them to supper: "my door shall be funt against all my friends, and we will be alone with them.'- 'No, Sir! ono!' faid the to him with ill-humour; I will not abuse your complaisance. And the writ to disengage herself. Nothing had coft her to much as this billet: tears of anger bedewed it, 'To be fure,' faid the, ' I care very little for . these women; the play interests me still · less: but to fee one's self epposed in every thing; never to have a will of one's own! to be subjected to that of another! to hear him dictating his · laws to me with an infulting tranquil-

· thing. It was certain, however, that the tranquillity of Luiane was far from having an infulting air, and it was easy to fee that he did violence to himself. His father-in-law, who came to sup with him, perceived the melancholy into which he was plunged. ' Ah, Sir!' faid Lufane to him, ' I fee that I have entered into an engagement with you very painful to fulfit! He told him what had happened. 'Courage, my friend,' faid this good father to him, ' let us onot be discouraged; if it pleases Heaven, you will render her worthy your cares and love. In pity to me, in pity to my daughter, maintain your refo-· lution. I am going to see her, and if he complain, confole her, Sir, and appear fenfible s to her grief: her reason will be more " tractable when her heart is comforted. Let her hate me just at present; I expected it, and am not surprized at it; but if the bitterness of her temper 6 hould after the fentiments of nature in her soul, if her confidence in you flould be weakened, all would be loft. The goodness of her heart is my only refource, and it is only by an unalter-

! lity! that is what drives me mad, and

what will make me capable of every

able gentleness that we can prevent her being exasperated. After all, the trials to which I put her are grievous at her time of life, and you must be

her fupport.' These precautions were useless; whe. ther from vanity or delicacy, Hortenfia had the power to conceal her chagrin from the eyes of her father. ' A good fign; faid Lufane; ' the knows how to subdue herfelf; and there are none but weak fouls of whom we ought to dined together alone, and in the most profound filence. At their getting up from table, Hortenfia ordered the horses to be put to. 'Where are you going?' faid her husband. 'To make an excuse, ' Sir, for the rudeness I was guilty of yesterday.'- Go, Hortensia, since you will have it so; but if my repose be dear to you, take your last leave of ' those women.'

Artenice and Olympia, to whom Madam De Fierville had related the scene the had had with Lufane, suspected that it was he who had hindered Hortensia from going to the play with them. Yes,' faid they to her, "it was he; we faw him but for a minute, but we have formed our opinion of him: he is a morose, absolute man, and one who will make you unhappy.'- 'He has talked to me hitherto only in the ftyle of friendship. It is true, that he has his particular principles, and a way of living but little compatible with the customs of the world, but-But let him live by himself,' replied Olympia; 'and let him leave us to ' amuse ourselves in peace. Do you ask ' him to follow you? A husband is the man in the world we can best spare, and I do not fee why you have occasion for his advice to receive whomfoever 'you think proper, and to go and fee whom you please.'—'No, Madam,' said Hortensia to her, 'it is not so easy as you imagine, to put one's felf, at my age, above the will of a husband who has behaved fo well to me.'-She gives way: fee, she is quite tamed,' replied Artenice. Ah, my dear! you do not know what it is to yield once to a man, with whom one is to pass one's life. Our husbands are our tyrants if they are not our flaves. Their authority is a torrent which swells as it runs; we can stop it only at it's fource; and I speak

from experience: for having been guilty of an unfortunate complaisance to my husband twice, I have been for fix months together obliged to ftruggle with him for the ascendancy which . my weakness had given him; and but. for an unparalleled effort of courage it would have been all over with me, I was a gone woman.'- That depends upon tempers,' faid Hortenfia; and my husband is not one of those who are to be brought down by obstinacy.'- Undeceive yourself,' replied Olympia; 'there is not one whom gentleness ever reconciles; it is by oppoing them that we rule them; it is by the dread of ridicule and shame that we hold them: what are you afraid of? We are very strong when we are handsome, and have nothing to reproach ourselves. Your cause is that of all the women; and the men themselves, the men who know how to live, will be on your fide.' Hortensia objected the example of her coufin, whom Lusane had made happy. They replied, that her cousin was a weak woman; that if the life which she had led was a good one to her, it was because she knew no better; but that a woman, launched into the great world, who had tafted the charms of it, and formed it's ornament, was not made to bury herself in the solitude of her own house, and the narrow circle of an ob-feure acquaintance. They talked to her of a superb ball which the Duchess -was to give the next day. 'All ' the handsome women will be invited ' there,' faid they to her: 'if your hufband prevents your going, it is a froke that will cry out for vengeance; and we advise you, as friends, to seize that occasion to make a noise, and to " part."

Though Hortensia was very far from wishing to follow these violent counsels, she still retained a bitterness in her soul, at seeing that her unhappiness was going to be known in the world, and that they would look for her in vain at those feasts where but for this she would have seen herself adored. On her return home, a card was put into her hands; she read it with impatience, and sighed after having read it. Her trembling hand still held it, when her husband accosted her. 'It is,' faid she to him carelessly, 'a card of invitation to the Duchess of — 's ball.'

Well, Madam!'—' Well, Sir, I shall

not go: be easy.'- Why, then, Hortenfia, deprive yourself of decent pleafures? Have I forbid them you? The honour that is done you, pleafes me as much, and more than it does yourfelf: go to the ball, eclipse every thing there that is most lovely; that will be a triumph to me.' Hortenfia was not able to diffemble her furprize and joy. 'Ah, Lusane!' said she to him, why are you not always the fame? There now is the husband I promised myself. I recover him now; but is it for a long time?' Lufane's company affembled in the evening, and Hor-tensia was adorable. They proposed suppers, parties to the play; she engaged herself to them with the best grace. Chearful with the men, engaging with the women, the charmed them all. Lufane alone dared not yet deliver himself up to the joy which she inspired; he foresaw that this good-humour would not continue long without clouds. In the mean time he faid just one word to his valet de chambre; and the next day when his wife asked for her domino, it was like a furprize in a play. They presented her with a dress for the ball, which the hand of Flora seemed to have varied with the most beautiful colours of the spring; those flowers in which the art of Italy equals nature, and deceives the ravished eyes, those flowers ran in garlands over the light waves of a filk tiffue of the most brilliant freshness. Hortensia, in love with her dress, her husband, and herself, could not conceal her transport. Her glass being con-fulted, promised her the most striking fuccesses, and that oracle never deceived her: accordingly, on appearing at the affembly, the enjoyed the flattering emotion occasioned by unanimous admiration; and to a young woman, this ebb and flow, this murmur, have all together fomething fo touching! It is easy to judge that at her return Lusane was pretty well treated; it feemed as if fe wanted to paint all the transports which the had raifed. At first he received her careffes without reflection, for the wifest fometimes forget themselves; but when he recollected himself; 'A ball,' said he, 'a domino, turns this young head ! Ah! what conflicts have I yet to fuftain before I see her such as I could wish her!

Hortenfia had seen at the ball all those giddy young people, from whom her husband husband wanted to detach her. does right,' faid they to her, 'to grow reasonable, and to restore you to your friends: he was going to become the publick jest, and we had made a league to diffress him wherever he appeared; e tell him then, for his own eafe, to vouchfafe to let us fee you. If we · have the unhappiness to displease him, we give him leave to put himself un-der no restraint; but let him be contented with rendering himfelf invitible, without requiring that his wife should be fo.' Intimidated by these menaces, Hortenfia gave her husband to underfland, that they took it ill that his door was thut against them, that people of fashion complained of it, and proposed to remonstrate even to him upon it. 'If they do, faid he, 'I will teach them . how to take their revenge on me: let each of them marry a handsome woman, live at home with their friends, and thut their doors in my face every

time that I go to trouble them.' Some days after, two of these young fellows, piqued at not having been able to introduce themselves to Hortensia, faw Lufane at the opera, and went up to him, in order to ask him the reason of the rade behaviour of his Swifs. 'Sir,' faid the Chevalier De St. Placide to him, · have they told you that the Marquis · De Cirval and myfelf have been twice at your house?'- Yes, gentlemen, · I know that you have given yourfelves that trouble.'- Neither your-· felf nor your lady were to be feen.'-That is very often the cate.'- 'Yet you fee company.'- 'Only friends.' We are Horsentia's friends, and in · Valfain's time we always faw her. Ah, Sir! what an agreeable man was · Valfain! the has not loft by the exchange; but he was the genteeleft, the most complaisant of all husbands.'-· I know it.'- He, for example, was not jealous.'- 'Happy man!'- You fpeak as if you envied him; can it be true, as they fay, that you are not fo eafy?'- Ah, gentlemen, if ever you marry, take care you do not love your wives; it is a cruel thing, this jea-loufy!— What, are you really come to that?'- 'Alas! yes, for my fins But Hortenfia is so virtuous!'- 'I know it.'- She lived like an angel with Vallain.'- 'I hope the will live the same with me too.'- 'Why, then, oo her the injustice of being jealous?'

- It is an involuntary emotion, whick ' I cannot account for.'- You condegree, that I cannot fee near my wife any man of a handlome figure, or diftinguished merit, but my head turns; and this is the reason that mygate is shut against the most amiable people in the world.'- 'The marquis and I,' faid the chevalier, 'are not dangerous, and 'we hope-' 'You, gentlemen, you are among those who would make me unhappy all my life. I know you too well not to fear you: and fince I must confess it, I have myself required of my wife that the thould never fee you again.'- But, Mr. Prefident, that is but a forry kind of a compliment.'- 'Ah, gentlemen, it is the most agreeable one that a jealous husband can make you.'- 'Chevalier, faid the marquis, when Lusane had quitted them, 'we wanted, I thought, to make a jest of this man.'- That was my defign.'- I am afraid, God forgive me, that he makes a jett of us.' - I have some suspicion of it; but " I will take my revenge on him.'-How?'- 'As men revenge themselves on a husband.'

The fame evening, at supper, at the Marchioness of Bellune's, they reprefented Lufane as the most odious of 'And the little woman,' faid the marchioness, ' has the meanness to ' fuffer him to restrain her? Ah! I will ' give her a lesson.' Madam De Bellune's house was the rendezvous of all the giddy people both of city and court, and her secret for drawing them together was to affemble the handfomest women. Hortenfia was invited to a ball which she gave. There was a necessity of acquainting Lusane with it beforehand; but without having any appearance of asking his consent, she just dropped a word en passant. 'No, my dear,' faid Lusane to Hortensia, 'Madam De Bellune's house is in a style that does not fuit you, Her ball is a rendezvous at which you ought not to be. The publick is not obliged to believe you more infallible than another, and in order to prevent all suspicion of miscarriage, the furest way is to avoid the hazard of it.' The young woman, fo much the more irritated at this refusal, as the did not expect it, burft into complaints and reproaches, 'You abute,' faid the to him,

the authority which I have confided to you; but beware of driving me to extremities.'- ' I understand you, Madam,' replied Lufane to her, in a firmer and graver tone; ' but as long as I esteem you, I shall not fear this menace, and I should fear it still less, if I were to cease to esteem you.' Hortenfia, who had annexed no idea to the words that had just escaped her, blushed at the meaning they feemed to carry with them, and replied only by tears. Lusane seized the moment when resentment yielded to confusion. 'I grow odious to you,' faid he, 'yet what is my crime? that of faving your youth from the dangers which furround it, of detaching you from that which might caft a blemish-I do not fay on your innocence, but on your reputation; of wanting to make you love foon what it is necessary that you must love always.'- 'Yes, Sir, your intentions are good; but you have a bad method of carrying them into execution. You want to make me love my duty, and you make a flavery of it: there may be some ill consequences to be forefeen in my connections; but I must diffolve instead of breaking them, and detach myfelf insensibly from the people who difplease you, without making you an object of ridicule, by imprisoning me in my own house."—" When the ridicule is without foundation,' replied Lusane, ' it recoils on those who give it. The prison of which you complain is the alylum of virtue, and will also be that of peace and happiness, whenever you finall think proper to make it fo. You upbraid me with not having used a little delicacy towards these people and yourself; I have had my reasons for cutting to the quick. I know that at your time of life the contagion of falhion, example, and habitude, make new progreis every day; and that without cutting off all communication, there is no way of guarding against it. It gives me inexpressible uneafiness to talk to you in an absolute tone; but it is my affection for you that gives me the courage: a friend ought to know on occasion how to contradict a friend. Be welt affured, then, that as long as I love you, I shall have the strength to resist you; and woe to you, if I abandon you!'- ' Wee to me!

you esteem me very little if you think me lost the moment you cease to lead me in a string. No, Sir, I knew how to conduct myself long ago; and Valfain, who did me justice, never had occasion to repent of his confidence. I own to you, that in my husband I did not intend to create myself a tyrant. In order to submit to your will, one ought to have a strength or a weakness which I have not; all the denials you impose on me are grievous, and I will never accustom my-self to them.'

Lusane, left alone to himself, reproached himself for the tears he had
made her shed. 'What have I undertaken?' said he, 'and what a trial to
my soul! I her tyrant! I, who love
her more than my life, and whose
heart is torn in pieces with her complaints! If I persist, I drive her to
distraction, and if I give way one
single moment, I lose the fruit of my
perseverance. One step into this
round of company, which she loves,
will engage her in it anew. I must
support this cruel character, this character so much more cruel to myself
than to her.'

Hortensia passed the night in the greatest trouble: all violent measures presented themselves to her mind; but the probity of her mind shuddered at them. 'Why discourage myself?' said she, when her wrath was a little appeased: 'this man commands himself, and 'rules me because he does not love me, 'I should foon reign in my turn. Let 'me use the only arms Nature has given 'me, gentleness and seduction.'

Lusane, who had not closed his eyes, came to alk her in the morning, with an air of friendship, how she had passed the night. ' You know how,' faid she to him; 'you who take a pleasure in disturbing my repose. Ah, Lusane! was it for you to be the cause of my unhappiness? who could have told me that I should have repented of a choice which I made with fuch a good will, and fuch good intentions? In pronouncing these words, she had stretched out her hand to him; and two eyes, the most eloquent that love ever yet made speak, reproached him for his in-gratitude. My better half,' said he to her, embracing her, believe that I have placed all my glory and happiness in making you happy. I would have your life strewed with flowers; but permit me to pluck away the thorns. Wish for what may never cost you any regret, and be affured it shall be · fulfilled in my foul, as foon as formed in thine. The law which I impose " upon you is only your own will: not that of the moment, which is a whim, a caprice; but that which will arise from reflection and experience, that which you will have ten years hence. " I entertain for you the tenderness of a lover, the frankness of a friend, and the uneafy vigilance of a father: there is my heart; it is worthy of you; and if you are still unjust enough to complain of it, you shall not long have occasion to do fo.' This discourse was accompanied with the most touching marks of a passionate love, and Hortenfia appeared fenfible of them. Eight days paffed away in the best understanding, in the most intimate union that could reign between two married people. To the charms of beauty, of youth, Hortenfia joined the enchantment of those timid caresses, which love, in conjunction with duty, seems to steal from It is the finest of all toils to modesty. emmesh a tender heart. But was all this really fincere? Lufane thought fo; I think so too. After all, she would not be the first woman who should have made her inclination agree with her views, and her policy with her pleafures.

In the mean time they approach those days consecrated to folly and joy, during which we are as foolish, but much less joyous than our fathers. Hortensia gave some intimation to Lusane of her desire to give an entertainment, in which musick should precede a supper, which should be followed by a dance. Lusane consented with the best grace in the world, but not without precaution: he agreed with his wife on the choice and number of persons whom she should invite; and according to this arrangement the cards were distributed.

The day arrives, and everything is prepared with the attention of a magnificent lover; but that very morning the Swiss asks to speak to his matter. 'Besides' those who shall come with cards, it is 'my lady's pleasure,' said he to him, than I admit all who come to the ball. 'Is that your intention, Sir?'—'To be fure,' said Lusane, concealing his surprize, 'and you ought not to doubt but

' I approve what your lady orders.' He then went directly to her, and having told her what had just happened; 'You have exposed yourself,' said he, 'to be put to shame before your fervants ; you have hazarded what a woman cannot too much conciliate, the confidence of your husband. Is it for you, Hortensia, to make use of surprize towards me? Were I less perfuaded of the probity of your foul, what an opinion would you give me of it, and what would have been the consequence of this imprudence? The pleasure of afflicting me for a moment, and of making me more miftrufful of you than I would wish to be. Ah! suffer me to esteem you for ever, and respect yourself as much as I respect you! I will not humble you by revoking the order you have given, but you will give me unspeakable uneafiness if you do not revoke it yourfelf, and your conduct this day shall be my rule all my life.' "I have committed a fault,' faid fhe; ' I see it, and I will repair it. I will fend word that I shall have neither mufick, nor fupper, nor ball, to-night; I would not wear an appearance of joy when I have a deadly grief in my heart. The publick shall know that I am unhappy, for I am weary of dif-fembling. Lufane then falling at her ' fembling.' Lusane then falling at her feet; 'If I loved you less,' said he, 'I should yield to your reproaches; but I adore you, I will subdue myself: I shall die of grief to be hated by my wife, but I cannot live in the shame of having betrayed her by abandon-ing her. I took a fensible pleasure in giving you an entertainment; you refule it, because I exclude what is not worthy to approach you; you declare to me from thence, that a frivolous world is dearer to you than your hufband: it is enough; I will go and give notice that the entertainment will not take place.' Hortenfia, moved to the bottom of her foul with what the had just heard, and more touched still with the tears that she had feen trickle from his eyes, recollected herself. What am I going to perfift in?' faid she; 'are the people, whom he wants me to detach myself from, my friends? Would they facrifice the flightest of their interests to me? and yet for them. ' I lote the quiet of my life; I trouble it, I embitter it, I renounce every

thing that can form it's happiness. It is spite, it is vanity, that inspire me. Have I even chosen to examine whether my husband was right? I have feen nothing but the humiliation of obeying. But who shall command, if it be not the wifest? I am a flave; and who is not fo, or who ought not to be fo, to their duties? I call an honest man a tyrant, who conjures me with tears in his eyes to take care of my reputation! where then is that pride with which I reproach him? Ah! I should perhaps be much to be pitied if he were as weak as I. I afflict him in the very moment that he had shewn the most delicate attention to spare me! These are injuries, these are real ones, and not those which I attribute to him. - 'Go,' faid she to one of her women; go, and tell your mafter that I would speak to him.' Scarce had she sent this message, when a sudden qualm seized her. 'I am going, then,' said she, ' to consent to mope all my life: for I cannot conceal it from myself, but that one has amusements only in the great world; and all those good folks among whom he wants me to live, have not the charms of Valfain's friends,' As this reflection had a little changed the disposition of her soul, the contented herfelf with telling Lufane, that she would willingly give way to him for this once. She excused herfelf to the people who had asked to be admitted to her ball: and the entertainment, which was as brilliant as poffible, had all the vivacity of joy, without tumult and confusion.

'Tell me then, my dear, if any thing has been wanting to our amusement?' faid Lusane to Hortensia. 'You disguise sometimes,' faid she to him, 'the constraint you put upon me; but entertainments do not come every day. It is in the void and silence of her house that a woman of my age draws in the poison of dulness; and if you would see that slow posson consume my youth, you will have all the pleasure of it.'—'No, Madam,' faid he to her, penetrated with grief; 'I have not that deliberate cruelty of which you suffer the care

of making you happy, that dear, that pleasing care, which ought to take up my whole life, at least I will not have to reproach myfelf with having poifoned the happiness of your days. Neither I, nor the virtuous friends I have chosen for you, have sufficient to make you amends for the denials I occasion you; without that crowd that furrounded you, my house seems a dreadful solitude to you; you have the cruelty to tell me so yourself: I must restore you then to that liberty, without which you like nothing. I alk of you but one more act of complaifance: to-morrow I shall bring you a new set of company; and if you do not judge them worthy to employ your leifure, if they do not take place of this world, which is fo dear to you, all is over, and I give you up to your-' felf.' Hortenfia had not much difficulty in granting him what he asked: the was very fure that he had nothing to prefent her which was equivalent to her liberty; but it was not purchafing it too dear to submit to this flight trial.

The next day, on her waking, the faw her husband enter with a shining countenance, in which sparkled love and joy. 'Here,' faid he ' is the new company which I propose to you; if you are not fatisfied with this, I no longer know how to amuse you. Imagine the furprize of this sensible mother on feeing before her the two children whom fhe had by Valfain. 'Children,' faid Lusane, taking them in his arms in order to lift them to Hortensia's bed, 'embrace your mother, and prevail on her tenderness to youchsafe to share the cares which I shall take to bring ' you up.' Hortenfiat pressed them to her bosom, and bathed them with her tears. 'Till Nature,' continued Lu-fane, 'grant me the title of father, love and friendship give it me, and I am going to fulfi. it's duties.'- ' Come, my love,' faid Hortenfia, ' this is to me the dearest and tenderest of all your lessons. I had forgot that I was a mother; I was going to forget that I was a wife. You recal me to those duties; and those two bands " united, bind me for all my life."

THE CONNOISSEUR.

TELICOUR, from the age of fifteen, had been in the country what is called a little prodigy. He made the most gallant verses in the world. There was not one handsome woman in the neighbourhood whom he had not celebrated, and who had not discovered that his eyes had still more spirit than his verses. It was pity to suffer such great talents to lie buried in a little country-town: Paris ought to be their theatre, and he managed fo well that his father refolved to fend him there. This father was an honest man, who loved wit, without having any himself, and who admired, without knowing why, every thing that came from the capital; he had even fome literary re-lations there, and in the number of his correspondents was a Connoisseur, called M. De Fintac. It was particularly to him that Celicour was recommended.

Fintac received the fon of his friend with the kindness of one who takes perfons under his protection. 'Sir,' faid he, 'I have heard of you: I know that · you have had success in the country; but in the country, believe me, arts and letters are yet in their infancy. Without tafte, wit and genius produce nothing but what is deformed, and there is no taste but at Paris. Bee gin, then, by perfuading yourself that you are but just born, and by forgeting all that you have learned.'—
What would I not forget?' faid Celicour, casting his eyes on a niece of eighteen, whom the Connoisseur had with him: 'Yes, Sir, it is to day that 'I begin to live. I know not what charm breathes in these places; but it unfolds in me faculties unknown to me before: I feem to myself to have acquired new fenses, a new foul.'-" Good!' cried Fintac; ' there now is enthusiasm: he is born a poet, and from this fingle stroke I warrant him one.'- There is no poetry in that, replied Celicour; it is plain and fimple nature.'- 'So much the better! there is the true talent. And at what age did you feel yourfelf animated with this divine fire?'- 'Alas, Sir! I have

had fome sparks of it in the country,

but I never experienced there this lively and sudden heat which penetrates me at this instant.'—' It is the air of Paris,' faid Fintac. 'It is the air of your house,' faid Celicour: 'I am in the temple of the Muses.' The Connoisseur found that this young man had happy dispositions.

Agathe, the most beautiful little wag that love ever formed, loft not one word of this conversation; and certain fly looks, a certain smile which played on her lips, gave Celicour to understand, that she did not mistake the double meaning of his replies. 'I am greatly pleased with your father,' added the Connoisseur, for having sent you hi-' ther at an age when the mind is docile enough to receive right impressions; ' but guard yourself against bad. You will find at Paris more false connoisfeurs than good judges. Do not go and confult every body, but flick close to the instruction of a man who has never been miftaken in any thing.' Celicour, who did not imagine that one might praise one's felf with so much opennels, had the fimplicity to ask who that infallible man was. 'It is I, Sir!' replied Fintac, with a tone of confidence; 'I, who have passed my life with all the artists and literatiof greateft confideration; I, who for these ' forty years have exercised myself in diftinguishing, in things both of fancy and of tafte, the real and permanent beauties, the beauties of mode and of convention. I say it, because it is well known; and there is no vanity ' in agreeing to a known fact."

Extraordinary as this language was, Celicour hardly paid any attention to it, which was engaged by an object more interesting. Agathe had sometimes deigned to lift up her eyes upon him, and those eyes seemed to tell him the most obliging things in the world: but was it their natural vivacity, or the pleasure of seeing their triumph, that animated them? That was a point to be cleared up. Celicour therefore begged the Connoisseur to allow him the honour of visiting him often, and Fintac himself pressed him to it.





Plate.VL

Riblished as the Act directs by Harrison & C. Nov. 25. 1781.

On his fecond visit, the young man was obliged to wait till the Connoisseur was visible, and to pass a quarter of an hour tête-à-tête with the lovely niece. She made him many excuses; and he replied, that there was no occasion for them. 'Sir,' said Agathe to him, 'my uncle is charmed with you.'—'That is a very pleasing piece of success to me; but, Madam, there is one which would touch me still more.'- ' My uncle fays you are formed to succeed in every thing.'- 'Ah! why do not you think the same?'- I am pretty often of my uncle's opinion.'- Affift me, then, to merit his kindness.'-You feem to me to want no affiftance.' · Pardon me; I know that great men have, almost all of them, their fingularities, sometimes even weaknesses. ' To flatter their tastes, their opinions, their temper, one must know them; to know them, one must study them; and, if you please, beautiful Agathe, you can abridge that study for me. After all, what is the point? To gain the good-will of your uncle! Nothing in the world is more innocent. — Is it the custom, then, inthe country, to come to an under-standing with the nieces, in order to succeed with the uncles? That is very dexterous, indeed!'- Nothing in it but what is very natural.'- But if my uncle had, as you fay, fingularities and foibles, must I tell you of them? - Why not? would you suspect me of wanting to make an ill use of them?' well; his niece ought to wish that one should endeavour to please him. He is past the time of life in which we correct ourselves; nothing remains then but to manage him.'- An admirable remover of scruples!'- 'Ah! you would not have any if you knew me better; but no, you have dissem-bled. — Truly, I see the gentleman for the second time; how can I have any secrets from him?'- I am indiscreet, I confess, and I ask you pardon.'- No, it is I who have been wrong, to let you fancy the thing more ferious than it is. The fact is this : my uncle is a good man, and would never have pretended to any thing more, if they had not put it into his head to know every thing, to judge of arts and letters, to be the guide, esti-mator, and arbiter of talents. That

hurts nobody; but it draws a crowd of blockheads to our house, whom my uncle protects, and with whom he shares the ridicule of being a wit. It were much to be wished, for his own ease, that he would abandon this chimera; for the publick seem to have made it their business never to be of his opinion, and we have every day some new scene.'—'You afflict me.'

You are now in possession of all the secrets of the family, and we have nothing more to conceal from you.' Just as she sinished, word was brought to Celicour that the Connoisseur was visible.

The study, into which he was introduced, announced the multiplicity of his studies and the variety of his knowledge: the floor was covered with folios, piled up on one another in the utmost confufion; rolls of prints, maps lying open, and manuscripts jumbled together; on a table, a Tacitus open near a sepulchral lamp furrounded by antique medals; farther off, a telescope on it's carriage, the sketch of a picture on the easel, a model of bas-relief in wax, fcraps of natural history; and in the fret-work of the cieling, a representation of books picture iquely overturned. The young man knew not where to fet his foot, and his embarrassment gave the Connoisseur infinite pleasure. give, ' faid he to him, ' the confusion in which you find me: this is my fludy; I have occasion for all these things at hand; but do not imagine that the same disorder reigns in my head; every thing there is in it's place; the variety, nay, the number itself, causes no confusion there.'- 'Wonderful!' Celicour, who knew not what he faid, for his thoughts were fill on Agathe. Oh, very wonderfuil' replied Fintac, and I am often furprized myfelf when I reflect on the mechanism of the memory, and the manner in which the ideas class and arrange themselves as fast as they arise: it seems as if there were drawers for every different kind of knowledge. For example, across that multitude of things which had passed through my imagination, who will explain to me how I came to retrace in my memory, to a given point, what I had read formerly on the return of the comet? for you are to know, that it was I who gave the watch-word to our aftronomers.'-

You Sir?'- They never thought of it; and, but for me, the comet had passed incognito over our horizon. I have not boasted of it, as you may plainly see: I tell it you in confidence. — And why suffer yourself to be deprived of the glory of io importanta piece of intelligence ?'- Good! I should never have done if I were to lay claim to all that they steal from me. In general, my lad, take it for granted, that a folution, a discovery, a piece of poetry, of painting, or of eloquence, belong not, fo much as is imagined, to the person who takes the credit of it to himself. But what is the object of a Connoisseur! To encourage talents at the fame time that he enlightens them. Whether the thought of this bas-relief, the dispofition of this picture, the beauties of the parts, or the whole of this play, be the artist's or mine, is matter of indifference to the progress of the art; now that is all my concern. come, I tell them my thought: they Iisten to me, they make their advantage of it. It is excellent. I am recompensed when they have succeeded.' ' Nothing finer,' faid Celicour: ' the Arts ought to regard you as their Apollo. And does Mademoiselle Agathe condescend to be also their muse?'- No; my niece is a madcap, whom I want to bring up with care; but the has no tafte for fludy. I had engaged her to cast her eye over hiftory; shereturned me my books, faying that it was not worth while to read, for the fake of feeing in all ages illustrious madmen and rogues sporting with a crowd of fools. I wanted to try if the had a greater tafte for eloquence; she pretended that Cicero, Demosthenes, &c. were only dexterous jugglers; and when one had good reafons, there was no need of fo many words. For morality, she maintains that she knows it all by heart, and that Lucas, her foster-father, is as wise as Socrates. There is nothing, therefore, but poetry that amuses her fometimes; and then the prefers fables to the more fublime poems, and tells you plainly that the had rather hear Fontaine's animals speak, than the heroes of Virgil and Homer. In a word, the is at eighteen as much a child as at twelve: and in the midft of the most serious, the most interesting

conversations, you would be surprized to see her amusing herself with a trifle, or growing dull the moment one would captivate her attention. Celicour, laughing within himself, took leave of M. De Fintac, who did him the favour to ask him to dine with him the next day.

The young man was so transported, that he slept not that night. To dine with Agathe! it was the happiest day of his life. He arrives, and by his beauty, by his youth, by the air of serenity disfused over his countenance, one might have imagined they saw Apollo, if Fintac's Parnassus had been better composed; but as he wanted none but dependents and flatterers, he drew to his house only such persons as were sit

to be fo.

He introduced Celicour to them as a young poet of the greatest expectation, and made him take his place at table at his right-hand. From that moment, behold all the eyes of envy fixed upon him. Each of the guests thought he saw his own place usurped, and swore in the bottom of their fouls to take revenge on him by decrying the first work he should publish. In the mean time Celicour was graciously received, careffed by all these gentlemen, and took them from that instant for the most honest people in the world. A new-comer excited emula-tion; Wit hoisted all her fails; they judged the republick of letters; and as it is just to mingle commendation with criticism, they praised generously all the dead, and tore in pieces the living; the present company always excepted. All the new works, which had succeeded without paffing under the inspection of Fintac, could but have their day, and that a short one; all those to which he had given the feal of his approbation, were to attain to immortality, whatever the present age thought of them. They ran through all kinds of literature; and in order to give more scope to erudition and criticism, they brought on the carpet this entirely new question, viz. 'Which merited the preference, 'Corneille or Racine?' They faid affo on the subject the finest things in the world; when the little niece, who had not spoke a word, took it into her head to alk simply which of the two fruits, the orange or the peach, had the most exquisite taste, and merited the mott commendation. Her uncle blushed at

her simplicity, and the guests all looked down, without deigning to reply to this idle foolery. 'Niece,' faid Fintac, 'at your age one should hear and hold one's tongue.' Agathe, with an imperceptible half-smile, looked at Celicour, who had understood her perfectly well, and whose glance consoled her for the contempt of the company. I for got to mention that he was placed oppolite to her, and you may ealily ima-gine that he listened very little to what was faid around him. But the Connoiffeur, who examined his countenance, perceived in it a very extraordinary fire. See, faid he to his geniusses, ' see ' how talent pierces.'- 'Yes,' replied one of them, 'we fee it transpire like water through the pores of an eolipyle. Fintac, taking Celicour by the hand, faid to him, 'There is a comparison now! Poetry and philosophy blended together! It is thus that the talents border on each other, and that the ' Muses join hands. Confess,' continued he, 'that fuch dinners are not found in your country-towns; and you fee nothing: there are days, when these gentlemen have even a hundred times more wit.'- 'It would be hard not to have it,' faid one of them; we are at the fountain-head, et pur-' pureo bibimus ore nectar.'- 'Ah! purpureo!' replied Fintac, modeltly, you do me a great deal of honour.'-' Hark, young man, learn to quote.' The young man was all the while very attentive to catch Agathe's looks, ho on her fide thought him very handsome.

On rifing from table, they went to walk in the garden, where the Connoiffeur had taken care to get together the rare plants from all quarters. He had, among other wonders, a particoloured cabbage, which drew the admiration of naturalitts. It's folds, it's festoon, the mixture of it's colours, was the most attonishing thing in the world. Let them show, faid Fintac, 'a foreign plant, which Nature hath taken the trouble to form with more labour and delicacy. It is for the fake of avenging Europe on the prejudice of certain virtuofi, in favour of every thing that comes from the Indies and the new world, that I have preserved ' this fine cabbage.'

While they were admiring this prodigy, Agathe and Celicour had joined each other, as it were, without intending it, in a neighbouring walk. 'Beautiful Agathe!' faid the young man, fhewing her a rose, 'would you let this 'flower die on the stalk?'—'Where, then, would you have it die?'—'Where ' I would die myfelf.' Agathe blufhed at this answer; and in that instant her uncle, with two wits, came and feated themselves in an adjacent arbour, from whence, without being perceived, he could overhear them. 'If it is true,' could overhear them. 'If it is true,' continued Celicour, 'that fouls pass from one body into another, I wifh after my death to be fuch a rose as If any profane hand advances to gather me, I will conceal myfelf amid the prickles; but if some charming nymph deigns to cast her eyes on me, I will lean towards her, expand my bosom, exhale my perfumes, min .gle them with her breath; and the defire of pleasing her shall animate my colours.'- 'Very well; you will do fo much, that you will be plucked off your stalk, and the moment after you will be no more.'- 'Ah, Madam! do you confider as nothing the happiness of being one moment- His eyes finished saying what his mouth had ber gun. 'And I,' said Agathe, disguising her confusion, 'if I had my choice, would wish to be changed into a dove. which is gentlene's and innocence itfelf.'- Add to thefe, tenderness and fidelity: yes, beautiful Agathe, the choice is worthy of vou. The dove is the bird of Venus; Venus would diftinguish you among your fellows; you would be the ornament of her car: Love would repote himself on your wings, or rather, he would cherish you in his bosom. It would be from his divine mouth that your bill would take ambrofia.' Agathe interrupted him, faying, that he carried his fiction too far. 'One word more,' faid Celicour: 'a dove has a mate; it it depended on you to chuse yours, what kind of a foul would you give him?'- 'That of a fhe-friend,' replied fhe. At thefe words C-licour looked on her with two eyes, in which were painted love, reproach, and grief.

"Very well! faid the uncle, getting up: 'very well! there, now, is fine and good poetry for you. The image of this role is of a freshness worthy Van-huysum; that of the dove is a little picture of Boucher, the freshest, the most gallant in the world, ut picture

poefis.

Courage, my lad, courage! the allegory is extremely well supported; we shall make something of you. Agathe, I have been pretty well pleafed with your dialogue, and here is M. De Lexergue, who is as much fur-prifed at it as I.'- It is certain,' faid M. De Lexergue, 'that there is in Miss's language something Anacreontick : it is the impression of her uncle's taste; he fays nothing which is not stamped with the mark of found antiquity.' M. Lucide found in Celicour's fictions the molle atque facetum. ' We must conclude this little scene,' said Fintac; " we must put it into verse; it will be one of the prettiest things we have ever seen. Celicour said, that in order to compleat it, he stood in need of Agathe's affiftance; and, that the dialogue might have more ease and freedom in it, they thought it right to leave them alone. 'To the dove, your mate, the foul of a she-friend!' resumed Celi-. Ah, beautiful Agathe! is your · heart made only for friendship? Is it for that Love has delighted to affemble in you fo many charms?'—' There, 'now,' faid Agathe, finiling, 'is the dialogue excellently renewed. I have · but to take the reply: there is matter enough to carry us a great way.'If you please,' said Celicour, 'it is eafy to abridge it.'- Let us talk of · fomethingelfe, interrupted fhe. 'Did the dinner amuse you?'-'I heard there · but one fingle word full of fense and · refinement, which they had the folly to take for a simple question; all the rest escaped me. My foul was not at " my ear.' - ' It was very happy!'-· Ah, very happy! for it was in my eyes.'- If I pleased, I might pretend not to hear, or not to understand you; but I never put on disguise. think it very natural, then, under fa-vour of our wits, for you to take more pleasure in looking at me than in listening to them; and I confess to you, in my turn, that I am not forry at having one to speak to me, though it were only by his eyes, in order to fave me from the spleen that they gave me. Now, then, we are to come to a right understanding, and we shall amuse ourselves, for we have originals, entertaining enough in their For example, this M. Lucide kind. thinks he always fees in things what nobody else has perceived in them.

" He feems as if Nature had told her fecret in his ears; but every body is not worthy to know what he thinks. He chuses in a circle a privileged confident. This is commonly the most distinguished person; he leans mysteriously towards that person, and whispers his opinion .- As for M. De Lexergue, he is a scholar of the first class: full of contempt for every thing modern, he esteems things by the number of ages. He would chuse even that a young woman should have the air of antiquity, and he honours me with his attention, because he thinks I have the profile of the Empress Popæa .- In the groupe which you fee below there, is an upright starch man, who make pretty little nothings; but does not know what he means by them. He demands a day for reading; he names his au-ditory himself; he requires that the gate should be shut against every profane person; he arrives on his tip-toes, places himself before a table between two flambeaus; draws mysteriously out of his pocket a rose-coloured porte folio; throws around him a gracious look, which demands filence; announces a little romance of his own making, which has had the good fortune to please some persons of confideration; reads it deliberately, in order to be the better tasted; and goes quite to the end, without perceiving that every body yawns at him.—
That little fidgeting man near him, fo full of gesticulation, excites a pity in me which I am not able to express. Wit is to him like those sneezings which are going to come, but never do come. We see him dying with the defire of faying fine things; he has them at his tongue's end; but they feem to escape him at the moment he is going to catch them. Ah, he is a man much to be pitied!—That dry and tall man, who walks alone apart from them, is the most thoughtful and most empty person I know: because he has a bob-wig, and the va-pours, he thinks himself an English philosopher; he grows heavy on the wing of a fly, and is so obscure in his ideas, that one is fometimes tempted to think him profound."

While Agathe's wit was exercising itself on these characters, Celicour had his eyes fixed on hers. 'Ah!' said he, that your uncle, who knows so many

things, should know so little of his inice's understanding! he represents you as a child!—'Oh, to be sure! and these gentlemen all consider me as such. Accordingly they put no restraint upon themselves, and the absurdity of wit is with me quite at it's ease. Do not go and betray me now.'—'Never fear; but we must, beautiful Agathe, cement our understanding by stricter ties than those of friendship.'—'You do injustice to friendship,' replied Agathe; there is something sweeter, perhaps; but there is nothing more solid.'

At these words they came to interrupt them, and the Connoisseur walking a-long with Celicour, asked him if the dialogue with his niece had been cleverly refumed. 'It is not precifely what I wanted,' faid the young man; 'but I will endeavour to supply it.'- I am forry, fays Fintack, that we interrupted you. Nothing is fo difficult as to recover the natural thread, when once we let it escape. This giddy girl has not caught your iden. She has sometimes lights; but all on a sudden they vanish. I hope, at least, that marriage will form her.'- You think, then, of marrying her?' demanded Celicour, with a faultering voice. 'Yes,' replied Fintack, ' and I depend upon you for the worthy celebration of that festi-' val. You have seen M. De Lexergue; he is a man of great fente and profound erudition. It is to him that I give my niece.' If Fintack had obferved Celicour's countenance, he would have feen it grow pale at this news. 'A ' man so serious, and so full of appli-' cation, as M. De Lexergue, has need,' continued he, ' of something to dissipate him. He is rich; he has taken a liking to this girl, and in a week's time he is to marry her; but he exacts the greatest secrely, and my niece herself knows nothing of it yet. As for you, it is highly necessary that you should be initiated into the mystery of an union which you are to celebrate. Hymen! 6 Hymenæe! you understand me. It is an epithalamium that I alk of you; and here, now, is an opportunity to fignalize yourself.'- 'Ah, Sir!- 'No modesty it smothers ' No modesty; it smothers all talents.'- 'Excuse me.'- 'You shall execute it: it is a piece in your own way, and which will do you a great deal of honour. My niece is

young and handsome, and with an magination and foul, one is not exhausted on such a subject. With respect to the husband, I have already told you he is an extraordinary man. Nobody so knowing in antiques. He has a cabinet of medals which he values at forty thousand crowns. He was even going to see the ruins of Herculaneum, and was very near making a voyage to Palmyra. fee how many images all this presents to poetry. But you are ruminating upon it already; yes, I fee on your countenance that profound meditation which hatches the buds of genius, and disposes them to fruitfulness. Go, then; go, and profit of such precious moments. I am going also to

bury myself in study. Seized with confernation at what he had just heard, Celicour burned with impatience to fee Agathe again. next day he made a pretence to go and confult the Connoisseur; and before he went into his study, he asked if the was to be feen. ' Ah, Mademoiselle!' said he to her, 'you see a man driven to de-'spair.'-' What ails you?'-' I am undone; you are to marry M. De Lexergue.'—' Who has told you that ftory?'- 'Who! M. De Fintack himself.'- 'Seriously?'- 'He has charged me to write your epithalamium. Very well, will it be a pretty one? You laugh! you think it charming to have M. De Lexergue for a huf-band!'-' Oh, very charming!'Ah! at least, cruel maid, in pity to me who adore you, and who am to lose you! Agathe interrupted him as he fell on his knees. 'Confels,' faid the to him, that these moments of distraction are convenient for a declaration: as the person that makes it is not himself, so she who hears him dares not complain; and, by favour of this diforder, love thinks it may risk every thing. But, softly; moderate yourself, and let us see what distracts you. — Your tranquillity, cruel as you are. — You would have me afflict myfelf, then, at a misfortune which I am not afraid of ?'- ' I tell you, that it is determined that you shall marry M. De Lexergue. How would you have them determine, without me, on that which, without me, cannot be put in execution 2'- But if your uncle has given his word?'-

If he has given it, he shall retract it.'

- How, would you have the courage!'

- The courage of not saying Yes! a fine effort of resolution! — Ah, I am at the summit of joy! — And your joy is a folly as well as your grief.'— You will not be M. De Lexergue's! — You will not be M. De Lexergue's! — You will be mine.'— O, to be sure! there is no medium; and every woman who will not be his wife will be yours, that is clear! Indeed, you argue like a country poet. Go, go see my uncle; and take care that he has no suspicion of the information that you have given me."

wardnes?' faid the Connoisseur to him, as soon as he came into his presence. 'I have the plan in my head.'

Let us see!'—'I have taken the allegory of Time espousing Truth.'—'The thought is beautiful; but it is gloomy; and, besides, Time is very old.'—'M. De Lexergue is an antiquary.'—'True; but we do not love to be told that we are as old as Time.'—'Would you like the nuptials of Venus and Vulcan better?'—'Vulcan!'On account of bronzes and medals.'No: the adventure of Mars is too disagreeable. You will find out, on consideration, some thought still more happy.—But à-propos of Vulcan, will you come this evening with us to see the essay of an artificer whom I protect? It is some Chinese rockets, of which I have given him the composition: I have even added something to it; for I must always put in something of my own.' Celicour doubted not but Agathe would be of the party, and re-

happy.—But à-propos of Vulcan, will you come this evening with us to see the essay of an artificer whom I protect? It is some Chinese rockets, of which I have given him the composition: I have even added something to it; for I must always put in something of my own. Celicour doubted not but Agathe would be of the party, and repaired thisher with eagerness.

The spectators were seated; Fintack and his niece took up one window, and there remained on Agathe's side a small space, which he had contrived to seave vacant. Celicour slose timorously into it, and leaped with joy on seeing himself so near Agathe. The uncle's eyes were attentive to follow the slight of the rockets; Celicour's were fixed upon the niece. The stars might have fallen from the heavens, and not have disturbed him. His hand met on the side of the window a hand softer than the down of slowers; a trembling seized him, which Agathe must have perceived. The hand he touched searce made a motion to withdraw itself; his made one to retain it:

Agathe's eyes turned upon him, and met his, which asked for pardon. She perceived that the thould afflict him by withdrawing that dear hand, and, whether through weakness or pity, she thought proper to leave it immoveable. This was a great deal, but not quite enough; Agathe's hand was shut, and Celicour's could not clasp it. Love inspired him with the courage to open it. Gods! what was his furprize and joy, when he found her yield insensibly to this soft violence! He holds Agathe's hand open in his—he presses it amorously—conceive his felicity! It is not yet perfect : the hand he preffes replies not to his; he draws it towards him, inclines towards her, and dares to rest it on his heart, which advances to meet it. It wants to get from him, he stops it, he holds it captive; and love knows with what rapidity his heart beats under this timid hand. This was as a loadstone to her. O triumph! O rapture! It is no longer Celicour that preffes it; it is the hand itself that answers the beatings of Celicour's heart. Those who have never loved have never known this emotion; and even those who have loved have never tasted it but once. Their looks were mingled with that touching languor which is the sweetest of all declarations, when the branch of the fireworks displayed itself in the air. Then Agathe's hand made a new effort to impress itself on the heart of Celicour; and while around them they applauded the glittering beauty of the rockets, our lovers, taken up with themselves, expressed, by burning sighs, the regret of separation. Such was this dumb scene, worthy to be cited among the examples

of eloquent filence.

From this moment their hearts understanding each other, there was no longer any secret between them; both tasted, for the first time, the pleasure of loving; and this blossom of sensibility is the parest essence of the soul. But love, which takes the complexion of characters, was timid and serious in Celicour; lively, joyous, and waggish, in Agathe.

However, the day appointed for informing her of her marriage with M. De Lexergue arrives. The antiquary comes to fee her, finds her alone, and makes her a declaration of his love, founded on the confent of her uncle.

4 I know, faid the, raillying, that

you

'you love me in profile; but for me,
I should like a husband that I could
love in front; and, to speak frankly,
you are not the thing for me. You
have, you say, my uncle's consent,
but you shall not marry me without
my own; and I believe I may assure
you that you will not have it as long
as I live. In vain did Lexergue protest to her that she united in her eyes
more charms than the Venus De Medicis; Agathe wished him antique Venuses, and assured him that she was not
one. You have your choice, said she
to him, to expose me to displease my
uncle, or to spare me that chagrin.
You will afflict me in charging me
with the rupture, you will oblige me
by taking it upon yourself; and the
best thing we can do when we are not
loved, is to endeavour not to be hated.
And so your very humble servant.

The antiquary was mortally offended at Agathe's refusal; but out of pride he would have concealed it, if the reproach cast upon him of failing in his word had not extorted the confession from him. Fintack, whose authority and considera-tion were now brought into question, was enraged at the opposition of his niece, and did all that was possible to conquer it; but he never could draw from her any other answer but that the was no medal, and he concluded by telling her in his passion that she should never have any other busband. was not the only obstacle to the happiness of our lovers. Celicour could hope for only part of a small inheritance; and Agathe was entirely dependent on her uncle, who was now less than ever disposed to thrip himself of his wealth for her. In happier times he might have taken upon him their little family affairs; but after this refusal of Agathe's, it required a little miracle to engage him to it; and it was Love himself that wrought it.

'Flatter my uncle,' said Agathe to Celicour; 'intoxicate him with encomiums, and carefully conceal from him our love. For that purpose let us diligently avoid being found together, and content yourself with informing me of your conduct en passant.' Fintack dissembled not to Celicour his refentment against his niece. 'Can she have,' faid he, 'any secret inclination? If I knew it—But, no! she is a little fool, who loves nothing, and

feels nothing. Ah! if the reckons upon my inheritance, fhe is mistaken: I know better how to dispose of my favours.' The young man, terrified at the menaces of the uncle, took the first opportunity to inform the niece of it. She only raillied on the occasion. He is raving mad against you, my dear Agathe. — That is quite indifferent to me. — He says he will disinherit you. — Say as he says; gain his considence, and leave the rest to love and time. Celicour followed Agathe's advice, and at every com-mendation that he bestowed on Fintack, Fintack thought he discovered in him a new degree of merit. ' The juftness of understanding, the penetration of this young man, is without example at his age, faid he to his friends. At last, the confidence he placed in him was such, that he thought he could trust to him what he called the fecret of his life; this was a dramatick piece which he had composed, and which he had not had the resolution to read to any one, for fear of risking his reputation. After demanding an inviolable secresy, he appointed the time for reading it. At this news Agathe was transported with joy. 'This is well,' faid she; 'cou- rage! Redouble the dose of incense; good or bad, in your eyes this piece has no equal.

Fintack, tête-à-tête with the young man, after double-locking his study-door, drew out of a casket this precious manuscript, and read with enthusiasm the coldest, the most insipid comedy, that ever was written. It cost the young man a deal of mortification to applaud such flat stuff; but Agathe had recommended it to him. He applauded it, therefore, and the Connoisseur was transported. 'Confess,' said he to him, after reading it, 'confess that this is 'sine.'—'Oh, very fine!'—'Very well, it is time to tell you, then, why I have 'chosen you for my only consident. I have burned with desire this great while to see this piece on the stage, but I would not have it go under my name.' Celicour trembled at these words. 'I was unwilling to trust any body; but, in short, I think you worthy of this mark of my friendship: you shall present my work as your own; I will have nothing but the pleasure of the success, and I leave the glory of it to you.' The thought of imposing upon the

the publick would alone have terrified the young man, but that of feeing appear, and being damned under his name, fo contemptible a work, shocked him still more. Confounded at the proposal, he withstood it a long time; but his opposition was to no purpose. My seengages you in honour to grant me what I ask. It is indifferent to the publick whether the piece be yours or mine, and this friendly imposition can hurt nobody. My piece is my treasure; I make you a present of it: the very remotest posterity will know nothing of it. Here, then, your delicacy is spared every way: if, after this, you refuse to present this work as your own, I shall think that you do not like it, that you only deceive me in praising it, and that you are equal-Iy unworthy of my friendship and efteem.' What would not Agathe's lover resolve upon rather than incur the hatred of her uncle? He affured him, that he was only restrained by laudable motives, and asked twenty-four hours to determine. ' He has read it to me, faid he to Agathe. 'Well?'-' Well, 'it is execrable.'-' I thought fo.'-He wants me to bring it on the frage in my name.'- 'What ?'- 'To have s it pass for mine.'- Ah, Celicour, · Heaven be praised! have you accepted it?'- 'Not yet, but I shall be forced to it.'- 'So much the better !'-I tell you it is detestable.'- 'So much f the better.'- 'It will be damned.'-So much the better, I tell you; we must submit to every thing.' Celicour did not fleep that night for vexation; and the next day went to the uncle, and told him, that there was nothing which he would not fooner refolve upon than to displease him. I would not expose you rashly, said the Con-noisseur; copy out the piece with your own hand; you shall read it to our friends, who are excellent judges, and if they do not think the fuccefs f infallible, you shall not be bound to any thing. I require only one thing licour; and told him that they were of you; and that is to fludy it, in going into the pit to be the witnesses ration gave the young man some hope. They repaired thither; the piece was it I am, faid he to Agathe, to read the played; it did not go through, and the piece to his friends; if they think it first mark of impatience was given by bad, he excuses me from bringing it these good friends. ! put,'- They will think it good, and Fintack was in the house, trembling

' so much the better : we should be undone if they were to diflike it.'- 'Explain yourself.'- Get thee gone! they must not see us together.' the had foreseen came to pass. judges being affembled, the Connoisfeur announced this piece as a prodigy, and especially in a young poet. The young poet read his best, and, after Fintack's example, they were in extafies at every line, and applauded every fcene. At the conclusion they clapped and huzzaed; they discovered in it the delicacy of Aristophanes, the elegance of Plautus, the comic force of Terence, and they knew no piece of Moliere fit to be fet in competition with this. After this trial, there was no room to hefitate. The players were not of the same opinion with the wits; for they knew before-hand that these good people had no talte, but there was an order to perform the piece. Agathe, who had affifted at the reading, had applauded it with all her might; there were even pathetick passages at which she appeared to be moved, and her enthufialm for the work had a little reconciled her with the author. '. Could it be possible,' said Celicour to her, 'that you should have thought that good?'—' Excellent,' faid she; 'excellent for us!' and at these words she left him. While the piece was in rehearfal, Fintack ran from house to house to dispose the wits in favour of a young poet of fuch great expectation. At last the great day arrives, and the Connoisseur assembles his friends to dinner. Let us go, gentlemen, faid he, to support your own performance. You have judged the piece admirable, you have warranted the fuccefs, and your honour is concerned. As to me, you know how great my weakness is: I have the bowels of a father for all rifing geniuses, and I feel in as lively a manner as themselves the uneafinesses they fuffer in those terrible moments.

After dinner, the good friends of the Connoisseur tenderly embraced Ce-

was guiding ?

and pale as death; but all the time that the play lafted, this unhappy and tender father made incredible efforts to encourage the spectators to succour his child. In short, he saw it expire, and then sinking beneath his grief, dragged himself to his coach, confounded, dejected, and mormuring against Heaven for having been born in so barbarous an age. And where was poor Celicour? Alas! they had granted him the honours of a latticed box, where, fitting on thorns, he had feen what they called his piece, tottering in the first act, flumbling in the second, and tumbling in the third. Fintack had promised to go and take him up, but had forgot it. What was now to become of him? How escape through that multitude who would not fail to know him again, and to point him out with the finger? At last, seeing the front of the house empty, he took courage and descended; but the stove-rooms, the galleries, the stairs, were yet full; his consternation made him be taken notice of, and he heard on all fides, ' It is he without doubt ! yes, there he is ; that is he! Poor wretch! It is pity! he will do better another time. He perceived in a corner a groupe of damned authors cracking jests on their companions. He saw also the good friends of Fintack, who triumphed in his fall, and on feeing him, turned their backs upon him. Overwhelmed with confusion and grief, he repaired to the true author's, and his first care was to ask for Agathe: he had entire liberty of seeing her, for her uncle had shut himself up in his closet. 'I forewarned you of it : it is fallen, and fallen shamefully,' faid Celicour, throwing himself into a chair. So much the better,' faid Agathe. What, so much the better! when ' your lover is covered with shame, and makes himself, in order to please you, the talk and ridicule of all Paris? Ah! it is too much. No, Mademoiselle, it is no longer time to jest. I love you more than my life; but in the fate of humiliation in which you now fee me, I am capable of renouncing both life and yourself. I do not know how it has happened that the fecret has not escaped me. It is but ' little to expose myself to the contempt of the publick; your cruel uncle will abandon me! I know him, he will be the first to blush at seeing me again; and what I have done to obtain you,

perhaps, cuts off my hope for ever. Let him prepare, however, to refume his piece, or to give me your hand. There is hut one way to confole me, and to oblige me to filence. Heaven is my witness, that if through an impossibility, his work had succeeded, I thould have given to him the honour of it; it is fallen, and I hear the fhame; but it is an effort of love, for which you alone can be the recompence.'-It must be confessed,' faid the wicked Agathe, in order to irritate him still more, that it is a cruel thing to fee one's felf hiffed for another.'- 'Cruel to fuch a degree, that I would not play fuch a part for my own father.'-With what an air of contempt they fee a wretch pais along whose play is damned !'- The contempt is unjust, that is one comfort; but infolent pity, there is the mortification !'- ' I suppole you were greatly confused in coming down stairs! Did you salute the ladies?'- I could have wished ' to annihilate myself.'- ' Poor boy! and how will you date to appear in the world again?'- I will never appear again, I swear to you, but with the name of your hufband, or till after I have retorted on M. de Fintack the humiliation of this failure.'-You are resolved then to drive him to the wall?'- Fully refolved, do not doubt it. Let him determine this very evening. If he refuses me your hand, all the newfpapers shall publish that he is the author of the damned piece." ' And that is what I wanted,' faid Agathe with triumph; 'there is the 'object of all those so much the betters " which put you to much out of patience. · Go to my uncle; hold firm, and be affored that we shall be happy. Well, Sir, and what fay you to it?' demanded Celicour of the Connoisseur. I fay, my friend, that the publick is a flupid animal, and that we must re-nounce all labour for it. But confole nounce all labour for it.

nounce all labour for it. But confole yourself; your work does you honour in the opinion of men of taste.'

'My work! it is all yours.'—'Talk lower, I beseech you, my dear lad; talk lower!'—'It is very easy for you to moderate yourself, Sir; you, who have prudently saved yourself from the fall of your piece; but I whom it crushes—' 'Ah! do not think that such a fall does you any injury.

The more enlightened persons have discerned

sproclaim genius. No. Sir, I do not flatter myfelf; the piece is bad; I have purchased the right of speaking of it with freedom, and all the world are of the same opinion. If it had succeeded, I should have declared that it was yours; if it had been but partly condemned, I should have taken it upon myself; but so thorough a lamnation is above my frength, and I beg of you to take the burden upon yourself. - I, child! I, on my decline, incur this ridicule! To lose in one day a respect which is the work of forty years, and which forms the hope of my old age! would you have the cruelty to require it? — Have not you the cruelty to render me the victim of my complaifance? You know how much it has cost me. - I know all that I owe to you; but, my dear Celicour, you are young, you have time enough to take your revenge, and there needs but one inflance of fuccels to make you forget this misfortupe: in the name of friendship support it with constancy; I conjuse you with tears in my eyes! - I consent, Su; but I perceive too well the confe-uences of this first essay, to expose mosels to the prejudice which it leaves behind it: I renounce the theatre, poetry, the belles lettres- ' Well, ou are in the right; for a young man of your age there are many other objects of ambition.'- There is but one for me, Sir, and that depends on you. - Speak; there is no fervice which I would not do you: what do you Agathe's hand !- Yes, I adore her, and it was she, who to please you, made me confent to every thing that you defired. - My niece in the fe-cie - Yes, Sin - Ah t her gid-umers will perhaps - Hola! somebody; run to my niece, and bid ber come here. - Compose yourself : A.

gathe is less a child, less giddy, than the appears. — Ah! you make me tremble. — My dear Agathe, you know what has passed, and the misfortune which has just happened. — Yes, uncle. — Have you revealed this fatal fecret to any one? — To nobody in the world. — Can I thoroughly depend upon it? — Yes, I fivear to you. — Well, then, my children, let it die with us three: I ask it of you as I would alk my life .- Agathe, Celicour loves you; he renounces, out of friendship to me, the theatre, poetry, letters, and I owe him your hand as the price of so great a facrifice. — 'He is too well paid,' cried Celicour, seizing Agathe's hand. 'I marry an unsuccessful author!' said the imiling; but I engage to confole him for his misfortune. The worst of the matter is, that they deny him wit, and so many honest people are contented without it? And now, my dear uncle, while Celicour renounces the glory of being a poet, had not you as well renounce that of being a Connoisseur? You will be a great deal the easier. Agathe was interrupted by the arrival of Clement, the faithful valet of her uncle. 'Ah, Sir,' faid he quite out of breath, 'your friends! your good friends!'—' Well, Clement?'—' I was in the pit, they were all there.'—
'I know it. Did they applaud?'—' Applaud! the traitors ! If you had feen with what fury they mangled this unfortuna e young man. I beg. Sir, you would discharge me, if such people are ever to enter your house again. Ah! the rascals! scoundrels! faid Fintack. Yes, it is done, I will burn my books, and break off all commerce with these men of letters, - 'Keep your books for your amusement,' faid Agathe, embracing her uncle; and with respect to men of letters, wish to have none but your friends, and you will find some worthy of esteem.

THE SCHOOL OF FATHERS.

HE misfortune incident to a father, a employed in railing a fortune for his children, is not to be able to watch

might enve-

himself over their education, a point of still more confequence than their fortune. The young Timantes, called M. De Volny, had received from Nature an agreeable figure, an easy temper, a good heart; but, thanks to the cares of the good lady his mother, this happy disposition was foon spoiled, and the most agreeable child in the world at fix years old be-came a little coxcomb at fitteen. They gave him all the frivolous accomplishments, and not one of the ufeful: ufeful knowledge might be well enough for a man like his father, who had been obliged to labour to enrich himself; but he who found his fortune made, need only know how to enjoy it nobly. They only know how to enjoy it nobly. They had laid it down to him as a maxim, that he was never to live with his equals; accordingly, he faw none but young people, who being fuperior to him in birth, pardoned his being richer than they, provided he paid for their plea-fures. His father would not have had the complaifance to furnish supplies to his liberalities; but his mother did honour to them all. She was not ignorant, that at the age of nineteen be had, according to the genteel cultom, a little house and a handsome mistrels; one should pass over some things in him. She required only that he should observe a little fecrefy, for fear that Timantes, who did not know the world, should take it ill that his fon amused himself. If in the intervals of his labour the father shewed any uneafiness on account of the diffipated life which this young man led, the mother was at hand to justify him, and complaifant fallhoods were never wanting on occasion. Timantes had the pleasure to hear it faid, that nobody at the ball had danced like his fon. It is a great comfort, faid the good man, to have given one's felf for much trouble for a fon who dances well!" He did not conceive the neceffity of this little feignior's having lacqueys fo finely dreffed, and fuch a brilliant equipage; but his good lady wife represented to him, that respect depended on it, and that in order to succeed in the world, one must be on a certain footing. If he asked why his son came home so lare, It was, the told him, because women of quality do not go to bed fooner.' He did not think thefe reasons very good; but for the lake of peace, he was obliged to be contented with them. However, his fon gave a loofe to himself in the diffipations of his age, till love feemed to take pity of him, and to undertake his reformation.

His fifter Lucy had had, for time little time past, in her convent, a charifing companion. Angelica had loft her mother; and being too young to keep house, the had prevailed upon her sa hou to dispense with her, till he should dis-pose of her hand.

Conformity of age and condition, and still more that of tempers, foon united Angelica and Lucy. The latter, on wiping away the tears of her come inion, appeared for fentible of her loss. that Angelica no longer observed any reserve in the effusion of her grief. 1 have loft, faid the to her, the her " mother that ever lived. Since I have had the use of my reason, I have found in her a friend, and a friend to intimate, that if my heart and her virtues had not continually recalled to my mind the respect which I owed her, her familiarity would have made me forget it. She always difguiled her instructions under an air of merriment; and what inlitructions, my deas Lucy! those of wisdom itself. With what strokes was this world, in which I was to live, painted to my afformed eyes! What charms did the give to the pure and modelt manners, of which the was a living example! Ah, under her enchanting pencil all the Virtues became Graces! Thus did this amable daughter, speaking of her mother, continually mingle with the most tender regret the most rouching eulogies; but her understanding and her foul praised still more worthily the person who had formed them. If any one about her wanted those comforts which affluence bestows, Angelica deprived herself of them with joy; the facrifice cost her only the trouble of concealing them, and the want of obliging was the only want she knew. Do you think like me? faid the fometimes to Lucy; being more happy than our companions, that inequality mortifies me, and I blush for fortune, who has dif-tributed her gifts fo ill. If any thing makes the unhappy amends, it is that they are pitied and beloved; whereas to us, whom they might envy, they make it a favour if they do not have us. We ought, therefore, to be very attentive to make our companions forget, by beneficence and modelly, this dangerous advantage which we have over them.' Lucy, charmed with the disposition

of Angelica, could have wished to attach herself to her by all the bands of affection. 'My dear friend,' faid the to her one day, 'we touch, perhaps, on the moment when we may be separated for ever; this reflection is the fole unhappinels of my life; but I have one, if you did but approve of it I want to hew you my brother; he is beautiful as the day, a very picture, and well accomplished. - He is very young, faid Angelica, and very much in the world for his age! I am afraid your mother has been too fond of him.

Volny being come to fee Lucy, the prevailed upon her friend to accompany her to the parlour. Ah, my lifter, what charms! cried the young cox-comb. Never was so much beauty; what features, what a figure, what eyes! You in a convent, Mademoi-felle! It is robbery, treason!— I foresaw, said Lucy, that you would be transported; and yet her soul is a thousand times more beautiful. — Sister, she has the look of the Mar-chioness of Alcine, whom I handed yesterday out of the opera. They cry up the figure of the Counters of Flavell, whom I am to fup with this. evening; but there is no comparison between her person and this lady's; and though I am the intimate friend. of the young Madam De Blanes, who passes for the beauty of the day, I will lay a shouland to one that your, friend will eclipse her when the comes out into the world.

When Volny spoke thus, Angelica viewed him with eyes of pity. Sir, faid she to him, you can have no doubt but your praises are insults: for, know, that the first sentiment that a virtuous woman ought to in-fpire, is the fear of wounding her modesty, and that it is not permitted. to praise without reserve, any but perfons without shame. — There are
transports of surprize which we cannot matter, replied Volny, a little
confused. When respect accompanies them, it prevents them from breaking out. But I fee that I afflict my friend in appearing offended with your address to me: I will console her, and put you at your ease. Beautiful or not, I am so little vain of an endowment with which we are often very contemptible, that I give you leave to

' fay whatever you please before me : I will not have the vanity to blush at your praises. — One must be well accustomed, faid Volny, to be beautiful, and greatly superior to that advantage, to speak of it with so much negligence. As forme, I cannot per-suade myself that beauty is so contemptible; but fince you take the homages that are paid it so ill, we must adore it in filence. From that moment he talked of nothing but himself, his horses, his friends, his suppers, and his intrigues. Lucy, who had her eyes on Angelica, faw with grief that all this prejudiced Volny in her opinion.

'It is pity,' faid Angelica, when he was withdrawn, 'it is a great pity that they have spoiled him so early!—
Confess, however, said Lucy, that
he is made up of graces,— And
of follies, my dear friend.— He will correct them. - No, for that abfurdity succeeds at his age, and we are never disposed to correct ourselves of a fault which pleases. — But he has seen you, he will love you; and if he loves you, he will become wise. — You do not doubt that I wish it; but

I am far from hoping it.

Volny did not doubt that he had made a compleat conquest. My fifter was right, faid he, her friend is handlome! a little fingular; but her disposition is only the more lively for it. The only thing wanting in her is birth: my mother will have me marry fome young woman of quality. Let us wift her, however; this girl re-fembles nothing that we have in the great world, and the has at least suf-

ficient charms to amuse one. He went, therefore, to see his fister again, and with her he again faw Angelica. What have I done to you, faid he to Lucy, 'that you have dif'turbed my repose? I was so easy!
'I amused myself so cleverly before I
's faw your dangerous friend!—Ah, Ma'demoiselle, how inspid is the world, and it's amusements, how cold to a heart taken up with you! Who would have told me that I should have been jealous of my fifter? Mixed with the most brilliant company, solicited by all the pleasures, who could believe it? Yes, I wish to be in her place; the fees you continually, tells you that the loves you, and hears you fay that you love her.'- You have reason to envy my happiness; but, Volny, if you pleased, yours would be still more deserving of envy. At these words Angelica blushed. O Heaven, fister! what do I hear?'- I have faid too much. - No, my dear Lucy : in virtuous sentiments there is nothing to be concealed. Your fifter wishes that Heaven may have destined us for each other, and I cannot but be obliged to her. Nay, more; I flatter myfelf with being born to make a good man happy, and you might be such a man as my husband ought to be: you need only refemble your sister. — If that be all, I am happy; for they flatter me that I am very like her. — True, they flatter you; but I, who never flatter, affure you it is no luch thing. My Lucy is not vain either of the graces of her understanding, or her figure. — Ah! I protest, now, that nobody in the world is less vain than I; and if I have merit, I know nothing of it. - Nothing is more simple than Lucy's manners; she is Nature itself in all her candour. See, if in her behaviour, her language, her gesture, there is any thing affected, any thing studied. — She is like me: for the fake of avoiding affectation, I often fall into negligence; I am told of it every day. Lucy makes no pretentions to any thing : wholly taken up with the recommendation of others, herfelf is the only person she forgets. And I, whatever talents Nature may have given me, do they see me vain of them, or presume upon them? All the world says, that I excel in every circumfrance of the agreeable; I alone never mention it. Ah! if it be modesty and simplicity which you love in my sister, I am very fure that you will love me: these are my favourite virtues. "Would they were!" said Angelica. However, if you have any defign of ever pleasing me, I advise you to examine wourself more closely." to examine yourfelf more closely.

'You have given him,' faid Lucy,
a lesson which he will not forget.'—
No; for he has forgot it already.'
Angelica was in the right. All that he had drawn from their conversation was, that she liked him, and that she would be very glad to be his wife. 'With what frankness,' said he, 'did she make the declaration to me! How well that candour becomes beauty!'
Whether vanity or passion, he was real-

ly moved by it; but this growing paffion, if it was one, had no effect upon
his manners. Intoxicated with the incense of his flatterers, agreeably deceived by a young enchantress; he forgot
that they sold him the pains which they
took to please him; and his vanity, caressed by the Pleasures, smiled carelessly
upon them. This voluptuous softness
is the most fatal languor into which a
young man can be plunged. Every
thing, except that, is painful to him;
the lightest duties are fatiguing; decorums the least austere, dull and troublesome; he is not at his ease, but in
that state of indolence and liberty, where
every thing obeys him, nothing constrains him.

Sometimes the image of Angelica pre-fented itself to him like a dream. She is charming, faid he; but what shall I do with her? Nothing is more inconvenient than a delicate and faithful wife to a hulband who is not fo. My father would expect that I should live only for my wife. There would be love, jealoufy, reproaches, tears; horrible! However, I will see her again." Lucy came alone this time. " Well, Lucy came alone this time. "Well, how does the like me? — A great deal too well. — I thought fo. — Too well as to figure. That advantage makes you neglect, the fays, more amiable qualities, which you would fland in need of without it. "This Angelica of yours moralizes a little, and it is pity. Tell her that nothing is more dull, and that so pretty a mouth as her's is not made to talk reason. — It is not she, faid Lucy; it is you whom I would correct. And of what, pray; of loving pleafure. that of possessing the heart of a virtu-ous and beautiful woman; of loving, and of being loved? I believe that you are affectionate. Angelica bas fenfibility; every thing that belongs to me is dear to her, but But fhe is very difficult, and what is it she requires?"—" Morals."—" Morals at my age ! and who has told her that I have none?'—' I don't know; but the has conceived a prejudice against you that grieves me. — Ah, I will bring her to herself again. Bring her to me, fifter! bring her to me the first time I come to see you. It is to no purpose that men are discreet, faid he, as he was going away; women cannot be filent; and with whatever care I conceal my intrigues, the fecret will out. But what hurt does that do me? If Angelica will have a hufband who has always been chafte, the has nothing to do but to marry a fool or a child. Am I obliged to be faithful to a wife that is to be? Oh! I will make her see the folly of her no-tions. She appeared, and he was himself very much humbled, very much confounded, when he heard her speak with the eloquence of virtue and reason on the shame and danger of vice. Can you think, Sir, faid she to him, after having let him treat as flightly as he pleased the principles of good morals; can you think, without blushing, on the union of a pure and chafte foul with one tarnished and profaned by the most unworthy of all inclinations? Of what value in your eyes would a heart be, debased by the vices of which you are vain? and do you think us less sensible than yourself to the charms of virtue, modelty, and innocence? You have given yourfelf a difpensation from those laws which you have imposed upon us; but Nature and Reafon are more equitable than you. For me, I will never believe that a man can dare to love me while he loves things that are scandalous; and if he has had the misfortune to be unworthy of me before knowing me, it is by the pains he shall take to wipe away that blemish that I shall see whether I ought to forget it. Volny wanted to make her understand, that by changing condition we changed our conduct; that love, virtue, beauty, had numberless rights over a foul; and that the frivolous and transient pleasures which had before occupied that indolent foul, would disappear before an object more dear, and more worthy to possess . Have you faith, Sir, faid she, in these sudden revolutions? do you know that they suppose a soul naturally delicate and noble? that there are very few of this temper; and that it is not a good prefage of the change which you promife, to wait, in the very bolom of vice, the moment of becoming virtuous all on a fudden?

Volny, surprized and confounded at this serious language, contented himself with relling her, that in all this he flat-

tered himself there was nothing perfonal. ' Pardon me!' faid Angelica. 'I have heard much talk of you; I am besides pretty well acquainted with the way of life of the young men of fashion: you are rich, of very extenfive acquaintance; and, unless by a kind of prodigy, you must be more irregular than another. But the opinion which I have of you ought not to discourage you. You think you love me; I wish it : that perhaps will give you refolution and force to become a valuable man. You have a fine example; a father who, without all the accomplishments which you are fet off with, has acquired, by talents " useful to his country and himself, the highest reputation. There, now, is what I call an uncommon man; and when you shall become worthy of him, I shall be proud of being worthy of you.'

This discourse had thrown Volny into serious respections; but his friends came to draw him out of them. He was expected at a delicious supper, at which Fatime, Doris, and Chloe, were to assist. Their merriment was lively and brilliant, and if Volny's heart did not give itself up to it, at least his senses did.

We may easily judge, that in this pohite circle a ferious engagement passed for the highest extravagance. When a person's fortune is concerned,' faid they, "it is time enough, we refolve on it; but can a young man, born to a great fortune; can fuch a one be fool enough, or mad enough, to forge himfelf a chain? If he does not love his wife, the is a burden which he wantonly imposes upon himself; and if he loves her, what a fad method of pleasing himself is that of being her huband? Is there in all the world a more ridiculous creature than a loving husband? Suppose, also, that this should succeed, what then? They are pleased for fix months, to be dull all their lives. Ah, my dear Volny! no marriager you would be a loft man. If you have a fancy for any honest girl, wait till another marries her; they always come round to us fooner of later, and you will be happy in your furn. Would one believe that this unthinking young man thought these reflections very wife. And yet only lee, faid he, what empire virtue and beauty have over a foul, fince they make it forget the care of it's repose, and the value of it's liberty.'

He would fain not have feen Angelica again; but he was not well with himself, when he had passed a few days without seeing her. Such, nevertheless, is the attraction of libertinism, that on quitting that adorable young lady, penetrated, ravished, enchanted, with her wisdom and her charms, he plunged himself again into the dislipations, of which she had made him assamed.

It is possible, that it can be a happiness to a fon to lose his mother. Volny, at the death of his, thought he faw the fource of all his foolish expences dried up; but it did not even come into his head to renounce those things which had engaged him in them; and the only care with which he was taken up, was to supply the means which he had loft to support them. Being the only son of so rich a father, he could not fail to be rich in his turn; and a young man finds at Paris a pernicious facility of anticipat-ing his fortune. Timantes, now on his decline, wanted to repose himself from his long fatigues, and to engage his fon to take his place. 'Sir,' faid the young man to him, I do not think myself 6 born for that, - Well, my fon, would you rather take the profession of arms?' My inclination is not that way, and my birth does not oblige me to it.'-The law, without doubt, pleases you better?'- 'Oh, not at all! I have an invincible aversion for the law.'-What will you be, then?'- 'My mother had views of an office which confers nobility, which requires no duty, and might be discharged at Paris.'-I understand you, my son; I will think of it; an excellent vocation! Oh, I see !' said the good man in himfelf, that you would live an idle life; but I will hinder you if I can. An office which confers nobility, and requires no duty! very convenient. And why should I still wear myself out with labour and inquietude ? Let me repose, let me have no other care than that which I have taken up rather too late, the care of observing the conduct of a fon who promifes me nothing but forrow; for he who loves idleness, loves the vices of which idleness is

But what was the affliction of Timantes, when he learned that his son,

intoxicated with pride, and plunged in libertinism, gave into all kinds of irregularities; that he had miffresses and flatterers; that he gave shews and en-tertainments, and that he played at a rate sufficient to ruin him. 'It is my fault, faid Timantes, and I muft repair it; but how? The habit is contracted: the relish for vice has made great progress. Shall I confirmin this young man ? He will escape me. Shall difavow his expences and debts? That would be dishonouring myself; it would be extinguishing in his abafed foul the very feeds of honelty. To thut him up is still worse : thank Heaven! he is not come to that pals, as to merit that the laws should deprive him of the natural right of freedom; and there are none but unnatural parents who would be leverer towards their children than the laws. In the mean time he is running on to his ruin; what shall I do to draw him from the precipice on which I fee him? Let us go back to the fource of the evil. My riches have turned his head; born of a father without fortune, he had been like another, modest, laborious, and prudent; the remedy is eafy, and my course is taken.'

Timantes began from that time to fettle his wealth in fuch a manner as that it should be detached, independent, and free. Excepting his estate of Volny, and his town-house, his fortune was all in his porte-folio, and he took care to adjust matters with all his correspondents. Things being thus disposed, he returns home one day in consternation. His fon and his friends, who waited his coming to feat themselves at table, were struck with his dejection. One of them could not refrain from asking him the cause. 'You shall know it,' said he: let us make a little haste, if you please, to dine; I am taken up with ferious affairs.' They dined in profound filence; and Timantes, at their getting up from table, having taken leave of his guests, shut himself up with his son. Volny,' faid he to him, 'I have bad news to tell you, but you must support your misfortune with courage. My child, I am ruined! Two-thirds of my fortune are just taken on board two veffels; and the dishonetty of a person whom I trusted has deprived The defire of me of half the rest. leaving you a large fortune has undone X 2

me; happily, I owe but little, and out " will have her no longer on your own of the remains of my fortune I shall account; but you will always be good fave my leftate of Wolny, which is worth ewenty thousand livres a year: a terrible blow, but you are young, and you may rife under it. I have not rendered myfelf unworthy the confi-dence of my correspondents; my name will perhaps fill retain some credit in Europe pout I am too old to begin anewidand you must repair the miffortunes of your tather. I fet out in f greater difficulties than you will do; f and with probity, labour, and my m-Atructions, it is easy for you to go farther than I have done.'

Stol The fituation of a traveller, at whole feet the thunder has just fallen, is not to be compared to that of Volny. What, my father, ruined without resource !! You, my fon, are the only resource feleft me, and I have no longer any hope 4 but in you. Go, consult yourself, and leave me to take the measures

fuitable to our misfortune.

The news was foon made publick. The house at Paris was let; the equipages fold; a plain coach, a decent lodging, a frugal table, a family of ferwants fuitable to the necessities of a prudent way of living; every thing proclaimed this reverte of fortune, and it is unnecessary to fay that the number a of Fimantes's friends diminished consiairderably

an his accident of What is the matter?' faid one; they tell me your father is ruined l'et lt is too true. What old a folly ! Von have your little box, . . ance our wife and affectionate Angethen, no longer?'- Alas I no.'-I am very forry for it; I reckoned to deferved her interesting herself in my f have gone there to supper to morrow. f forrow ! when I might have done her Another accossed him, and faid, & Tell honour by facrifices, it was then that inea little how this is ; your fortune is . I should have rendered myself worthy fentirely ruinedit' It is at least re- f of her esteem and pity: now, that every duced to a very final matter. You one abandons me, my return, though thave a very fully father of your own! I have latting to me, has nothing flatter-Why the devil did he meddler you fing in it for her. While he was fpeak-1 5 would have been ruiped yourfelf ing thus, Angelica came of her own acinfiguite diffracted, faid a third; they teftified to him all her fentibility for his tell me that you have fold your fine loss. It is a great misfortune for f Hories & Alash yes de If I had if your father; added the; it is fo too kubwnity I would have hought them. for this dear girl; but it is perhaps a to What a fellow you are hyou never of happiness for you. It would be cruel

friends : take comfort, I know the foloves you ; the will behave well. Some of them faid to him as they went along, Adjeu, Volny !' and all the rest fhunned him.

As to his miffress, whom he had enriched, the was to afflicted that the had not the courage to fee him again. Spare me, writ the to him; you know my fenfibility; the fight of you would make too grievous an impression on me: I find myself unable to support it.' It was then, his foul pierced both by the cold flights of his friends, and the unworthy desertion of his mistres, that Volny, for the first time, saw the veil fall which he had over his eyes. Where have I been ?' faid he ; what have I done? how was I going to fpend my flife? Ah! what reproaches have I not merited; what wrongs have I not to repair? Let me go and fee my fifter,' added he; for he had not the courage to fay, ! Let me go and fee Angelica.

Lucy was overwhelmed with the news which her father had just told her. It is not for myfelf, faid the; 'I am content; and to be happy far from the world, but little is necessary; but you, my father, but Voiny! - What would you have, daughter? I was not f born in the opulence wherein I have feen myfelf. If my fon is prudent, he s will still have riches enough; if not, Those of Volny were touched with . he will have too much. Lucy's grief redoubled on feeing her brother. 'I have not the courage to confole you, faid fine; but I go to call to my affift. ' lica.'- Oh! no, fitter; I have hot think of your friends of I was taken to afflict you by reproaches, when we you confolations; but you may your little militels, was not it? You to draw from the loss of your wealth bield.

fings more valuable than that wealth itself. - I abused it; Heaven punishes me for it, but punishes me too cruelly f in depriving me of the hope of being hers whom I love. I was young; and I dare believe that, without this desperate lesson, time, love, and reafon, would have rendered me lefs unworthy of you. - I fee you dejectfed, faid the to him; tit is no longer from prefumption, it is from despondency that we must preserve you, and " what it would have been dangerous to confess to you in prosperity, you stand on need of knowing in advertity. Whef ther it was not poslible for me to think ill of the brother of my friend, or whether it was that you yourfelf had f inspired me with that prepossession which does not liften to reason, I thought I difceined in you, amidit all the errors and vices of your age, a difposition at bottom naturally good. Happily your past errors have nothing shameful in the eyes of the world : the path of honour and virtue is open to you, and it is more easy for you than ever to become such as I wish. As to fortune, the reverse which you have experienced is overwhelming. I shall not make you a panegyrick upon mediocrity: when we have known ourfelves rich, it is humiliating, it is hard, to cease to be so; but the evil is not without remedy. Conform yourself to your present fituation; emerge out of that indolent foftness in which you have been plunged; let the love of labour take place of the tafte for diffipaf tion; do all that depends on yourfelf, f if you love me, in order to re establish between us that equality of fortune required in mairiage. My father, ! who loves me, and who would not have me unhappy, will allow me, I hope, the liberty of waiting for you. f If in fix years your fortune is re-eftablished, or on the point of being reeftablished, all the obstacles will be fmoothed; if, with prudence, frugalifity, and labour, you have the misforf tune not to fucceed, I require then of f you, in the room of all riches, only to have consideration of your condition. I am an only daughter, very rich myfelf; I will caft myfelf at my father's feet, and obtain his permission to indemnify a valuable man for the injustice of Fortune. Lucy could no longer refrain from embracing Angeli-

ca. Ah, how justly art thou named !" faid the to her; there is nothing but a heavenly spirit that could be capable of fo much virtue. Volny, on his fide, in the tenderness and respect with which he was feized, applied his mouth, as he threw himfelf down, on the bar of the grate which Angelica's hand had touched. Mademaiselle, lesaid he to her, ' you render my misfortune dear to me; and I am going to employ my whole life to merit, if it be possible, the favours with which you overwhelm me. Permit me to come often, to derive from you the courage, the prudence, and the virtue, which I have need of in order to deferve you."

He retired, not such as heretofore, vain, and full of himself; but humbled. confounded, at having so little known the value of the most noble heart that Heaven had ever formed. He enters his father's closet. Your fortune is changed. faid he, but your fon is ftill more fo and I hope that one day you will blefs. Heaven for the reverse which restores me to my duty and to myfelf. Condescend to instruct and to direct me ; diligent, laborious, and docile, I am going to be the support and consolation of your old age, and you may dispose of me.' The good man, transported, diffembled his joy, and contented himself with commending such good dispositions. He presented his son to his correspondents, and demanded in his behalf their friendfhip and confidence. We pity, above all, unfortunate persons whom we efteem; and each of them, touched with the misfortune of this gallant man, made it a point to confole him.

Volny, who refumed the name of Timantes, had but few difficulties to encounter in his first operations: his dexterity, which at first was purely his father's, but which foon after became actually his own, made his credit vifibly increase. The moments of relaxation, which his father obliged him to take, he paffed with Angelica, and he felt a fenfible pleafure in telling her his progress. Angelica, who attributed partly to herfelf the wonderful change in her lover, enjoyed her own influence with the double fatisfaction of love and frendship. Lucy was in adoration of her, and ceased not to give her thanks for the happinels which the had procured them,

One day that her father came to fee. her, and teltified his fatisfaction at the confolution which his for gave him; Do you know, faid Lucy, to whom we are indebted for this reformation? to the mast beautiful, and most virtuous person breathing, to the only daughter of Alcimon, my companion and friend. She then related to him all that had passed. You melt me, faid the good man; I must know this charming girl. Angelica came, and received the commendations of Timantes with a modelly which still heightened her beauty. Sir,' faid fhe to him, .I depend on a fither; but it is true, that if he has the goodness to allow me to dispose of myself, and that you are fatisfied with your ion, I shall take a pride in becoming your daughter. My friendship for Lucy inspired me with the first defire of it; my respect for yourfelf still adds to it : your very miffortunes have only made me interest myfelf more in every thing that could make you amends for them; and if s the conduct of your fon is such as you with, and I defire, whether he be rich or not, the most honourable and the most agrecable use I can make of my fortune, is to share it with him.' this difcom fe the old man was very near Jetting his fecret escape him; but he had the prudence to contain himself. ' I did not think, Madam,' faid he, ' that it was possible to increase, in the foul of a father, the defire of feeing his fon a wife and virtuous man; but you and a new interest to that of paternal flore: I do not know what Heaven of will do with us; but in all the fitua-* tions of life, and till my last breath, be affured of my gratitude!" . That you should not have confided

to me,' faid he enfeeing his fon again,
the foll es of your youth, I am but
ittle furprized, and I pardon you for
it; but why conceal from me a virthous inclination? Why not confess
to your father your love for Angelica, the daughter of my old friend?'—
Alas!' faid the young man, ' have
you not misfortunes enough of your
own, without afflicting you with my
forrows? And who has revealed my
fecret to you?'—' Your fifter; Angelica herfelf: I am charmed with her,
I am in love with her, and I wish she
was my daughter.'—' Ah, I wish so
too! but how superior is her fortune

to mine! '—' In time you may come 'near it. Visit this lovely girl often.'
—'I visit orly her; and I have no other ambition in the world, than to be worthy of her and of you.'

Timantes felt an inexpressible fatisfaction at feeing daily the fuccels of the trial which he had put him to. He had the firmness to let him apply himself for five whole years, without relaxation, to the re-establishing of his fortune, detached from the world, and dividing his life between his compting-house and Angelica's parlour. At length, seeing his reformation become habit, and all the old seeds of vice extirpated, he went to visit Alcimon. 'My old friend,' faid he, 'you have, they tell me, a charming daughter; I come to propose for her an agreeable partner in point of condition, and advantageous in point of fortune. '- 'I am obliged to you,' faid Alcimon; ' but I tell you beforehand, that I would have a person of the same condition with myfelf, and who would take a pride in calling me his father; I have not laboured all my life to give my daughter a husband who may be ashamed of me.'—'The person I propose,' said Timantes, 'is precisely such a one as 'you like. He is rich, he is honest, he will always respect you.'—'What is he?'- 'I cannot tell you but at my own house, where I invite you to come and renew, over a bottle, a friendship of forty years. Do me the favour to bring Angelica there. My daughter, who is her companion in the convent, shall have the honour of accompanying her; you shall both of you fee the young man who demands her; and to put you more at your ease, he shall not know himself that I have spoke to you about him. The day appointed, Alcimon and Timantes go and fetch Angelica and Lucy; they arrive, they prepare to fit down at table; they find word to the fon, who, bufied in his office, expected nothing less than the happiness which was preparing for him. He enters; what is his surprize! Angelica there! Angelica with her father! What was he to think, what to hope, from this unforeseen rendezvous! Why had they made a fecret of it to him? Every thing feems to proplain his happiness to him, but his happiness is not probable. In this confusion of thoughts he lost the use of his senses. A Tudden

A fudden giddiness spread a cloud over his eyes; he wanted to speak, his voice failed him, and a low bow alone expressed to the father and the daughter how much he was moved with the honour his father and he received. His sister, who came to throw herself into his arms, gave him time to recover from his consustion. Never was embrace so tender. He thought he held in his bosom Angelica with Lucy, and he could

not separate himself from her.

At table, Timantes displayed an alacrity at which all the company were surprized. Alcimon, prepossessed with the demand which he had made him, and impatient to fee the young man whom he proposed arrive, freely gave himself up to the pleasure of finding himself again with his old friend; he had even the kindness to enter into conversation with the young Timantes. 'I see,' said he to him, ' that you are the comfort of your father. People talk of your application to business and your talents with great commendations; and fuch is the advantage of your condition, that a sensible and honest man cannot fail of success.'-Ah, my friend, replied the old Timantes, ' it requires a great deal of time to make one's fortune, and very little to ruin it! What a pity not to have mine to offer you! Instead of propoling to you a ffranger as a hulband to this amiable young lady, I thould have folicited that happiness for my fon. - I should have preferred him to every body else, faid Alcimon.—
Indeed! Aye, indeed. But you know where one is liable to have a numerous family, there should be " wherewithal to support it.'- If it depends only on that, faid Timantes, the case is not desperate, and we may On faying come to an agreement. these words he rose from table, and returning the moment after, 'There,' faid

he, ' fee, there is my porte-folio; it is yet pretty well furnished:' and observing Alcimon's furprize; "know," added he, that my ruin is all a fiction. This young man hath been spoiled by the notion that he was born rich : I knew no better method to reform him, than to make him believe that I was ruined. This feint has succeeded , he is now ' in a good way; I am even certain that he has no defire to relapfe again into the errors of his youth, and it is time to trust him. - Yes, my fon, I have all the wealth I had, augmented by five years favings, and the fruit of your labour.—It is for him, therefore, faid he to his friend, that I demand Angelica; and if there be occasion for any new motive to engage you to grant her to me, I will confess to you that he has feen her at the convent, that he has conceived for her the most tender love, and that this love has done more than ill fortune itself towards attaching him to his duties." While Timantes did but found the difposition of Angelica's father, she herfelf, her friend, and her lover, had felt only the emotion and anxiety of hope and fear; but at fight of the porte-folio, at the news that Timantes's ruin was but a feint, at the demand which he made himself of Angelica's hand for his fon, Lucy, all wild and befide her i felf, flew into the arms of her father; the young Timantes, still more confused, fell at Alcimon's knees; and Angelica, her countenance overspread with paleness, had not the power to lift up her eyes. Alcimon raised the young man with his embraces; and turning towards the old Timantes, My friend,' faid he to him, when we would contrive an agreeable furprize, we must take instruction from you. Come, you are a good father; and · your fon deserves to be happy.

was my daughter. - All, I with to

A smean love with her, and I will like, his managing to him, but his happing

sie earem, what is no turprace on too el. Angelies with her in

hand livery fluor learns to proof!

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ASIO

POLUME THE THIRD

V.O.I Drige fraces of mon." we are perpetually faying A * commerce of A to vectorable editions of e women, we are perpe-

tually faying to young men. Do we think we are following the plan of Nature, by making one fex the memy of the other? Are they formed only to hart each other? Are they deand to By one another? And what would be the first a there are the another and the area of the area of

exes frould take them fittently?

When Elifa quitted the convert to to could altar to elpoule the Maronia De-Volange, the war choroughly perunded that, next to a lover, the most Jud's saw sabum ni gniad sugaranab and. Brought up by one of thole relife devotees, whole melancholy imamention paints to itself all objects in sick, the faw nothing for her in the world but cocks, and norhing but mares marriage, Her foul, naturally delithe and simil, was immediately blaffd by fear ; and age had not yet given c her lendes the happy power of conthat T compant of opinion That very thing in marriage was to her bu-The first aff. dulating box gainful. luities of ther hutband, far from enouraging her, stanmed her the more It is thus," laid the, " that the men cover with flowers the chains of our havery. Flattery crojving-the victim : Pride foon prepares to facrifice it. He couldles my defires now, in order to oppore them eternally hereafter. He would penetrate into my beart, in brter to unfold all it's recenes ; and it

the discovers any tolble in me, it is by that year fulble shat he will take care to humble the with more afrantiage. Let us grand nurreives well against the

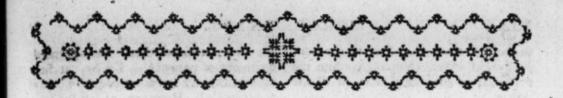
stares which they (posid feeles?) It is, ealy to forelas the bitternels and coldinals which this unbappy prejudice created on the fide of Bill's in their roof intrinate comprone . Volume perceived chovery manes which the had fordim. He would have endeavoured to have conquered in had be gueffed the cause; but the perfution that he was hated diffcouraged him cand in lonng the hope of pleature, it was natural anough for him

to loft the endeavour.

His frustion was the more paint of. as it was notice copolite to his characters Yolonge was quiety, gullastry, com-, platfance attelf. He had considered his morrisge as a jolly tellively restore their a ferious affair. He had taken a wife young and handloine, he we doole a divenity, an order to ranic strays to her ...

The world will store her? find then I therefore her clother in crumph L thalf have actions and arwaise the fire the petro. I that seligibehem all by homeges, and the inquiende ever and tached to jealouly, delicate and timid, finall preferve the lover of Ehla from the negligence of the hufband.

The impatient and distainful coldness of his wife demonstationalland. The more he was in love with her, the more he was hurt by the distance which she oblived towards him; and that love to tender and to pure, which would have formed his happinels, was like



MORAL TALES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE SYLPH-HUSBAND.

VOID the snares of men, we are perpetually saying to young women. 'A'void the seductions of women,' we are perpetually saying to young men. Do we think we are following the plan of Nature, by making one sex the enemy of the other? Are they formed only to hurt each other? Are they defined to sly one another? And what would be the fruits of these sessions if both sexes should take them literally?

When Elifa quitted the convent to go to the altar to espouse the Marquis De Volange, the was thoroughly perfunded that, next to a lover, the most dangerous being in nature was a hufband. Brought up by one of those reclufe devotees, whose melancholy imagination paints to itself all objects in black, the faw nothing for her in the world but rocks, and nothing but fnares in marriage. Her foul, naturally delicate and timid, was immediately blafted by fear; and age had not yet given to her senses the happy power of con-quering the ascendant of opinion. Thus every thing in marriage was to her hu-miliating and painful. The first assi-duities of her husband, far from encouraging her, alarmed her the more. It is thus,' faid she, ' that the men cover with flowers the chains of our flavery. Flattery crowns the victim; Pride foon prepares to facrifice it. confults my defires now, in order to oppose them eternally hereafter. He would penetrate into my heart, in or-

der to unfold all it's recesses; and if

he discovers any foible in me, it is by that very foible that he will take care

to humble me with more advantage.
Let us guard ourselves well against the

It is easy to foresee the bitterness and coldness which this unhappy prejudice created on the side of Elisa in their most intimate commerce. Volange perceived the repugnance which she had for him. He would have endeavoured to have conquered it, had he guessed the cause; but the persuasion that he was hated discouraged him; and in losing the hope of pleasing, it was natural enough for him to lose the endeavour.

His fituation was the more painful, as it was quite opposite to his character. Volange was gaiety, gallantry, complaifance itself. He had considered his marriage as a jolly festival, rather than a serious affair. He had taken a wife young and handsome, as we chuse a divinity, in order to raise altars to her. The world will adore her, faid he; I shall lead her thither in triumph. I shall have a thousand rivals; so much the better! I shall eclipse them all by my assiduities, my vows, and my homages; and the inquietude ever at tached to jealousy, delicate and timid, shall preserve the lover of Elisa from the negligences of the husband.

The impatient and disclainful coldness of his wife destroyed this illusion. The more he was in love with her, the more he was hurt by the distance which she observed towards him; and that love, so tender and so pure, which would have formed his happiness, was likely

to be his torment. But an innocent artifice, of which chance gave him the first idea, re-established him in all his

The fentibility of the foul must exert itself; and if it has not a real object, it creates a fantastick one. Elisa's repugnance was founded in a settled notion, that there was nothing in nature worthy to attach her. But she had found in siction something to engage, to move, to melt her. The sable of the Sylphs was in vogue. Some of those romances, in which is represented the delicious commerce of those spirits with mortals, had fallen into her hands; and these brilliant chimeras had in her eyes all the charms of truth.

In thort, Edifa believed in Sylphs, and burned with the defire of having one. We must be able at least to form to ourselves some notion of what we delire; and it is not easy to form a notion of a. spirit, Elisa had been obliged to attribute all the features of a man to the fylph which the defired. But for the manfion of a celestial foul, she had composed a body at pleasure; a shape, elegant and noble; a figure, animated, interesting, ingenious; a complexion, of a bloom and figure worthy of the fylph that prefides over the morning ftar; eyes fine, blue, and languishing; and I know not what of aerial in all the graces of his person. To all this she graces of his person. ad super-added a vesture, the lightest imaginable, formed of ribbands, colours the most tender, a tiffue of filk, almost transparent, in which the Zephyrs, sported; two wings like those of Cupid, of whom this beautiful fulph was the image: fuch was the chimera of Elifa; and her heart, seduced by her imagination, fighed after her own fiction.

It is natural, for our most familiar and most lively ideas to recur in sleep and the dreams of Elifa soon persuaded her that her chimera had some reality.

Volange, very sure that he was not

Volange, very fure that he was not heloved by his wife, had in vain obferved her with the eyes of jealoufy; he faw her with her own fex gay and gentle, easy and affable, and sometimes even with an air of friendship; but no man had yet met with such a reception from her as could alarm him. With that fex her countenance was severe, her air disdainful, her whole behaviour cold; she spoke little, scarce vouchsafed attention to what was said, and when

the did not feem tired, the appeared quite out of patience. To he, at her age, neither tender nor a coquette; inconceivable! However, at last she betrayed herself.

The opera of Zelindor, at it's first appearance, had the most brilliant success. Elifa was present at the representation in her own little box, with one of her women, for whom she had a great partiality. Justina was her confidente, and nothing attaches a timid soul so much as having once surmounted the difficulty of unbosoming itself. Elifa would fain have had this confidente of her weakness perpetually with her; and her little box at the theatre was so dear to her, only on account of the liberty it afforded them of being there together and alone.

Volange, who from the opposite side of the theatre observed all the movements of Elifa, saw her several times start at the sight of Zelindor, and talk to Justina with an air of passion.

A firange uneafiness possessed him; but in the evening, having found Justina a moment alone, " Your mistres," faid he, " feemed highly entertained at the play ?'- Ah, Sir ! The is diftractedly fond of it : Zelindor is her paffion. It feems to have been made on purpose for her. She is not recovered of the furprize into which the has been thrown by feeing her own dreams re-prefented. What I does your mifteefs dream of fuch things? - Alas! yes, Sir; and you are much to blame to reduce her to the pleasure of dreaming. Indeed, you are very happy, that, young and handsome as the is, the confines herfelf to the loving of fylphs, Sylphs lim! Yes, Sir, fylphs. But I am betraying her fecret. - You jost, Justing ? A fine jest, indeed! Indeed, Sir, it is a sname to live with her as you do. Ah! when I fee to young a lady, when the wakes, her complexion blooming, eyes languishing, with a mouth frasher than a rose, telling me, with a sigh, that she has just been happy in a dream, how I pity her, and how I hate you !-What do you mean? Your mistress had in her husband an uncommon lover; but the has returned the highest tenderness of love only with a coldness almost amounting to aversion. You fancy so, you have mistaken timidity for coldness; and that is always the

way with the men: they have no pity on a young woman. Why should you grow cool? Why not make use of your power over her? That is what has restrained me. I was unwilling to owe any thing to constraint, and I should have been much warmer in my inftances, had the been more free in lier reflicats; - Alas, poor gentleman! how good you are, with this delicacy of yours! You shall fee how vattly they are obliged to you for it! Hark'e, Juffina, a thought has just struck me, which, if you will but affift me, may reconcile us. - Elifa is in love with fylphs; I may personate a sylph in love with her. - And how will you make yourielf invitible?'- By viliting her only by night.'- Well, that is a good scheme enough. - 'It is not very new: more than one lover has availed himfelf of it; but Elifa does not expect it, and I am perfuaded will be deceived. The chief difficulty is the opening the first stage of the plot; but I depend on your address to furnish me with an occasion.'

An opportunity was not long in prefenting ittelf. ' Ah, Justina !' faid Elifa, the next day on waking, ' what happinels have I just enjoyed! I dreamed that I was under an arbour of roles, where the most beautiful of the celestial spirits sighed at my knees.'-How, Madam! spirits figh! and how was this beautiful ipirit made?'- It would be in vain for me to endeavour to describe what has not it's image among mankind. When the idea is effaced by my waking, I can scarce retrace it to myfelf."- But I may know, at least, what passed at your conference?" I do not know what; but I was transported, I heard a ravishing voice, drew in the sweetest perfumes, and at my waking all va-

Volange was informed of his wife's dream, and in her regrets he thought he faw the means of beginning to act the fylph towards her. At that time effence of roles was scarce known at Paris; Volange put into Justina's hands a finall phial of that precious elixir. To-morrow, faid he, before your miltres wakes, take care to perfume her bed with se

· O Heaven !' faid Elifs on waking, is it fill a dream? Come here, Justi-

na; fmell, and tell me what you fmell!" I, Madain? I fmell nothing. -You grow distracted, my dear mistress; pardon me for saying so. Your dreams might be passed over; but quite awake!—Indeed I do not conceive you. — You are right; nothing is more inconceivable. Leave me! draw the curtains. Ah! the finell is ftill more prevailing. - You alarm me ! - Hark'e! I told you yesterday, if I remember right, that I was forry that the dream of the arbour was diffipated, and that I was delighted with the fragrance I had breathed there. He has heard me, my dear Justina.'-'Who, Madam ?'-'Who! do not you know? You put me out of patience. Leave me! But he should know, as he is present, that it is not the flowers that I regret. Ah! how much sweeter was his voice! How much more did it touch my heart! And his features, his divine features ! Unavailing wishes! Alas! I shall never fee him. - Why really, Madam, there is no great probability. ' You throw me into despair : is it love to envy me, even to want to deftroy the most pleasing illusion? For that it is one, I must believe; I am not a child.—And yet this fragrance of the roles!—Yes, I perceive it, nothing is more real; and it is not now the feafon for those flowers.'- What would you have me fay to you, Madam? All the defire I have to pleafe you cannot make me believe a dream to be a reality. '- Very well, Mademoiselle, do not believe it. Prepare my toilette, that I may drefs. I am in a confusion, in an emotion at which I blush, and which I know not how to appeale.'

' Victory, Sir,' faid Justina, on feeing Volange; the fylph is announced and defired: we wish for him; let him appear; and, take my word for it, he will be very well received.'

Elifa was plunged all the day in a reverie, which had the air of an enchantment; and in the evening her husband perceived that the waited with impatience the moment of going to deliver herfelf up to fleep. There was a communication between their apartments according to cuftom, and Volange had agreed with her confidente on the method of getting, without noise, to his

wife's pillow. But it was necessary, that either by a figh, or by some words which were to escape, the should herself invite him to speak.

I forgot to mention, that Elifa would not have any light by her in the night; not without reason. The pictures of the imagination are never fo lively as in profound darkness, Thus Volange, with-out being perceived, espied the favourable moment. He heard Elifa figh and feek repose with inquietude. 4 Come, then, faid she, happy Skep, thou alone makest me love life. - It is for me, faid Volange, in a voice so fost that Elisa scarce heard him, ' it is for me to call upon Sleep : I am happy only through him; it is in his bosom that I possess you. He had not time to finish. Elifa gave a loud shriek, and Volange having disappeared, Justina ran up at Elifa's voice. What is the matter, Madam?— Ah! I die; I have just heard him. Recal me, if possible, to life. I am loved, I am happy. Make hafte, I cannot breathe.' Justina haftene, unties her ribbands, gives her some falts to fmell, which revive her, and still supporting her part of being incredulous, reproaches her for delivering herself up to ideas which diffurb her repose, and affect her health. 'Treat me, as a child, as a fool!' faid Elifa; but it is no longer a dream, nothing is fo true; I heard him as plain as I hear you.'- Very well, Madam, I will not put you out of patience; but endeavour to calm your spirits; remember that, in order to please a sylph, one must be handsome, and that we soon become otherwise without seep. Going, Justina? How cruel! Do not you see that I tremble all over? Stay at least till I sleep, if it be possible to sleep in my prefent agitation.

At last her fine eyes grew heavy, and it was resolved between Justina and Volange, that scared by the cry which Elifa had made, the sylph should in vain be wished for the next night. Accordingly, she called upon him in wair.

iy, the called upon him in yain.

She was afraid he would never return more. My cries have frighted him, faid the. Good Madam, faid Juffina, is a fipirit fo fearful then? And ought he not to have expected the fright which he put you into? Be easy; he knows what passes in your heart, as well as yourfelf. And perface this moment he is listening.

What fay you? You make me flait,"

'How! are you not very glad that
'your sylph reads your foul?'—' Affuredly: nothing passes there with which
he has not reason to be pleased. But
there is always something of man intermingled in the idea which we form
of sylphs, and modesty—' Modesty,
in my opinion, is out of the case with
spirits. Where would be the harm,
for example, in engaging him to return this evening?'—' Ah! it would
be vain to dissemble; he knows very
well how much I wish it.'

Elifa's wish was accomplished. She was laid down, the light put out, and Volange at her bed's head. Do you think he will return?' faid fhe to Justina. Yes, if he be gallant, he must be here already. - Ah, if he could but hear me !'- 'He hears you,' replied Volange with a foft voice; f but remove this witness who gives me uneafiness.'-Justina,' said Elifa, trembling, 'get away.'- What now, Madam? You feem moved. - Nothing; leave me, I fay.' Justina obeyed, and as soon as they. were alone, 'What, then,' faid the fylph, does my voice fright you! It is not usual to fear what we love. - Alas, faid the, 'can I fee without emotion my dreams thus realized; and passing, by an inconceivable prodigy, from illuone of the celestial spirits deigns to quit the heavens for me, and to be familiar with a mere mortal?' - ' If you knew,' replied Volange, how much you efface all the charms of the nymphs of the air, you would be but little flattered with your conquest. Nor is it to vanity that I would owe the reward of my passion. That passion is pure and unalterable as the effence of my being; but it is delicate also to exthe foul: you have them as well as we, Elifa; but, in order to relish their delights, you must reserve for me that foul of which I am jealous; amuse yourfelf with all that the world has interesting and amiable; but love nothing in it like myself. - Alas! it he, in a voice still faltering. The world has no charms for me. My foul, even when unoggupied, could not give access to vain pleasures which would seduce its how can it be acceffible then, now that you possess it ? But you, O spirit celestial and pure, how can I flatter myself with fixing you, and being able to content you? Learn, replied Volange, what diftinguishes us from all the spirits difperfed through the universe, and full more from the human species. A sylph has no happiness in himself: he is happy only in what he loves. Nature has forbid him the power of loving himfelf alone; and as he partakes all the pleasures which he excites, he feels also all the pains which he occasions. Fate has left me the choice of this half of myfelf on which my happiness is to depend; but, that choice decided, we have no longer but one foul, and it is only in rendering you happy that I can hope to be fo.'- Be happy, then,' faid the to him with transport, for the mere idea of an union fo lweet ravishes me, and lifts me above myfelf. What comparison between this intimate commerce, and that of dangerous mortals, whose slaves we are here? Alas! you know that I have submitted to the laws of Hymen, and that they have imposed fetters on me.' "I know it,' faid Volange; ' and one of my cares shall be to render them light.'- 'Ah!' resumed she, ' be not jealous on that account. My husband is perhaps the man in the world who has the least tincture of the vice of his species; but they are all so conceited and fo proud of their advantages, fo indulgent to their own faults, and fo rigorous to ours, fo little scrupulous as to the means of feducing and making us flaves, that there would be as much imprudence as weakness in delivering ourselves up to them.'-Well,' faid her Tylph, 'would you believe it? All that with which you reproach the men, do we reproach the sylphids. Soft, infinuating, fertile in evafions, there is no art which they do not employ to domineer over the fpirits; but once fure of their power, a capricious and absolute will, an imperious pride, to which every thing must bow, take place of timidity, gentlenefs, and complaifance; and it is not till after having loved them, that we perceive we ought to hate them. This prevailing character, which Nature has given them, has however it's exceptions; it is the same among the men. But be that as it may, my dear Elifa, both the one and the other world will

be frangers to us, if you love me as I do you. Adieu! my duty and your repose oblige me to quit you. Heaven has confided to me the care of your far; I am going to direct it's courfe. May it diffuse over you the most favourable influence ! - Alas! going fo foon!'- 'Yes, in order to fee you again to-morrow at the fame hour.'- Adieu! but no; one word more. May I have a confidante?'-You have one, confine yourself to her. Justina loves you, and the is dear to me.'- What name shall I give you in speaking to her about you? - 'In heaven they call me Valoe, and in the · fylphid language that name fignifics all Soul.'- Ah! I merit the fame name fince I have heard you. The fylph then vanished. Elisa's heart swam in joy, the was at the fummit of her withes, and in the midft of the delicious ideas which possessed her, sleep seized her

Justina was informed of every thing that had paffed, and had no need to repeat it to Volange. She only acquainted him that he had left his wife in an enchantment. 'That is not enough,' faid he; 'in the fylph's absence I would bave every thing recal his passion to her. You read her foul, you know her likings ; instruct me in her wishes: the fylph will have the air of divining ' them.' In the evening, Elifa, to be the more at liberty, went to walk alone with Justina in one of those magnificent gardens which are theornament of Paris; and though the was there wholly taken up with her fylph, an inclination, natural to young women, made her cast her eyes on the drefs of an unknown lady. 'Ah! what a pretty gown!' cried the to herfelf; and Justina pretended not to hear her. But the adroit attendant, having heard the name of this lady who was to well dreffed, remembered it, and told it to Volange.

The hour of rendezvous being come, Elifa goes to bed, and as foon as she is alone, 'Ah, my dear Valoë!' faid she, 'have you forgot me! Here am I alone, 'and you come not!'—'He waited for you,' said Volange; 'your image has followed him into Heaven. He has feen only you in the midst of all the aërial court. But you, Elifa, in his absence, have you wished only for him?'—'No,' said she to him assuredly, 'nothing but you interests me.'—

· I know,

I know, however, Ella, that you have formed a with that was not for me. You make me uneaty, tand the; I have examined myfelf in vain, I know not what that with can be, — You have forgot it, but I remember it, and far from complaining of it, I with that you may often have the like. I have told you the fylphs are icalous, but it only renders them the more earnest to please. Do not be astonished to see me curious of the smallest particulars of your life: I would leave in it only the flowers, and remove the smallest thorn. For example, your husband ceases, not to give me uneasimels. How are you with him?'-I live with him as with a man; in that diffidence and fear which a fex born the enemy of ours naturally in-Spires. They gave me to him without confulting me; I followed my duty, and not my inclination. He faid he loved me, and he would have pleafed me; that is, have captivated me: he has not succeeded; and his vanity, which he calls delicacy, has diverted him from his delign. Thus you see we are good friends; or, if you please, both of us free. — Is he at least a little complaisant? — Why, yes, fufficiently to seduce a woman who did not know fo well as I how dan-gerous men are. — You might have fallen into worse hands; and this husband is not so troublesome as his sex generally are. He does well as to the rest; and if ever you should have cause to complain of him, he shall be punished far it instantly. - Oh no, I conjuse you, faid she, trembling, though . he should totally neglect me, never interfere in it. I owe you all my confidence; but it would be a cruel abuse of it to do him any manner of hurt, Heis unhappy enough in being a man, and it is a sufficient punishment. -Your soul is celestial, charming Elifa; a mortal did not deserve you, Listen; I have not told you our manner of punishing the men. They know only fire and sword; but we have gentler methods of vengeance. Whenever your husband shall have displeased you, you shall inform me of it; and from that instant, regret, reproach, shall seize his soul, and he shall have neither peace with me, nor with himfelf, till he has explated at your knees the displeasure he has occasioned. I will do

more, I will inspire into him all that you inspire into me. Thus the spirit of your syloh shall animate your husband, and shall be present to you without ceasing. — That, laid Elisa transported, is the only way of making melovehim. Thus passed this last conversation.

The day after, Elifa being at her toilette, Justina cast her eyes on the sopha in her closet, and sets up a cry of astonishment. Elifa turns about, and sees there displayed a gown like that which she had seen in her walk. 'Ah! 'see now in what manner he avenges himself of a wish not formed for him! 'Justina, will you believe me at last? 'Is not a sylph to be adored?' Elifa's eyes could not weary themselves in admiring this new prodigy. Volange arrives in that moment. 'There is a beautiful gown!' said he. 'Your taste, 'Madam, does great honour to what 'you love. I think,' continued he, examining the stuff nearer, 'this is made by the hands of fairies.' This familiar manner of speaking came out so à-propos, that Elifa blushed as if she had been betrayed, and her secret revealed.

In the evening fhe failed not to extol the forward gallantry of her handsome little fylph; and he in his turn faid to her a thouland things, so delicate, and to tender, on the happiness of embellishing what we love, and of enjoying the good which we do, that the was perpetually repeating it. 'No, never mortal knew fuch language : none but a celettial being can think and speak thus. - 'I acquaint you, however, before hand, faid he, 'that your husband will foon become my rival. I take a pleafure in purifying his foul, in rendering it as gentle, as tender, as flexible to your delires, as his nature permits. You will be a gainer by it without doubt, Elifa, and your happiness is wholly mine: but shall not I be a loser? — Ale! can you doubt, said she, that I shall not attridoubt, faid the, that I that not attri-bute to you all the care he fhall take to please me? Is he not like a statue which you endeavour to animate? Thus you will love me in him; and in thinking that it is I who animate him, you will take a pleafure in rendering him happy. — No, Val. e, that would be to deceive him: I hate falfhood. It is you that I love, not him; and to tellify to him what I feel for you, would be to deceive both. Volange, not to engage any farther in fo delicate a dispute,

a difoute, changed the subject, and asked her how the had amused herfelf all the day. 'Hey!' faid the to him, 'do not you know, you who read my thoughts? The moments in which I was difengaged, I employed in tracing out a cypher, in which our two names are entwined. I draw flowers pretty well, and I never did any thing with fo much talte as those which form that kind of chain. — You have also, faid he to her, a rare talent which you neglect, and the pleasures of which are heavenly : you have a touching voice, an exquisite ear; and the harp under your fingers, mingling it's accords with your founds, would form the delight of the inhabitants of the air.' Elifa promifed to exercise herfelf in it, and they parted more taken, more enchanted, with each other, than

ever.

'I am often alone,' said she to her husband; 'musick would amuse me.

'The harp is in fashion, and I have an inclination to try it.'—' Nothing so easy,' said Volange, with an air of complaisance: and that very evening she

had an harp.

The fylph returned at his hour, and appeared charmed with seeing her seize and follow his ideas with so much vivacity. 'Alas!' said Elisa to him, 'you are more happy, you divine my wishes, and know how to prevent them. How precious is the gift of reading the soul of the person we love! 'We do not allow time to wish. Such is your advantage over me.'—'Console yourself,' said Value: I fulfil my own wishes when I prevent yours; and you, in waiting for mine, have the pleasure of telling yourself that it is my soul guides you. It is more flattering to prevent; but it is sweeter to comply. My advantage is that of

'felf-love; yours is that of love.'
So much delicacy was to Elifa the most charming of all ties. She would fain have never ceased to hear a voice so dear; but, out of tenderness to her, Volange took care to withdraw as soon as he had gently moved her, and sleep

came to calm her fpirits.

The first idea which she had at herwaking was that of her sylph, and the second that of her harp. It was brought to her the evening before, quite plain, and without ornaments. She shes into

her cabinet, and finds a harp decorated with a garland of flowers, which feemed freshly gathered. Her joy was equal to her attonishment. 'No!' said she, 'no!' never has the pencil in the hand of a 'mortal produced this illusion.' And what doubt but this was a present from her sylph? Two brilliant wings crowned this harp, the same, without doubt, which Valoë played on in the celestial choir. While she was returning him thanks, the musician arrives, whom she

had fent for to give her lessons.

Timotheus, instructed by Volange in the part which he was to perform, opened with an encomium on the harp. What fulness, what harmony, in the founds of this fine instrument! What could be more fost, more majestick!" The harp (if we might take his word for it) would renew all the prodigies of the lyre. 'But the triumph of the harp, added this new Orpneus, when it supports with it's symphonies added this new Orpheus, ' is the recents of a voice melodious and tender. Observe, too, Madam, that nothing discovers to more advantage the graces of a fine hand and arm and when a lady knows how to give her head an air of enthubaim, fo that her features grow animated, and her eyes kindle at the founds which the occasions, she becomes half as beautiful again.

Elifa cut fhort this encomium, by asking her master whether he was a descendant of Timotheus, Alexander's musician. 'Yes, Madam,' said he, of the same family. She took her first lesson. The musick-master appeared enchanted with the seraphick tones of the harp. Divine! cried hear arrant it, said Elisa to herself. Come, Madam, try these harmonious. ftrings. Elifa applied to them a timid hand, and every note that the drew from the instrument thrilled to her very heart. Wonderful, Madam! cried Timotheus, 'wonderful! I hope foon to hear you accompany your touching voice, and fet off my mulick, and my verses. — You make verses then too? demanded she, smiling. Ah, Ma-dam! faid Timotheus, that is the strangest thing in the world, and I can scarce conceive it myself. I had heard that we had a genius, and I took it for a fable; but upon my word nothing is more real. I had or e, I who now fpeak to you, and " had ! im ...t.jout

without knowing it. It was but yefferday evening that I had fresh con-firmation of it. — And how did you It was but make this discovery? — How ! Last night, in my sleep, my Genius appeared to me in a dream, and dictated the following versesof chinking.

The empty honour I renounce To guide thy car, Aurora!

No more, no more, will I announce " Thy fweet return, O Flora

Me now employs a gehtler, happier care; " To guard my waking, guard my fleeping distair. soniq

In vain Autora weeps, in vain Would Flora hind me in her rofy chain: With dear Elifa will I stay, et Elifa, fairer-fairer far than they,"

What! faid Elifa, with much emocon; 'what, Timotheus! did you make these verses?'—' I, Madam! I never made any in my life. It was my Genius that dictated them to me. He has done more; he has fet them to mulick, as you shall hear .mulick, as you shall hear.—Well,
Madam, said he, after having fung
thein, how do you like them? Is it
not happy to have a genius like mine?

But, Sir, do not you know at leaft
who this Elifa is whom you celebrate? — Why, Madam, I believe
it is a name like Physlis, Chloris, or
Iris. My Genius pitched upon that, hecause it is agreeable to the ear. understanding the meaning of the verses which you sing?'- 'No, Madani, but that is no matter; they are melodious, and full of lenfibility, and that is enough for a fong '- Let me, beg you,' resumed she, ' to repeat them to nobody elle, and if your Genius should inspire any more, pray reserve them for me.

She expected her fylph with impatience, in order to thank him for the inspiration. He denied them; but so weakly, that she was but the more convinced. He confessed, however, that it was not without reason that those men were regarded as inspired, who, without reflection, produced fine thoughts.
These are, faid he, the favourites of the Cylphs, and each of them has his own particular one, whom he calls his Genius. It is no wonder, therefore, that Timotheus should have one; and if he inspires him with verles which · please you, he may boalt of being,

next to me, the happiest of the inhabi-tants of the air. The Genius of Ti-mothetis became every day more fertile, and every day Elila was more sensible of the prailes he beltowed on her: How-ever, Volume prepared her a new fur-prize, and the following was the object of it.

The reader remembers that the amufed herself in tracing out a cypher, in which the name of Valoe was interwoven with her own. One day, being invited to a feaft, the was preparing to put on her diamonds: the opens her cafker, and what does the feet her bracelets, her necklace, lier algrette, her ear-rings, mounted after the pattern of that very cypher which the had drawn. Her first fenfation was that of embarraffment and furprize. What will Volange think? what will he suspect?" White she was yet at her toilette, enters Volange, and calling his eyes on her jewels, Ah! faid he, ' nothing can be more gallant. My name and yours in the fame cypher! I should be very much flattered, Madam, to suppose that this were a stroke of sentiment. She blushed instead of seigning; but in the evening Valoë was chid. You have exposed me, said she, to a danger at which I tremble even yet : I have feen the instant wherein there was a necessity for me either to deceive my husband, or to give him the most humiliating opinion of me; and although the advantage which the men draw from our fincerity authorizes us to use distinuiation, I perceive that in making use of that right, I should be ill at ease with myself. Valor failed not to commend her delicacy. A little lye, said he, is always a little evil, and I should have been forry to have been the occasion. But the refemblance of the name of Volange to mine had not escaped me, and I knew that your hulband would go no farther than appearances. I have begun by rendering him dilereet; that is the first good quality in a husband,

The whole winter liad paffed away in gallantries on the part of the Tylph, and on the fide of Elifa in emotions of furprize and joy, which bordered on en-

chantment.

The first and the most beautiful of the featons, the time in which we enjoy Nature, arrives. Volume had a country-house, We will fit out when-

ever you pleafe," faid he to his wife; and though be had faid this in the handfomeit manner, and in the fweetelt tone of voice, the perceived very well, the faid, that this invitation carried in it the imperious will of a horband. She confided her pain to Valor. 'I do not fee, faid he to her, any thing pain-ful in what he has proposed to you. Nothing attaches you to the town; and the country is at prefent a delicious abode, especially to a foul senfible and benevolent as yours. We there fee in Nature the first efforts of her bounteous inclination; and the care of making mortals happy, renews itself there under a thousand forms. The forests crowned with a thick verdure, the orehards to bloom, the corn fpringing up, the meadows enamelled, the flocks newly recruited, and bounding with joy at the first light of the light; all concur to prefent us in the country the image of bounty. In winter, Nature flews herfelf under an aspect threatening and horrible; in autumn the is rich and fruitful, but the groans to unburden herfelf, and her liberality afflicts her; even in fusioner the fells her gifts, and the fad image of excessive labour joins itfelf to that of abundance. It is in ipring that Nature is gaily prodigal of her riches, and fond of the good the is doing. — Alas! faid Elifa, Nature is beautiful, I grant; but will the he to to me, in that very place where I connected my fortunes to those of a mortal; where I took an oath to be devoted to him; where every thing will recal the humiliating rememwill recal the humiliating remem-brance to my mind? - No, replied the fylph, i nothing, my dear Elifa, nothing in Nature is humiliating, but what is contrary to her ordinances. The perfection of a plant is to flourish and bud: the perfection of a woman and bud; the perfection of a woman is to become a wife and a mother. If you had opposed the wisdom of this design, you would not have received my vows. — What! faid Elifa, can a pure effence, a celestial spirit, love in me that which degrades me beneath him! — Be what you are, my dear creature: I love you as a sylph; and it is not of your fenfes that I am jealous. Let your foul be fair and pure, let it be devoted to me, that is fufficient. As to what are called your sharms, they are fubmitted to the

laws of mortals: one of them possesses them; let him dispose of them; fare from complaining, I shall rejoice at it, for one of your duties is to render him happy. — Ah! give me time, at least, to accustom myself to this way of thinking. In the country we see one another oftener: I shall familiarize myself, perhaps, to that duty. But prythee do not abandon me! — I shall be there with you perpetually: I love peace and silence.

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Elifa, after this discourse, no longer doubted

without knowing it. It was but yesterday evening that I had fresh con-firmation of it. And how did you make this discovery? - How t Last night, in my fleep, my Genius appear-ed to me in a dream, and dictated the following verses-

The empty honour I renounce No more, no more, will I announce

"Thy fweet return, O Flora to land

Me now employs a gentler, happier care; " To guard my waking, guard my fleeping lag fair sogi

In vain Autora weeps, in vain Would Flora hind me in her rofy chain:
"With dear Elifa will I stay,
Elifa, fairer—fairer far than they."

What!' faid Elifa, with much emowhat! laid Eitla, with much emoton; 'what, Timotheus! did you make
these verses? — I, Madam! I never
made any in my life. It was my Genius that dictated them to me. He
has done more: he has set them to
musick, as you shall hear. — Well,
Madam, taid he, after having sung
them, 'how do you like them? Is it
not happy to have a genius like mine?'
But, Sir, do not you know at least But, Sir, do not you know at least who this Elifa is whom you cele-brate? — Why, Madam, I believe it is a name like Phyllis, Chloris, or Iris. My Genius pitched upon that, because it is agreeable to the ear. — So, you do not pique yourself upon understanding the meaning of the verses which you fing? — No, Madans, but that is no matter: they are melodious, and full of sensibility, and that is enough for a fong '- Let me beg you,' refumed fhe, 'to repeat them to nobody elle, and if your Genius should inspire any more, pray referve them for me.

She expected her fylph with impaence, in order to thank him for the in-He denied them; but fo fpiration. weakly, that the was but the more convinced. He confessed, however, that it was not without reason that those men were regarded as inspired, who, without reflection, produced fine thoughts. These are, said he, the favourites of the Cylphs, and each of them has his own particular one, whom he calls his Genius. It is no wonder, therefore, that Timotheus should have one; and if he inspires him with verses which

please you, he may boalt of being,

next to me, the happiest of the inhabi-tants of the air. The Genius of Ti-motheus became every day more fernile, and every day Elsia was more sensible of the prailes he bellowed on her: Rowever, Volange prepared her a new furprize, and the following was the object

The reader remembers that the amufed herself in tracing out a cypher, in which the name of Valoe was interwoven with her own. One day, being invited to a feast, she was preparing to put on her diamonds: she opens her casker, and what does she feel her bracelets, her necklace, lier algrette, her ear-rings, mounted after the pattern of that very cypher which the had drawn. Her first sensation was that of embarraffment and furprize. What will Volange think? what will he suspect?' White she was yet at her toilette, enters Volange, and calling his eyes on her jewels, Ah! faid he, nothing can be more gallant. My name and yours in the fame cypher! I should be very much flattered, Madam, to suppose that this were a stroke of sentiment. She blushed instead of feigning; but in the evening Valoë was chid. You have exposed me, faid she, to a danger at which I tremble even yet: I have feen the instant wherein there was a necessity for me either to deceive my husband, or to give him the most humiliating opinion of me; and although the advantage which the men draw from our fincerity authorizes us to use distinulation, I perceive that in making use of that right, I should be ill at ease with myself. Valor failed not to commend her delicacy. A little lye, said he, is always a little evil, and I should have been forry to have been the occasion. But the refemblance of the name of Volange to mine had not escaped me, and I knew that your husband would go no farther than appearances. I have be-

gun by rendering him differer: that is the first good quality in a herband. The whole winter had passed away in gallantries on the part of the sylph, and on the side of Elifa in emotions of surprize and joy, which bordered on enchantment

The first and the most beautiful of the fealons, the time in which we enjoy Nature, arrives. Volume had a country-house, We will let out whenever ever you please, faid he to his wife; and though he had said this in the hand-someth manner, and in the sweetest tone of woice, she perceived very well, she said, that this invitation carried in it the imperious will of a husband. She confided her pain to Valor. I do not fee,' faid he to her, 'any thing pain-ful in what he has proposed to you. Nothing attaches you to the town; and the country is at present a deli-cious abode, especially to a soul senfible and benevolent as yours. We there fee in Nature the first efforts of her bounteous inclination; and the care of making mortals happy, renews itself there under a thousand forms. The forests crowned with a thick verdure, the orehards in bloom, the corn pringing up, the meadows enamelled, the flocks newly recruited, and bounding with joy at the first light of the light; all concur to prefent us in the country the image of bounty. In winter, Nature flews herfelf under an afpect threatening and horrible; in autumn fhe is rich and fruitful, but the groans to unburden herfelf, and her liberality afflicts her: even in furnmer the fells her gifts, and the fad image of excellive labour joins itfelf to that of abundance. It is in ferring that Nature is gaily prodigal of her riches, and fond of the good the is doing. — Alast' faid Elifa, Nature is beautiful, I grant; but will the be fo to me, in that very place where I connected my fortunes to those of a mortal; where I took an oath to be devoted to him; where everything will recal the humiliating rememwill recal the humiliating remem-brance to my mind? - No, replied the fylph, i nothing, my dear Elifa, nothing in Nature is humiliating, but what is contrary to her ordinances. The perfection of a plant is to flourish and bud: the perfection of a woman is to become a wife and a mother. you had opposed the wisdom of this defign, you would not have received my vowe, - What! faid Elifa, can a pure effence, a celedial spirit, love in me that which degrades me beneath him!— Be what you are, my dear creature: I love you as a sylph; and it is not of your senses that I am jealous. Let your foul be fair and pure, let it be devoted to me, that is sufficient. As to what are called your charms, they are submitted to the

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doubted that the metamorpholis of her wilderness into a delicious arbour was the work of her sylph. 'Ah!' said the, in her transport, this shall be the temple to which I will be prefent there; but will he be for ever invisible ?

He came in the evening, according to custom. . Valoë, faid she to him, 'my arbour is charming. But, shall I tell you? to compleat it's beauty, you must perform one final prodigy, and there render yourfelf visible to me. 'That alone is now wanting to my happiness.' - 'You demand of me, my dear Elifa, a thing that depends not on myfelf. The king of the air fometimes grants that favour to his favourites; but it is so rare! And even when he grants it, he prescribes the form which they shall take, and he generally prefers the most fantastick, in order to amuse himself.'- Ah !' faid Elifa, ' fo I do but fee you, no mat-ter under what form.' He promised her, therefore, to folicit that favour with the most pressing instances.

At present, said he to her, how passed your journey?'- Why, very well. My husband prattled with a gaiety that was natural enough; and I can easily discover the effect of the trouble which you take with him. But it is in vain that the natural imperiousness of the men bends a little; it still keeps it's spring: one may temper, but cannot change it, at least not without long habitude.'- 'Let us not despair of any thing, faid Valoë; 'I have a deal of power over his foul. What do you propose doing to-mor-row, my dear Elisa? I shall bathe in the morning.'- I will come to fee you bathe, if possible, and I will pass a moment with you.

On Elifa's waking in the morning, word was brought her that the bath was ready. She went there with the faithful Justina; but as the sylph was to come to fee her, and modesty is always timid, the would have the curtains drawn, and fearce admit any light into the

room Elifa enters the bath; and, in a pannel opposite to her, her eyes perceive some confused scatures. This was the portrait of Elisa painted beneath glass, and which Volange had caused to be put there instead of a looking-glass: a strik-

ing delution, but easy to be produced. by means of a groove made in the par-tition, through which filently slided, by turns, the looking-glass and picture,

one after another.

In this picture, Elifa was exalted on a cloud, and furrounded with acrial fpirits, who presented her with garlands of flowers. At first the took what the faw for the reflection of the opposite objects; but in proportion as, with an eye more attentive, she discovers what strikes her, surprize succeeds to mistake. Justina, faid the, ' let in some light. Either I dream, or I fee O Heaven!' cried the, as foon as a sufficient degree of light was thrown on the picture, 'my image in that glass!'—'Why, Madam, I see mine there too. Where is the wonder, that one sees one's self in a looking-glass?'- Come here yourfelf, then; come here, I say. Is that the effect of a looking-glas?—' Certainly.'—' Certainly! this cloud, these flowers, these genii, and I in the midst of that celestial circle, borne in triumph through the air !'- You are not well awake yet, Madam; and no doubt but you are finishing your dream in the bath,'- 'No, Justina, I do not dream; but I see that picture is not made for your eyes. O, my dear Va-loë! it is you that have painted it. How ingenious is your tenderness!

Elifa's eyes were for a whole hour fixed on the picture. She expected her fylph; but he came not. 'He has but 'just passed by,' said she, 'and in that homage has declared himself. But what will my husband fay ? How shall I explain this prodigy to him?'-' Ah, Madam!' faid Justina, 'if this picture be not visible to my eyes, why should it be so to his? "Right; but I am so confounded" In saying these words, the lifts up her eyes, and instead of the picture which she had seen, she finds there only the looking-glass. 'Ah,
' I am easy,' said she: ' the picture is
' vanished. My amiable sylph will not give me the flightest uneafiness. And how should I not love a spirit wholly occupied with my pleafures and repose ?

Impatient of knowing the faccels of her request, the pretended in the evening to be fatigued with walking, and to have need of fleep. The fylph did not make her wait. I know not, faid he, 'my dear Elifa, whether you will be content with what I have obtained. I am permitted to appear to you. - Ah, that is all that I defire ! - But what-I forefaw is come to pass. The king of the air, who reads our thoughts, has prescribed to me the form which I am to take, and that form is guess. - I cannot tell, put me quickly out of my pain.'- Your huf-band's.'- My hufband's!'- I have done every thing in the world to obtain a form which should please you more; but it was impossible. threatened to withdraw his boon from me, if I was not content; and, reduced to this alternative, I liked that better than nothing. - 'Very well; and when shall I fee you?'- Tomorrow in your little wilderness, at fun-fet.'- I shall be there, for I depend on you.'- You may, without doubt.'- And yet you promifed to come to fee me this morning. I received the most gallant homage from you. But it was you that I expected.'
I was not far off; but intimidated by the presence of Justina—' 'Ah! I was wrong, I ought to have fent her away. But you shall have no more reason to blame me on that account; and I shall be alone in the ar-

This affignation did not fail to give Volange some little uneafiness. delivers herself up to me,' said he. Shall I avail myself, to try her, of the illusion into which I have thrown her? It would be very pleasing to me to attempt her, if I was sure that she would resist! But if I were so sure of that, I should have no need of trial. Fatal curiofity! Let me confider: let me fee which is the less dangerous way. Ought I to clear it up to myfelf, or remain in doubt ? In the fi ft case, doubt leaves me in a cloud; and can I answer for my thoughts? Perhaps, when it shall be too late to justify her, I shall do her the injury to believe, that ber imagination being feduced, would have triumphed over her virtue. I shall then reproach mytelf in vain; and the evil will be without remedy. If, on the contrary, I try remedy. If, on the contrary, I try her, and she resist, I am too happy. But if she yield— Well, if she yield! I shall think that the virtue of women is not able to hold out against spirits. Yes, but that spirit is cloathed with a body; and though that body be mine, no thanks to Elifa. What a labyrinch! On entering into it, I forefaw every thing, except the means of getting out. Let me deliberate no longer; let me repair to the arbour, and the occasion shall determine me.

Volange, without pretending to obferve Elifa, did not suffer one of her movements to escape him. He saw her dress herself with a modesty full of grace, and the decency she mingled in her attire re-encouraged him a little. He remarked also, that she were all the day an air of sweetness, and a serenity which announced an innocent joy.

However, the impatient eyes of Elifa measured the course of the sun. At last the happy moment approaches; and Volange, whom she had seen set out in a hunting-dress, repairs first to the arbour in the most elegant habit.

Elifa arrives, perceives him at a diftance; and the emotion it excited in her almost makes her faint away. He flies to her, reaches out his hand to her; and seeing her trembling, seats her on her little throne of turf.

Elifa, recovering her spirits, finds her fylph at her knees. ' What!' faid he to her, ' was it fear that the fight of me was to inspire into you? Did I not spare you the surprize of it? Did not you defire to see me? Are you forry for it, and would you have me difappear?'- 'Alas! no; punish not me for an involuntary weakness. Joy and tenderness have a greater mare than terror in the disorder you now occasion.'- I tremble,' said Volange to himself: "she is softened; a bad beginning!-Ah, my dear Elifa! why was I not free to chuse among mortals him whole figure might have pleased you most; and how ill at ease is a lover under the form of a hus-band!'-" That is the same thing," faid the fmiling. It would have been more agreeable to me, I confess, to have feen you under the image of one of these flowers which I love, or of one of those hirds which, like you, are inhabitants of the air; but as a man, I had as lief fee you under the features of my husband, as those of any other person. You seem to me even to set it off. It is, indeed, Volange that I fee in you, but your foul gives to his eyes something, I know not what, that is celefial. Your voice, in passing through his mouth,

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communicates to it a charm perfectly divine; and in his action I perceive graces which never body animated by a mere mortal possessed. Well, then, if you love me such as you now see me, I can always be the same. You enchant me! Shall you be happy, then? added he, kiffing her band. Elifa blufhed, and withdrew the hand which he had feized. You forget, faid the, that it is a lylph, and not a man that I love in you. · Valoë is to me only a spirit, as Elisa is to you only a foul; and if you have not been able to take the figure of a mortal without changing the purity of your effence and of your love, duit that degrading formy and make me not blush any longer at the imprudence of my withes.'- Very well!' faid Volange, in a low voice "but I now rouch on the critical moment.

Elifa, it is no longer time to feign. I have done what you defired; but learn what it cofts me. " I confent 46 to it," faid the king of the genii to me; " obey the laws of a woman, become man; but flatter not thylelf with having his fenfations only in so love like other mortals, and to feel the pleasures and pains of it. If thou er art unhappy, come not groaning and ec troubling the air with thy complaints. I banish thee from the heavens till the er moment wherein Elifa shall have crowned thy wishes." I hoped to * rather I meant to comply with you; I submitted to that severe decree. I Judge, then, whether I love you, and whether you ought to punifir me for

This discourse drove Elisa to despair. If it to thou most imprudent, and most Elisa croel of aerial spirits! cried she. The What have you done? And to what — Ye extremity do you reduce me? Volange quaked at seeing his wife's eyes Just silled with tears. Why did you not consult me? added she. Was it for that V my shame, or for your punishment, It is that I defired to see you? And what into the ever that defire was, could you think now that it could overcome what I owe to you, and what I owe to myself? I love the could very think I was to you, and what I owe to myself? I love the could very think I was to you, and what I owe to myself? I love the could very think I was to you, and what I owe to myself? I love the could very think I was to you, and what I owe to myself? I love the could be you.

there needed nothing but my life to repair the evils which I do you, you hould no longer have cause to com-plain. But my virtue is dearer to me than my life and my love. Volume leaped with joy. 'I cannot blame you," faid he, " for an excels of delicacy; but fee how much I refemble Volange: it + is almost he, or rather he himself, who falls at your feet, who adores you; and demands of you the reward of the most faithful and ten ferest passion. - No, it is in vain that you refemble him : you are not he; and it is to him alone that the reward which you demand is due. Arife; depart from me; and fee me not again all your life! Leave " me, I fay; are you mad? What is that infulting joy which I fee (parkthe audacionfnels to hope yet?"-Yes, I hope, my dear Eliza, that thou wilt live only for me. - Ah, this is the height of outrage! - Hear me. -" No, I will hear nothing! - A fingle word will difarm thee. - That word, then, must be an eternal farewel."-No, death only shall separate us; beit is Volange whom you hated, that is this Valoë whom you love." - 0 · Heaven- But no, you impose upon me by the refemblance. - No, I tell thee, and Justina is witness, that the whole affair is but a jeft. - Jultima! The is my confidence.'—' She was helped me to millead you; the fhull affilt me to undeceive you.'— You, my hufband! can it be poffible? . I tremble yet; finith; tell me how thefe * prodigies were performed? It is Love has wrought them all; and you first he true . If it be true, my Elifa! can you believe that there is in the world a man worthy to be loved?" -Yes, I will believe that there is one, and that it is I who poffers him.

Justina being interrogated, confessed all, and was obliged to take her oath that Valoë was none other than Volume.

It is now, faid Elisa, throwing herself into the arms of her husband; it is now that I am enchanted; and I hope that nothing but death alone will break the charm.

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graces which rever box Tark E Tark Act where we a mere mortal pen A Tark Tarket

I T was the feltival of the village of Coulange. The Marquis of Clance, whose seat was at no great distance, was come with his company to see this rural spectacle, and to mingle in the dances of the villagers, as it happens pretty often to those whom disgust chaces from the lap of Luxury, and who are carried, in despite of themselves, towards pleasures

* there meeded northing a reply to

During of I double all variety transact

that are pure and simple.

Among the young country girls who gave new life to the joy that reigned there, and who were dancing under the elm, who would not have distinguished Lauretta, by the elegance of her figure, the regularity of her features, and that natural grace which is more touching than beauty? She eclipfed all others who assisted at the festival. Ladies of quality, who piqued themselves on being handsome, could not help owning that they had never feen any thing fo ravishing. They called her up to them, and examined her, as a painter does a model. 'Lift up your eyes, child,' faid the ladies. 'What vivacity, what fweetness, what volupruoufness in her looks! If the did but know what they express! What haveck a skilful coquette would make with those eyes! And that mouth ! Can any thing be more fresh? What a vermilion on her lips! How pure an enamel on her f teeth! Her face is a little brown, and fun-burnt; but it is the complexion of health. See how that ivory neck is rounded on those fine shoulders! Mow well the would look in a genteel dress! And those little budding charms which Love himself seems to have planted! Well, that is extremely pleafant! On whom is Nature going to lavish her gifts ! Where is Beauty going to hide herfelf?-Lauretta, how old are you? - I am fifteen last month.'- You are to be married foon, without doubt ?'- My father fays that there is no hurry. - And you, Lauretta, have you no sweetheart Inrking in your heart? - I do not know what a sweetheartis. - What, is there no young man that you wish to have for a hulband?'- I never trouble my head about that: it is my father's bufinels.'- What does your

father do !'- Hecultivates his farm.' Is he rich? No, but he fays he is happy if I am dif reet, - And how do you employ yourself? - I help my father to work with him. With him! What do you cultivate the ground? - Yes, but the toils of the vineyard are only an amusement to me. To weed, plant vine-props, bind the vine-branch to them, to thin the leaves that the grapes may ripen, and to gather them when they are ripe, all that is not very laborious.'- Poor child! I am not surprized that those fine hands are tanned ! What pity that the should be born in a low and obfoure state!'

communicates to R a cliarm perfectly divine; and in his action I perceive

Lauretta, who in her village had never excited any thing but envy, was a little furprized at ber inspiring pity. As her father had carefully concealed from her whatever might have given her nnealiness, it had never come into her head that the was an object of pity. But in casting her eyes on the dress of those ladies, the faw very well that they were in the right. What difference between their cloaths and her's! What freshness and what beauty in the light siken froff which flowed in long folds about them! What delicate shoes ! With what grace and elegance their hair was dreffed! What new luftre that fine linen, and those tibbands, those laces, gave to their half veilen charms! Indeed, those ladies had not the lively air of high health; but could Lauretta imagine that the luxury which dazzled her was the cause of that languor, which rouge itself was not able to difguife? While the was ruminating on all this, the Count de Luzy approaches her, and invites her to dance with him. He was young, well dreffed, well made, and too feducing for Lauretia.

Though the had not the most delicate taste in dancing, she could not but remark in the nobleness, the justness and the lightness of the count's movements, a grace which was not to be found in the caperings of the young villagers. She had sometimes set her band pressed, but never by a hand so tost. The count in dancing followed her with his eyes. Lauretta found that his looks

gave life and foul to the dance; and whether it was that the tried from emulation to give the same grace to her's, or whether the first spark of love communicated itself from her heart to her eyes, they replied to those of the count by the most natural expression of joy and fentiment.

The dance ended, Lauretta went and feated herfelf at the foot of the elm, and the count at her knees. Let us not part any more, faid he to her, my pretty dear: I will dance with noa great deal of honour, faid the; but it would make my companions uneafy; and in this village they are apt to be jealous. - And well they may, to fee you to handlome; and in town they would be the same : it is a misfortune which will follow you every where. Ah, Laurettal if in Pavain of beauty which is only artificial, they were to fee you appear, all at once, with those natural chains of which you are to unconscious- ' I, Sir, at Paris! alas, what flould I do " there?"- Be the delight of all eyes, and make the conquett of all hearts. Hark'e, Lauretta, we have not opportunity to talk together here. But, in two words; it depends only on · yourfelf to have, inflead of an obscure cottage, and a vineyard to cultivate; it depends only on yourfelf to have, at Paris, a little palace thining with gold and fitk, a table according to your wish, the gavest furniture, the most elegant equipage, gowns for all feafons, and of all colours; in thort, every thing which forms the agree-ableness of an easy, quiet, and delicious life; without any other care than that of enjoying them, and of loving me as I do you. Think of it at your e leifure. To-morrow there is to be a ball at the castle; all the youth of the village are invited. You will be there, my fweet Lauretta, and tell me if my passion touches you, and whether you accept my offers. To day I ask nothing but feerely; feerely the most inviolable. Observe it well: if it escape you, all the happiness which now awaits you will vanish like a dream."

Lauretta thought fhe had been in a dream. The brilliant for that had been ainted to her was fo far from the humble state to which she was reduced, that a passage so easy, and so rapid, from one to the other, was inconceivable. The handsome young man who had made her those offers, had not, however, the air of a deceiver. He had talked to her to ferioully! The had feen so much fincerity in his eyes, and in his

" I should easily have perceived it," faid the, ' if he had wanted to make a fool of me. And yet, why all this mystery which he has fo strongly enjoined me? For making me happy, he requires me to love him : nothing more just; but fore he will consent that my father shall partake of his benefits; why then conceal our proceedings from my father?" If Laureita had had the idea of seduction and vice, the would easily have comprehended wherefore Luzy demanded fecrefy; but the discretion they had infused into her, went no farther than to teach her to decline the rough liberties of the village youths; and in the honest and respectful air of the count, the faw nothing against which she was to be upon her guard.

Wholly taken up with these reflections, her head filled with the image of luxury and abundance, the returns to her humble habitation; every thing there feemed changed. Lauretta, for the first time, was mortified at living under thatch. The plain moveables, which use had before made precious to her, were debased in her eyes; the domeltick cares which the had charged herfelf with, began to be disagreeable: the found no longer the fame take in that bread to which labour gives a relish; and on that fresh straw where she slept to well, the fighed for gilded roofs and

a rich down bed.

It was much worse the next day, when the was obliged to return to labour, and to go on a burning hill, to support the heat of the day. At Paris,' faid she, 'I would wake only to enjoy myfelf at my eafe, without any other care than that of loving, and of pleafing: his honour the count affured me of it. How amiable the count is! Of all the girls in the village he regarded only me; he even quitted the ladies of the castle for a poor country girl. He is not proud, iweet gentleman! And yet he might very well be so! One would have thought that I did him a favour in preferring of the village: he thanked me for it with looks to tender; an air to humble and touching! and language, what an amiable fweetness in his language! Though he had talked to the lady of the place, he could not have spoken more genteelly. By good luck I was pretty well dressed; but if he were to fee me to-day! What cloaths! what

a condition am I in l'
The difgust at her situation only redoubled, during three days of fatigue
and heaviness, which she had still to
sustain before she could again see the

count. The moment, which they both expected with impatience, arrives. All the youth of the village are affembled at the neighbouring castle; and in a hower of linden trees, the found of inftruments foon gives the figual for the dance. Lauretta advances with her companions, no longer with that deliberate air which the had at the v llage-featt, but with an air modest and timorous. This was to Luzy a new beauty, and the appeared as one of the Graces, timid and decent, instead of a lively and wanton nymph. He diftinguished her from the rest in his falute, but without any symptom of correspondence between them. He abstained even from approaching her, and delayed dancing with her till another had fet him the example. This other was the Chevalier de Soligny; who, ever fince the villagefealt, had never ceased talking of Lauretta in a strain of rapture. Luzy imagined him a rival, and anxiously fol-lowed him with his eyes; but it was needless for Lauretta to perceive his jealoufy, in order to remove it. In dancing with Soligny, her look was vague, her air indifferent, her behaviour cold and negligent. It came to Luzy's turn to dance with her, and he thought he faw, as he faluted her, all her graces animate themselves, all her charms cious colouring of modesty diffused itself there; a furtive, and almost imperceptible finile, moved her rofy lips; and the favour of a touching look transported him with joy and love. His first emotion, had they been alone, would have been to fall at Lauretta's feet, to thank her, and to adore her; but he commands his very eyes to redrain the fire of their looks; his hand alone, in

pressing that of her whom his heart calls his love, expresses to her by tremblings his transports.

Beautiful Lauretta, faid he to her, after the dance, f remove a little from your companions. I am impatient to know what you have refolved.'- Not to take one flep without the confent of my father, and to follow his advice in every thing. If you mean me good, I would have him partake of it; if I follow you, I would have him consent to it.'- 'Ah! beware of confulting him! it is he whom, above all, I ought to fear. There are formalities among you, previous to love and union, with which my title, my condition, forbid me to comply. Your father would subject me to them; he would require impossibilities of me; and on my refusal, he would accuse me of having wanted to deceive you. He knows not how much I love you; but you, Lauretta, can you think me capable of doing you an injury?'-Alas! no; I believe you to be goodness itielf. You would be a great hypocrite if you were bad!'- Dare then to trust to me.'- It is not that I diftrust you; but I cannot deal mysteriously with my father: I belong to him; I depend on him. If what you propose is proper, he will consent to it.'- ' He will never consent to it. You will destroy me; you will repent it when too late: and you will be all your life condemned to those vile labours, which to be fure you love, fince you dare not abandon them. Ah, Lauretta! are these delicate hands made to cultivate the ground? Must the fun destroy the colours of that beautiful complexion? You, thecharm of Nature, of all the Graces, all the Loves! you, Lauretta, will you wear yourfelf out in an obscure and toil some life! to be closed in becoming the wife of some rude villager t to grow old, perhaps, in indigence, without having taited any of those pleasures which ought to follow you perpetually? This is what you prefer to the delights of eafe and affluence which I promife you. And on what do you found your refolution? On the fear of giving some Mes, your fight will afflict him; but afterwards, what will be his joy at feeing you rich by my favours, with which he also shall be loaded? What a pleasing

a pleasing violence will you not do
him, in obliging him to quit his cottage, and give himself repose! For,
from that time, I shall no longer have
his denials to fear; my happines,
yours, and his, will be affored for
ever.

Lauretta hail a good deal of difficulty to withfland the temptation, bur finedid withfland it; and but for the fatal accident which at last threw her again into the snare, the mere inflined of innocence would have sufficed to preserve her from it.

In a florm which fell on the village of Coulange, the hail destroyed all the promited vintages and harvests. The desolation was general. During the from, a thousand mournful cries mingled with the roaring of the winds and claps of thunder; but when the rarage was accomplished, and a light, more dreadful than the darkness which had preceded it, let them fee the vine-branches tripped and broken, the ears of corn hanging on their fliattered flalks, the fruits of the trees beaten down or blafted, nothing prevailed throughout the defolated country but one vaft and doleful filence; the roads were covered with a crowd of unfortunate people, pale, fruck with confernation, and immoveable; who, with a melancholy eye contemplacing their ruin, bewailed the loss of the year, and faw nothing to come but despair, milery, and death. On the thresholds of the cortages, the disconfolate mothers preffed against their bofoms their tender nurflings, exclaiming, with tears in their eyes, 'Who will give fuck to you'if we want bread?'

At the fight of this calamity, the first thought which occurred to Luzy, was the distress of Lauretta and her father. Impatient to fly to their relief, he veiled the tender interest he took in their fortunes, under a pretext of common pity to this multitude of wretches. Let us go to the village, faid he to his company; let us carry confolation this ther. It will be but little expence to each of us, to save twenty samilies from the despair into which this distaster has plunged them. We have partaken their joy, let us go and partake of their grief.

These words made an impression on their hearts, already moved by pity. The Marquis de Clance set the example. He presented himself to the pealants,

offered them affittance, promifed them relief, and reflered them to hope and courage. While tears of gratitude flowed around him, his company, of both fexes, differfed themselves through the village, entered the straw huts, distri-buted their gifts, and tasted the rare and sensible delight of seeing themselves a. dored by a grateful people. In the mean time, Luzy ran like a madman, feeking the abode of Lauretta. It was thewn him; he flies thither, and fees a countryman fitting at the door, his head inclined on his knees, and covering his face with both his hands, as if he fear. ed to see the light again. This was Lauretta's father. My friend, faid the count to him, I see you are in confernation; but do not despair; Heaven is just, and there are compasfionate hearts among mankind. - Ah. Sir, replied the villager, lifting up his head, is it for a man who, after having ferved his country twenty years, retired covered with wounds, and who has never fince ceased to labour without relaxation; is it for him to firetch out his hand for charity? Ought not the earth, which is bedewed with my fweat, to give me subfiftence? Shall I end my life by begging my bread?' A foul to lofty, and to noble, in an obscure person, astonished the count. You have ferved, then?' faid he. ' Yes, Sir, I rook up arms under Berwick; I made the campaigns of Maurice. My father, before an unfortunate law-fuit had stripped him of his estate, had sufficient to support me in the rank to which I was arrived. But at the same time that I was reduced, he was undone. We came here to conceal ourfelves; and out of the wreck of our fortune we purchased a little farm, which I cultivated with my own hands. Our former condition was unknown; and this latter, to which I feemed born, gave me no fhame. I maintained, and confoled, my father. I married; there was my " misfortune; and it is now that I feel " it."- Yourfather is dead?'- Alas! 'yes.'- 'Your wife?'- 'She is happy in not having feen this difmal day. Have you a family? — I have but one daughter, and the poor girl—
Do you not hear her fighs? She hides herfelf, and keeps at a diffract my foul. Luzy would fain have suffed into the

cottage

cottage where Lauretta was mourning; but he restrained himself, for fear of a

discovery.

Here, faid he to the father, giving him his purse; this affistance is very fmall; but when you want, remember the Count De Luzy. I live at Paris. On faying these words he went away, without giving Lauretta's father time to return him thanks.

What was the aftonishment of the good old Bazil, on finding a considerable fum in the pursel Fifty Louis, more than triple the revenue of his little vineyard! Come hither, my child, cried he, 'look at him who goes yonder; it s is not a man, it is an angel from Heaven. But I am deceived. It is not possible that he should intend to give me fo much. Go, Lauretta, run after him, and let him fee that he bas committed a mistake.' Lauretta flies after Luzy; and, having overtaken him- My father, faid the to him, cannot believe that you intended to make us fo great a present. He sends me to return it to you. '- 'Ah, Lauretta! is not all that I have at your and your father's disposal? Can I pay him too richly for having given birth to you? Carry back this poor gift; it is only an earnest of my good-will; but carefully conceal from him the motive: tell him only that I am too happy in obliging a man of worth. Lauretta was about to return him thanks. 'Tomorrow, faid be to her, 'at hreak of day, as I pais the end of the village, I will receive, if you please, your thanks with your adieus. - What I do you go away to-morrow !'- Yes, I go away the most passionate lover, and most unhappy of men.'- At break of day?-that is about the hour when my father and I go out to work.'Together?'-! No; he goes first: I have the care of the house upon me, and that delays me a little.'- And do you pals my road ?'- 'I crofs it above the village; but, were it necesfary to go out of my way, it is certainly the least that I owe you for fo many marks of friendship. - Adieu, then, Lauretta, till to morrow. Let me fee you, though but for a moment: that pleasure will be the last of my

Bazil, at Lauretta's return, had no more doubt of Luzy's benefactions. Ah, the good young man ! Ah, excellent heart !' cried he every instant. However, daughter, let us not neglect what the hail has left us. The lefs there is of it, the more care we must

take of what is left."

Lauretia was so touched with the count's goodness, so afflicted at being the cause of his unhappines, that she wept all the night. Ah, if it were not for my father, said she, what pleasure should I have had in following him!' The next day she did not put on her holiday-cloaths; but, not-withstanding the extreme simplicity of her drefs, the forgot not to mingle in it a little coquetry natural to her age. 'I shall see him no more: what does it fignify whether I am more or less handsome in his eyes? For one mcment is not worth the trouble. On faying these words, she adjusted her cap and her tucker .- She bethought her of carrying him some fruit in her breakfastbasket. ' He will not despise them, faid fhe: 'I will tell him that I have ga-' thered them.' And while she ranged the fruit on a bed of vine-leaves, the bedewed them with her tears. Her father was already fet out; and with the grey light of the dawn was already mingled that gentle, tint of gold and purple diffused by Aurora, when the poor girl, with a distracted heart, ar-rived alone at the end of the village. The instant after, the faw the count's postcoach appear, and at that fight the was troubled. The moment that he faw her, Luzy leaped out of his carriage; and coming towards her with an air of forrow- I am penetrated, beautiful Lauretta, faid he to her, with the favour which you do me. I have, at least, the consolation to see you sensible of my pain, and I can believe that you are forry at having made me unhappy. - I am distressed at it, replied Lauretta, ' and would give all the wealth you have bellowed on us, never to have feen you.'- And I, Lauretta, 'I would give all I have never to quit you as long as I live. - Alas! I should think it depended only on yourfelf : my father could refuse you nothing; he loves you, he reveres you.'
- Fathers are cruel; they would have us marry; and I cannot marry you s let us think no more of it; we are going to leave each other, to bid an eternal adieu; we who never, if you had been inclined to it, would have ceafed

to live for one another, to love each other, to enjoy together all the gifts which Fortune has bestowed on me, and all those which Love has conferred on you. At I you have no conception of the pleasures which awaited us. . If you had any idea of them! If you knew what you renounce !'- Why, without knowing them, I feel them. Be affured, that ever fince I have feen o you, every thing that is not you, is nothing to me. At first my mind was dazzled with the fine things which " you had promifed me; but fince, all s that is vanished: I have thought of it on longer, I have thought only of you. Ah! if my father would agree · to it!'- What occasion for his agreeing to it! Do you wait for his consent to love me! Does not our happiness depend on ourselves? Love, sidelity, Lauretta; these are your titles, and my · fecurities. Are there any more facred, * more inviolable? Ah! believe me, when the heart is bestowed, every thing s is over, and the hand has only to follow it. Give me, then, that hand, that I may kiss it a thousand times, 4 that I may bedew it with my tears. There it is,' faid the weeping. 'It is mine,' cried he, 'this dear hand is 'mine, I hold it of Love: to take it from me, they must take my life. Yes, Lauretta, I shall die at your feet, if we must part.' Lauretta really believed that he would literally die on lofing her. ' Alas!' faid fhe; ' and fhall I be the cause?'- Yes, cruel girl! you will be the cause. You defire my death, you do.'- Oh, Heaven! no: I would lay down my life for you.'- Prove it then,' faid he, doing her at the same time a kind of violence, and follow me if you love me. No, faid the, I cannot; I cannot without the content of my father. '- Very well; leave, leave me, then, to my despair.' At these words, Lauretta, pale and trembling, her heart pierced with forrow and fear, dared hoped this tellimony of my gratitude a beguile his grief. would have been agreeable to you; he Luzy ran with his horses; the blinds but I dare no longer offer it to you. of his carriage were let down; his people

for me? Ah, you little tyrant, you infult me! Give me poison!' And throwing down the basket, he retired in

Lauretta took that emotion for hatred: and her heart, already too much foftened, could not support this last attack. Scarce had she strength to get away a few paces, and faint at the foot of a tree. Luzy, who followed her with his eyes, runs up and finds her bathed with tears, her bosom choaked with fobs, pale, and almost lifelefs. He is diftreffed; he thinks at first only of recalling her to life; but, foon as he fees her spirits return, he avails himfelf of her weaknefs, and before the is well recovered of her fwooning, the is already at a great diftance from the village, in the count's coach, and in the arms of her ravisher. Where am I? faid the on opening her eyes. Ah, my lord count, is it you! Are you carrying me back to the village! - Dearest half of my foul, faid he to her, preffing her against his bosom, ! I have lived to see the moment when our adieus almost cost us both our lives. Let us put no more to that trial two hearts too weak to fultain it.

I refign myself to thee, my dear Lauretta; on thy lips I swear to live for thee alone. '- I alk no better lot, faid the to him, & than to live also for thee alone. But my father! Shall I leave my father? Has not he a right to dispose of me?'- Thy father, my Lauretta, shall be loaded with riches; he shall partake the happiness of his daughters : we will be both his children. Depend on my tenderness to ease and console him. Come, let me catch those tears, let me drop my own into thy bosom: they are the tears of joy, the tears of pleasure. The dangerous Luzy mingled with his language all the charms of feduction, and Lauretta was not insensible: while her father, uneafy, afflicted, feeking his daughter, calling on her with loud cries, alked neither to hold Luzy's hand nor let it after her through the whole village; and go. Her eyes, full of tears, followed a not feeing her again in the evening, and with terror the diffracted looks of the metring diffrested, in delpair at having count. Deign, faid the to him, in folt her, that image prefents itself to his order to appeale him, deign to pity mind, wholly occupies it, and troubles me, and to see me without anger. I sit without ceasing. It was necessary to

What is it ?' faid he; ' fruit, and were fure and faithful; and Lauretta

left behind her no trace of her flight. It was even effential to Luzy to conceal his having carried her off. He detached one of his domesticks, who, from a village quite out of the road, contrived to transmit to the Minister of Coulange this billet, in which Luzy had disguised his hand-writing.

TELL Lauretta's father to be easy;
that she is well; and that the lady, who has taken her with her, will have the same care of her as of her own child. In a short time he shall know what is become of her.

This note, which was far from affording confolation to the father, sufficed to palliate the crime of elopement
to the daughter. Love had penetrated
into her soul; he laid open the avenues
of it to pleasure; and from that time
the clouds of grief dispersed, the tears
dried up, sorrow was appealed, and a
transient, but profound oblivion of every
thing but her lover, suffered her to taste,
without remorse, the criminal happiness

of being his.

The kind of delivium into which she fell on arriving at Paris, compleated the distipation of her foul. Her house was a fairy palace; every thing in it had the air of enchantment. The bath, the toilette, the supper, the delicious repose which love left her, were so many varied forms which voluptuousness assumed, to seduce her through the medium of her senses. When she waked, she thought herself still deceived by a dream. When she rose, the saw herself surrounded with women, attentive to serve her, and jealous of pleasing her. She, who had only studied to obey, had only to desire in order to be obeyed. You are queen here, said her lover, and I am your principal slave.

Imagine, if it is possible, the surprize and transport of a young and simple country girl, at seeing her sine black hair, so negligently tied till that time, the wavy ringlets of which Nature alone had formed, now rounding into curls beneath the ply of art, and rising into a diadem, beipangled with slowers and diamonds; at seeing displayed to her eyes the most gallant ornaments, which seemed to solicit her choice; at seeing, I say, her beauty issue, radiant as from a cloud, and spring up again in the brilizut pannels which environed her, in

order to multiply her charms. Nature had lavished on her all her graces; but some of those gifts had need of being cultivated, and the accomplishments came in a crowd to dispute with each other the care of instructing her, and the glory of embellishing her. Luzy possessed and adored his conquest, in-

toxicated with joy and love.

In the mean time, the good Bazil was the most unhappy of fathers. Brave, full of honour, and, above all, jealous, of his daughter's reputation, he had fought her, expected her in vain, without publishing his uncafiness; and nobody in the village was made acquainted with his misfortune. The minister came to affure him of it himfelf, by communicating to him the note which he had received. Bazil gave no credit to this note; but, diffembling with the pastor- 'My daughter is discreet,' said he to him; but she is young, simple, and credulous. Some lady has had a mind to take her into her fervice, and has prevailed on her to prevent my denial. Let us, for fear of fcandal, hush up this little imprudence of youth, and leave the people to believe that my daughter quitted me with my own confent. The fecret refts with you; spare the daughter and the father. The minister, a prudent and worthy man, promised and kept filence. But Bazil, devoured by chagrin, passed the days and nights in tears. 'What is become of her?' faid he. 'Is it a lady that the has followed? ' Is there any so mad as to rob a father of his daughter, and to undertake to carry her off? No, no! it is fome ravisher who has seduced and ruined her. Ah ! if I can discover him, either his blood or mine shall wash out my injury. He went himfelf to the village, whence they had brought the note. By the minister's informations he contrived to discover the person who had been charged with the message: he examined him; but his answers only confused him the more. The very fituation of the place ferved only to miflead him. It was fix leagues out of the road which Luzy had taken, and lay quite across the country. But had Bazil even combined the two circumstances of the departure of the count and his daughter's clopement, he would never have suspected so virtuous a young man. As he consided his grief to no-Aaz

body, nobody could give him any light. He groaned, therefore, within himself, in expectation of some casual gleam to clear up his suspicions. Oh, Heaven! said he, it was in your wrath that you gave her to me! and I, mad as I was, congratulated myself on seeing her grow up and improve! What formed my pride, now constitutes my shame. Oh, that she had died as soon as she was born!

Lauretta endeavoured to persuade herfelf that her father was easy; and the regret of having left him, touched her but faintly. Love, vanity, a tafte for pleafures, a tafte ever fo lively in it's birth, the care of cultivating her talents; in short, a thousand amusements, continually varied, divided her life, and filled her foul. Luzy, who loved her to idolatry, and who feared left he should lose her, exposed her as little as possible in publick; but he contrived her all the means which mystery has invented, of being invisible amidst the great world. This was enough for Lauretta: happy in pleasing him whom she loved, she felt not that reftless defire, that want of being feen and admired, which alone brings out so many handsome women to our spectacles and gardens. Though Luzy, by the choice of a small circle of amiable men, rendered his suppers amusing, she was taken up at them only with him; and the was able to convince him of it without difobliging any body elfe. The art of reconciling partialities to good manners, is the fecret of delicate fouls: coquerry studies it; love knows it without having learned it.

Six months passed away in that union, that sweet intelligence of two hearts filled and ravished with each other, without weariness, without uneasiness, without any other jealousy than that which makes us fear that we do not please so much as we love, and which renders us desirous of combining every thing that can captivate a heart.

In this interval, Lauretta's father had twice received news of his daughter, with prefents from the lady who had taken her into friendship. It was to the minister that Luzy directed. Remitted to the next post to the village by a faithful servant; the packets came to hand anonymous; Bazil could not tell

to whom to fend them back; and then his refusals would have created doubts of what he wished to be believed, and

he trembled lest the curate should have the same suspicions with himself. 'Alas!' said the good father to himself, 'my daughter is, perhaps, yet virtuous.' Appearances accuse her; but they are only appearances; and though my fuspicions should be just, I must la-

ment, but I ought not to dishonour my child.

Heaven owed some consolation to the virtue of this worthy father; and it was Heaven, without doubt, which brought about the accident I am going to relate.

The little wine trade which Bazil carried on, obliged him to come to Paris. As he was traverfing that immense city, he was stopped in the street by some carriages croffing each other. voice of a lady in a fright engaged his attention. He fees-He dares not believe his eyes-Lauretta, his daughter, in a gilt-glass chariot, superbly dressed, and crowned with diamonds. Her father would not have known her, if, perceiving him herself, surprize and confusion had not made her firink back and cover her face. At the movement which she made to hide herself, and still more at the cry which escaped her, he could not doubt but it was fhe. While the carriages, which were locked together, were difengaging, Bazil flips between the wall and his daughter's chariot, gets up to the step of the chariotdoor, and, with a severe tone, says to L'auretta, 'Where do you live?' Lau-retta, feized with fear and trembling, tells him her habitation. And what ' name do you go by ?'- Coulange,' replied the, looking down, ' from the place of my birth."- Of your birth! Ah, wretch! This evening, at dufk, be at home, alone.' At these words

The shock which Lauretta had received was not yet overcome, when she found herself at home.

Luzy surped in the country. She was left to herfelf at the moment when the had most need of counsel and support. She was going to appear before her father, whom she had betrayed, for-faken, and overwhelmed with grief and shame: her crime then presented itself to her in the most odious form. She began to feel the vileness of her condition. The intoxication of love, the charms of pleasure, had banished the thought; but as soon as the veil was fallen off, she saw herself such as she

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Plate III. Wor with he found to We have only to with for it, if the Plate III. Wor and he foul and with the foul and with the foul and with the wor will have now enough. A think it extinguished, a more words.

the recurst of her flory, of which so frequency gives burn to a street to another enthings. Bazil panel from so This will confole to a street from the second grations so Luzy is the following.

was in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of her father. Terrified at the examination and sentence which she was about to undergo; 'Wretch!' cried she, melting into tears, 'where can I sly? 'where can I hide me? My father, 'honesty itself, again finds me, gone astray, abandoned to vice, with a man who is nothing to me! O my father! O terrible judge! how shall I appear before you?' It came more than once into her mind to avoid him, and disappear; but vice had not yet effaced from her foul the holy laws of Nature. 'I, to reduce him to despair,' faid the, and after having merited his reproaches, to draw his curie upon me! No, though unworthy the name of his daughter, I revere that facred name. Though he come to kill me with his own hand, I ought to wait it, and to fall at his feet. But, no; a father is always a father: mine will be touched with my tears. My age, my weakness, the count's love, his favours,
all plead for me; and when Luzy
fhall speak, I shall no longer be so " culpable."

She would have been distressed if her people had been witnesses of the humiliating scene which was preparing. By good luck she had given out that she supped with a friend, and her women had made themselves a holiday that evening. It was easy to her to get rid of two footmen who attended her, and when her father arrived, she received him her-

telt.

"Are you alone?"—"Yes, Sir."—
He enters with emotion, and after having looked her in the face, in a forrowful and melancholy filence, "What bufines have you here?" faid he. Lauretta answered by throwing herself at his feet, and bathing them with her tears.

I see, faid the father, casting his eyes around him, in this apartment where every thing bespeaks riches and luxury, I see that vice is at it's case in this town. May I know who has taken care to enrich you in so short a time? and from whom came this furniture, these cloaths, that fine equipage in which I saw you?—Lauretta still replied only by tears and sighs. Speak to me, said he; you shall weep afterwards; you will have time enough."

At the recital of her story, of which she disguised nothing, Bazil passed from attonishment to indignation. Luzy!

faid he, ' that worthy man ! Thefe, then, are the virtues of the great! The base wretch, in giving me his gold, did he think he paid me for my daughter? These proud rich folks think, that the honour of the poor is a thing of no value, and that milery fets itself to fale. He flattered himself with consoling me! He promised you to do it! Unnatural man! how little does he know the foul of the father! No, ever fince I loft thee, I have not had one moment without forrow, not one quarter of an hour of peaceful fleep. By day, the ground which I cultivated was watered with my tears; in the night, while you forgot yourfelf, while you were losing yourself in guilty pleasures, your father, stretched on his straw, tore his hair, and called on you with loud cries. Ah, what! Have my groans never re-echoed to thy foul? Has the image of a father diffressed never presented itself to your thought, never troubled your repose? Oh! Heaven is my witness, faid fhe, ' that if ever I had thought I had occasioned you so much forrow, I would have quitted every thing to fly to your arms. I revere you, I love you, I love you more than ever. Alas, what a father have I afflicted! At this very instant, when I expected to find in you an inexorable judge, I hear from your own mouth only reproaches full of gentleness. Ah, my father! when I fell at your feet, I felt only shame and fear; but now it is with affection that you fee me penetrated, and to the tears of repentance are joined those of love!"- Ah! I revive, I now find my daughter again, cried Bazil, raising her up. 'Your daughter! Alas,' said Lauretta, 'she is no longer worthy of you!'- ' No, do not discourage thyself. Honour, Lauretta, is, without doubt, a great happiness! innocence a greater still; and if I had the choice, I would rather have seen thee deprived of life. But when innocence and honour are loft, there still remains one inestimable good; virtue, which never perishes, which we never lose without return. We have only to wish for it, it springs up again in the foul; and when we think it extinguished, a single touch of remorfe gives birth to it anew. This will confole you, daughter, for the loss of your innocence; and if your repentance be sincere, Heaven and your father are appealed. For the rest, nobody in the village knows youradventure; you may appear there again without shame. — Where, my father? — At Coulange, whither I am going to carry you. — These words embarrassed Lauretta. Haste, continued Bazil, to strip off those ornaments of vice. Plain linen, a simple boddice, a white petticoat, these are the raiments of thy condition. Leave his envenomed gifts to the wretch who has seduced you, and sollow me without more delay.

One must have been possessed at this moment of the timid and tender foul of Lauretta; must have loved, like her, a father and a lover; to conceive, to feel the combat which arose in her feeble heart, between love and nature. The trouble and agitation of her spirits kept her immoveable and mute. Let us go, faid the father; 'moments are precious.'
- Pardon me, cried Lauretta, falling again on her knees before him, 'pardon'
'me, my father; be not offended if I am
'flow to obey you. You have read the
'bottom of my foul. Luzy wants the
'name of husband; but all the rights
'which the tenderest love can give him,
'he has over me. I would fly him,
'detach myself from him, follow you,
'though to death. But to seal you, though to death. But to steal away in his absence, to leave him to believe that I have betrayed him! - How, wretch! and what fignifies to you the opinion of a vile deceiver? and what are the rights of a passion which has ruined and dishonoured you? You love him! you love your shame then! You prefer his vile favours to the innocence which he has robbed you of ! You prefer to your father the most cruel of your enemies! You dare not fly him in his absence, and quit him without his consent! Ah, when you were to quit your father, to over-whelm him, to drive him to destruction, you were not then to timorous! And what do you expect from your ravisher? That he should defend you? That he should withdraw you from paternal authority? Oh, let him come! let him dare to drive me hence; I am alone, unarmed, enteebled by age; but they shall see me extended on the threshold of your door, calling for vengeance to God and man, Your

cette many

lover himself, in order to get at thee,
fhall march over my body; and passes fers-by shall say with horror, "There
is the father whom she disavows, and
whom her lover tramples under his
feet!"

Ah! my father,' faid Lauretta, terrified at this image, 'how little do you know the man whom you rail against fo cruelly! Nothing is gentler, nothing more sensible. You will be to him respectable and sacred.'—' Dare you talk to me of the respect of one who dishonours me? Dost thou hope that he may leduce me with his perfidious gentleness? I will not see him: if you can answer for him, I cannot answer for myself. — Well, do not see him, but permit me to see him, but for a moment. — What do you afk? me to leave you alone with him! Ah! though he should take away my life, I would not flew him that complaifance. While he was able to keep you from me, it was his crime, it was thine, I was not answerable for it. But Herman it. But Heaven now puts you again under my guard, and from this moment I answer to Heaven for thee. Let us go, daughter, it is already dark; this is the instant for us to depart! Resolve: renounce thy father, or obey. "- You pierce my heart!" Obey, I tell thee, or dread my curfe! At these terrible words, the trembling Lauretta had no strength to reply. She undresses herfelf before her father's eyes, and puts on, not without a flood of tears, the plain drefs which he had pre-fcribed to her. 'My father,' faid she to him at the moment she was preparing to follow him, 'dare I afk, as the price You do not wish the death of him whom I sacrifice to you. Suffer me to write him two words, to inform him it is you that I obey, and that you oblige me to follow you. — What! that he may come to carry you off again, to steal you from me? No, I will leave no trace of you. Let him I will leave no trace of you. Let him die of shame, he will do justice upon himself; but of love! never fear that; libertines never die of it. Then, takeing his daughter by the hand, he carried her out without naile; and the next morning, embarking on the Seine, they returned into their own country.

At midnight the count arrives at his house,

house, where he flatters himself Pleafure awaits, and Love invites him, and finds all there in alarm and confusion.

Lauretta's people tell him with fright that they do not know what is become of her; that they have fought her in vain; that the had taken care to fend them out of the way, and had feized that moment to elude their vigilance; that the did net fup at her friend's; and that on going off the had left every thing behind her, even to her diamonds, and to the gown the had worn that day.

We must wait for her. faid Luzy, after a long silence. Do not go to bed; there is something incomprehen-

fible in this affair.

Love, which feeks to flatter itself, began by conjectures to excule Lauretta; but finding them all destitute of probability, he delivered himself up to the mott cruel suspicions. 'An involuntary ac-cident might have detained her; but in the absence of her people to undress herself, to make her escape alone, at dusk; to leave her house in uneasiness!
all this, said he, clearly shews a
premeditated flight. Has Heaven
touched her? Is it remorse that has determined her to fly me? Ah, why can I not at least believe it! but if she had taken an honest part, she would have had pity of me; the would have written to me, though it were but two words, of confolation and adieu. Her letter would not have betrayed her; and would have spared me suspicions, grievous to me, and dishonourable to her. Lauretta! O Heaven! candour itself, innocence, truth! Lauretta unfaithful and perfidious! she, who but this very morning——— No, no, it is incredible; and yet it is but too true. Every moment, every reflection, feemed a new proof; but hope and confidence could not quit his heart. He ftruggled against persuation, as an expiring man against death. If she were to return, faid he; 'it she were to return innocent and faithful! Ah, would my fortune, my life, all my love, be sufficient to repair the injury I do her! What pleasure should I have in confeshing myself in fault! With what transports, with what tears, would I efface the crime of having accosed her ! Alas, I dare not flatter myself with being unjust:

I am not fo happy!' There is nobody who, in the uneafiness and ardour of expectation, has

not sometimes experienced at Paris the torment of liftening to the noise of the coaches, each of which we take for that which we expect, and each of which by turns arrives, and carries away, as it passes, the hope which it has just excited. The unhappy Luzy was just excited. The unhappy Luzy was till three in the morning in this cruel perplexity. Every carriage which he heard was, perhaps, that which was bringing back Lauretta; at last hope, fo often deceived, gave place to despair.

I am betrayed, said he; I can no longer doubt it. It is a plot which has been concealed from me. The carefles of the perfidious creature ferved only the better to difguife it. They have artfully chosen the day on which I was to fup in the country. She has left every thing behind her, to let me understand that she has no farther occation for my presents. Another, without doubt, overwhelms her with them. She would have been afhamed to have had any thing of mine. The most feeble pledge of my love would have been a perpetual reproach of her treachery and ingratitude. She would forget me, in order to deliver herfelf up in peace to the man she prefers. Ah, the perjured wretch! does the hope to find any one who loves her like me? I loved her too well, I gave myself too much up to it. Her defires, by being perpetually prevented, became extinct. These are the ways of women. They grow tired of every thing, even of being happy. Ah, canft thou be so now, perfidious girl! Canst thou be so, and think of me? Of me, do I say! What signify to her my love and grief? Ah, while I can scarce reffrain my cries, while I bathe her bed with my tears, another, perhaps-Horrible thought! I cannot support it. I will know this rival, and if the fire which bu as in my breast has not confirmed me before day, I will not die without vengeance. It is doubtless some one of those false friends whom I have imprudently introduced to her. Soligny, perhaps. He was taken with her when we faw her in her own village. She was simple and fincere then. How is she changed! He wanted to see her again; and I, poor eafy fool! thinking myfelf beloved, believing it impossible for Lauretta to be unfaithful, brought my ' rival to her. I may be deceived; but, in fhort, it is he whom I suspect. I will be satisfied instantly.-Follow me, faid he to one of his dometticks; and it was scarce day-light, when, knocking at the chevalier's door, Luzy asked to fee him. 'He is not at home, Sir,' the Swifs. 'Not at home!'-'No, Sir, he is in the country.'-' How long fince:'- Since yesterday evening.'-At what hour?'- About dufk.' And what part of the country is he gone to?'-' We do not know: he · has taken only his valet de chambre with him.'- 'In what carriage?'-In his vis-a-vis.'- Is his absence to be long?'- He will not be back this fortnight, and has ordered me to take care of his letters.'- At his return tell him that I was here, and that I defired to fee him.

At last,' said he, on going away,
I am convinced. Every thing agrees.
Nothing remains out to discover where
they have concealed themselves. I will
tear her from his arms, the persidious
wretch! and I will have the pleasure
of washing away with his blood my
injury and her treachery!

His refearches were ineffectual. The chevalier's journey was a mystery which he could not penetrate. Luzy was, therefore, fifteen days on the rack; and the full persuafion that Soligny was the ravisher, diverted him from every other idea.

In his impatience, he fent every morning to know if his rival was returned. At last he was told, that he was just arrived. He flies to him, enflamed with anger; and the favourable reception given him by the chevalier only irritated him more. 'My dear count,' faid So. ligny, ' you have been very earnest in ' your enquiries for me; how can I ferve you?'- In ridding me, replied Luzy, at the same time turning pale, 'either of a life which I deteft, or of a rival whom I hate. You have carried off my mistress; nothing remains but to pluck out my heart.'- 'My friend,' faid the chevalier to him, 'I have as great a defire to have my throat cut as yourfelf, for I am quite mad with vexation; but I have no quarrel with you; if you please, let us understand each other. Lauretta has been carried off, you fay; I am very forry for it; she was a charming girl; but upon my honour it was not by me! Not that I pique myself on any delicacy in that

point. In love I forgive my own friends, and allow myfelf thefe little petit-larcenies; and though I heartily love you, yet if Lauretta had thought proper to deceive you for me, rather than for another, I should not have been cruel. But as to carrying them off, I don't like that, that is too ferious a bufiness for me; and if you have no other reason for killing me, I advise you to let me live, and to breakfast with me.' Though the chevalier's language had very much the air of frankness, Luzy still retained his suspi-cions. 'You disappeared,' said he, the same evening, at the same hour; you lay hid for a fortnight; I know besides that you loved her, and that you had an inclination for her at the very time that I took her.

' You are in luck,' faid Soligny, 'that in the humour I am now in, I love you enough to come to an explanation. Lauretra went off the same evening with me; I have nothing to fay to that: it is one of those critical rencounters which form the intrigue of romances. I thought Lauretta beautiful as an angel, and I had an inclination for her, it is true; but if you will cut the throats of all who are guilty of the same crime, mercy upon one half of Paris! The important article, then, is the secret of my journey and absence? Very well, I will explain that matter.

' I was in love with Madam De Blanson; or rather, I was in love with her riches, her birth, her credit at court; for that woman has every thing in her favour, except herself. You know, that if the is neither young nor handsome, to make amends she has a deal of sensibility, and is easily set on fire. I had got into her good graces, and faw no possibility to be, as it is called, happy, without proceeding to marriage. But marriage was my point; and under cover of that respectful timidity, inseparable from a delicate love, I eluded all opportunities of making an ill use of her weakness. So much referve disconcerted her. She never faw, she faid, a man so timorous and so much of the novice. I was as bashful as a young girl: my modesty absolutely tantalized her. In short, not to trouble you with all the arts I employed for three months to sustain attacks without furrendering, never

did coquette strive so much to kindle ineffectual defires. My conduct was a master-piece of prudence and dexterity: but the widow was too hard for me. I am her dupe: yes, my friend, the has furprized my credulous innocence. Seeing that the must attack me regularly, the talked of marriage. Nothing was more advanta-geous than her proposals. Her for-tune was to be entirely in my power. There remained only one bar to our happiness. I was very young, and the was not fufficiently acquainted with my character. In order to try one another, the proposed to me to pass some days together, tête-a-tête,
in the country. "A fortnight's solitude and liberty," said she, "will
give us a truer idea of each other,
than two years at Paris." I gave into the snare, and she managed so well, that I forgot my resolution. How frail is man, and how little certain of himself! Having taken up the part of hosband, I was obliged to maintain it, and I gave her the best opinion of me that I possibly could; but in a short time she thought she perceived that my love abated. It was in vain that I protested it was the fame; she told me that she was not to be deceived with empty words, and that the plainly saw the change in me. In thort, this morning, I received my discharge in form from under her own hands. It runs in these words.

THE stender trial which I have made of your sentiments is sufficient. Be gone, Sir, whenever you please. I would have a husband whose attentions should never relax; who loves me always, and always the same."

Are you satisfied? There is my adventure. You see it is quite of a different nature from that which you attribute to me. I have been carried off as well as your Lauretta; Heaven grant, that they have not done by her as they did by me! But now you are undeceived with respect to me, have you no other suspicion? — I am lost in them, said Luzy: forgive my sorrow, my despair, and my love, the step which I have just taken. — Pshaw! replied Soligny, nothing was more just,

If I had taken away your mistress, I must have given you satisfaction. There is nothing in it; so much the betters and so we are good friends. Will you breakfast with me? — I would die. — That would be going tather too far. Preserve that remedy for more serious disgraces. Lauretta is a pretty girl, though a little knavish baggages endeavour to see her again; but if you cannot get her, take and other, and the sooner the better.

While Luzy remained inconfolable, and was scattering his money with a liberal hand, in order to discover some traces of Lauretta, she was at her father's, lamenting her error, or rather her

lover.

Bazil had given out in the village, that he had not been able to live without his daughter, and that he had been to fetch her home. They found her still improved. Her graces were now blown; and that which is called the air of Paris had given her new charms, even in the eyes of the villagers. The ardour of the youths who had fought her was renewed, and became still more lively; but her father refused them all. 'You hall never marry in my life-time,' faid he. 'I would not impose upon any one. Work and lament with me. I have just fent back to your unworthy lover all his presents. We owe him nothing now, except our shame.'

Lauretta, humble and submissive, obeyed her father without complaining, and without daring to raise her eyes towards him. It was to her an incredible difficulty to resume the habitude of indigence and labour. Her feet, grown tender, were wounded; her delicate hands were made fore; but these were slight evils. The pains of the body are nothing, said she, groaning; those of the soul are much more grievous.

Though Luzy was perpetually prefent to her, and her heart was not able
to detach itself from him, she had no
longer either the hope or defire of returning to him. She knew what bitterness her going astray had disfused over
the life of her unhappy father; and
though she had been at liberty to quit
him again, she would not have consented to it. But the image of the grief in
which she had left her lover pursued her,
and was her torment. The right he had
to accuse her of persidy and ingratitude
was a fresh cause of anguish. If I

could but write to him! But I have neither the liberty nor the means. Not content with obliging me to abandon him, they would have me for-get him. I shall sooner forget myfelf; and it is as impossible for me to hate him as to forget him. If he was culpable, his love was the cause, and I cannot punish him for it. In all that he did he meant only my happiness and my father's. He deceived him-self, he led me astray; but at his age one thinks only of love. Yes, I owe it to him, I owe it to myfelf, to clear up my conduct; and in that point alone my father shall not be obeyed." The difficulty now was only to procure the means of writing; but her father, without intending it, had spared her the trouble.

One evening Luzy, retiring more afflicted than ever, received an anonymous packet. The hand in which the direc-tion was written was unknown to him; but the post-mark told him enough. He opens it with precipitation; he difcovers the purse which he had given Bazil, with the fifty louis which he had left in it, and two like sums which he had sent to him. I see the whole afhad fent to him. 'I fee the whole af-fair,' faid he: 'I have been discover-The father in indignation fends me back my presents. Haughty and fevere, as I perceived him. As soon as he knew where his daughter was, he came to fetch her, and forced her to follow him. That moment he affembles such of his domesticks as attended Lauretta. He examines them; he alks if any one among them had not seen with her a countryman, whom he describes to them. One of them actual-Ty remembers that, the very day that the went away, a man exactly like the perfon he describes got up to the boot of Lauretta's coach, and spoke to her for a moment. ' Come quickly,' cried Lu-

zy, 'put post horses to my chaise!'
The second night, being arrived at some leagues from Coulange, he causes the fervant who attended him to difguise himself like a peasant, sends him to get information, and in the mean while endeavours to take rest. Alas, there is none for the foul of a lover in so violent a fituation! He counts the minutes from the departure of his emissary to his re-

Sir, faid the fervant, good news! Lauretta is at Coulange, at her fa-

' ther's.'- ' Ah, I breathe again!'-They talk even of marrying her.'-Of marrying her! I must fee her.' You will find her in the vineyard: she works there all day. '- Just Heaven, what hardship! Come, I will lie concealed; and you, under that disguise, shall watch the moment when she is alone. Let us not lose an instant. Away!'

Luzy's emissary had told him truth. A rich person in his situation had offered himself as a match for Lauretta; and the minister had sent to Bazil to persuade

him to accept it.

In the mean time, Lauretta toiled in the vineyard, and thought of the unhappy Luzy. Luzy arrives, and perceives her at a distance : he advances with precaution, fees her alone, runs up, throws himself before her, and stretches out his arms. At the noise which he made, across the vine-leaves, she raises her head, and turns her eyes. 'My God!' cried the. Surprize and joy took from her the use of her voice. She was in his arms, all trembling, without having been able to mention his name. 'Ah, Luzy!' faid she, at last, 'is it you? This is what I asked of Heaven. I am innocent in your eyes, that is enough: I will endure the rest. Adieu, Luzy, adieu for ever! Be gone; and lament your Lauretta. She reproaches you with nothing. You will be dear to her to her last breath.'- ' I!' cried he, locking her in his arms, as if they were about to tear her from him again: 'I quit you! Thou half of myself, I live without thee, far from thee! No, there is not that power on earth that shall separate us.'- There is one which is facred to me; the will of my father. Ah, my loft friend! if you had known the profound grief into which my flight plunged him, sensible and good as you are, you would have restored me to his tears. To take me away from him a fecond time, or to plunge a dagger into his bosom, would be to me the same thing. You know me too well to require it of me; you are too humane to wish it yourself. Cast a-way a hope which I have lost. Adieu! Heaven grant that I may expiate my fault! But I can scarce reproach myfelf for it. Adieu, I say! my father is coming: it would be dreadful that he should find us together. — It is what I would have, faid Luzy: 'I

wait for him.'- Ah! you are now going to redouble my forrows.'

At that instant Basil arrives; and Luzy, advancing some paces to meet him, throws himself at his feet. 'Who are you? what do you want?' said Bazil, astonished at first. But as soon as he had fixed his eyes on him, Wretch,' cried he, drawing back, be gone, take yourself away from my ' fight!'- ' No, I shall die at your feet, ' if you will not vouchfafe to hear me.' - After having ruined, dishonoured the daughter, dare you present yourfelf to the father!'—' I am to blame, I confess, and here are the means to punish me,' said he, presenting his sword. ' But if you will hear me, I hope that you will have compassion on "me.'- 'Ah!' faid Bafil, looking at the fword, ' if I were as base, as cruel as you See,' said he to his daughter, 'how groveling is vice, and how great the shame of it, since it obliges a man to crouch at the feet of his fellow-creature, and to sustain his con-tempt.'—'If I were only vicious,' replied Luzy haughtily, far from imploring you, I should brave you. Attribute my humiliation only to that which is the most honest, and most noble cause in Nature; to love, to virtue itself, to the defire which I have of expiating a fault, excusable, perhaps, and with which I reproach myself so cruelly, only because I have a good heart. Then, with all the eloquence of sentiment, he endeavoured to justify himself, attributing the whole to the warmth of youth, and the intoxication of paffion. 'The world is very happy,' replied

Bazil, 'that your passion has not been that of money! You would have been a Cartouche.' Luzy chased at this discourse. 'Yes, a Cartouche. And why not? Will you have the meanness to think that innocence and honour are of less value than riches and life? Have you not availed yourself of the weakness, the infirmity of this unhappy girl, in order to rob her of these two treasures? And me, her father, do you think you have done me a less injury than if you had murdered me? A Cartouche is broken on the wheel, because he steals riches, with which we may dispense; but for you, who have ta-

ken from us what a well-educated

girl, what a virtuous father cannot lose without dying, what have you merited? They call you noble, and you believe yourself so. These are the marks of that nobility of which you are so vain. At a time of diftress, when the most wicked of mankind would have had pity on me, you accost me, you pretend to pity me, and you fay in your heart, "There, now," is a wretch who has no other confo-" lation in the world but his daughter: " fhe is the only bleffing Heaven has " left him; and to-morrow I will car-" ry her away from him." Yes, barbarian! yes, villain! this is what paffed in your foul. And I, poor, eredulous fool! I admired you, loaded you with blefflings, and prayed Hea-ven to accomplifu all your withes; while all your wishes were to seduce my daughter! What do I say, wretch as I am! I delivered her up to you, I engaged her to run after you, in truth, to reftore to you that gold, that poison, with which you thought to corrupt me: it seemed as if Heaven had warned me that it was a destructive and treacherous gift; I refisted the impulse, and forced myself to believe you compassionate and generous; you were only perfidious and unpitying; and the hand which I would have kiffed, which I would have watered with my tears, was preparing to pluck out my heart. Behold, continued he, baring his bosom, and shewing his scars; behold what a man you have dishonoured! I have shed, for my country, more blood than you have in all your veins: and you, Sir, what are your exploits? Diffresting a father, and debauching his daughter! empoifoning my days and her's! See, there, the unhappy victim of your seduction; fee her there, steeping in her tears her daily bread. Brought up in the simplicity of an innocent and laborious life, she loved it; she now detests it: you have rendered in supportable labour and poverty to her; she has lost her ' joy with her innocence, and she can no longer lift up her eyes without blushing. But that which distracts me, that which I will never forgive you, is, that you have shut the heart of my daughter against me; you have extinguished the sentiments of nature in her foul; you have made the com-B b 2

pany of her father a torment to her: ' from you, and will die in cultivating perhaps, alas!-I dare not speak it-

perhaps I am her aversion.

'Ah, my fatherl' cried Lauretta, who till then had remained in dejection and confusion; 'Ah, my father! this is punishing me too much. I merit every thing except the reproach of having cealed to love you." On faying these ords, fhe fellat his feet, and killed the dust of them. Luzy prostrated himself before him, and in an excess of tenderness, My father, faid he, pardon her, pardon me, embrace your children; and, if the ravisher of Lauretta be not too unworthy of the name of her husband,
I conjure you to grant me that title.'
This return would have fostened a

harder heart than Bazil's. 'If there way of refforing to me my honour, and to both of you your innocence, I would refuse this, But it is the only one; I accept it, and much more for your sakes than for my own; for I

s neither expect, and will have nothing

my vineyard.'
The love of Luzy and Lauretta was consecrated at the foot of the altar, Many people faid that he had done a mean thing, and he agreed to it: ' But it is not, faid he, that which they attribute to me. The shame was in doing the wrong, and not in repairing

There was no way of engaging Bazil to quit his humble habitation. After having tried every art to draw him to Paris, Madam De Luzy obtained of her husband to purchase an estate near Cou-lange, and the good father consented at last to go there and spend his old age.

Two hearts formed for virtue were rayished in having recovered it. That image of celestial pleasures; the agreement of love and innocence, left them nothing more to defire, but to fee the fruits of so sweet an union. Heaven heard the wish of nature; and Bazil, before he died, embraced his grandchildren.

A WIFE OF TEN THOUSAND!

ENJOY, Madam, all the comforts of your house; do the honours, and be the delight of it; but never trouble your head about the conduct of it.' This, near eight years duct of it.' ago, was the language of the haughty Melidor to his wife. The advice was agreeable to follow; and accordingly the young and lively Acelia had pretty well followed it. But reason came with age; and the kind of intoxication, in which she had been plunged, vanished.

Melidor had had the misfortune of being born in opulence. Brought up among the young nobility of the kingdom, invested on entering into the world with a confiderable charge, matter of his wealth from the age of reason; it became to him the age of follies. His prevailing foible was to want to live like a man of quality. He made himself familiar with the great, carefully studied their manners; and as the noble and simple graces of a true courtier are not easy to imitate, it was to the airs of our little lords that he attached himself, as to good models.

He would have thought it a difgrace not to have been able to fay, My domains, and my vassals: he laid out, therefore, the better part of his readymoney in the purchase of lands, the revenue of which was small, indeed, but the rights whereof were magnificent.

He had heard fay, that the great lords had stewards who robbed them, creditors whom they did not pay, and miftresses who were not very faithful; he confidered it, therefore, as beneath him to look into his accounts, to pay his debts, or to be delicate in love.

His eldeft fon had scarce attained his feventh year; he took particular care to chuse him a governor that was self-sufficient and a coxcomb, who had no other merit than that of making a handsome bow.

This governor was the dependant of an humble friend of Melidor's, called Duranson, naturally an insolent, low fellow; a kind of dog, who barked at all paffers-by, and careffed only his mafter. The part he acted was that of a milana misanthrope, full of arrogance and morosenes. Rich, but covetous, he found
it covenient to have a good house
which was not his own, and pleasures
of every fort of which another bore the
expence. A filent observer of all that
passed, one might see him sunk in his
armed chair, deciding on every thing
with a few cutting words, and setting
himself up as a family-censor. Woe to
the good man who was not an object of
fearl. He tore him to pieces without
mercy, if his air had displeased him ever
so little.

Melidor took the moroseness of Duranson for philosophy. He was conscious that he was his hero; and the incense of a man of his character was to him a delicate perfume. The rough flatterer took care not to expose himself to the world. If he applauded Melidor in publick, it was only with a glance, or a complaifant smile: he kept his panegyrick, for a tête-à-tête; but then he gave him a full meal of it. Melidor could scarce believe himself endowed with fuch eminent merit; but there must be something in it, for his friend Duranson, who assured him of it, was the farthest in the world from being a naufeous flatterer.

It was not enough to please the hufband; Duranson had also flattered himfelf with feducing the young wife. He began by speaking well of her alone, and very ill of all others of her age and condition. But the was as little touched with his fatires as his encomiums. He suspected that he was despised; he endeavoured to make himself dreaded, and by fome malignant and sharp strokes, he made her perceive that it was at any time in his power to be fevere even on That succeeded no better. 'I may have foibles,' faid the to him, and I allow them to be attacked, but f at a little more distance, if you please. · A perpetual cenfor would be almost s as tiresome to me as a servile flat-

By the resolute tone which she assumed, Duranson saw plainly that, in order to reduce her, he must go a little farther about. Let me endeavour, said he, to make her stand in need of me: let me afflict her in order to consolute sher; and when her wounded variety shall throw her off her guard, I will seize one of those moments of disgust. The consident of a woman's

forrows is often the happy avenger of them.

I pity you, Madam, faidhe; 'and I ought no longer to conceal from you what afflicts me fensibly. For some time past Melidor goes astray; he is guilty of follies; and if he goes on in this manner, he will no longer have occasion for such a friend as myself.'

Whether it was levity or diffimulation with a man whom she did not esteem, Acelia received this information without deigning to appear moved. He dwelt upon it, made a merit of his own zeal, and declaimed against the caprices and irregularities of hufbands of the age; faid that he had made Melidor blush at it; and opposing the charms of Acelia to the dowdies which touched her hufband, he grew fo very warm, that he forgot his part, and soon betrayed himfelf. She smiled with disdain at the knave's want of address. ' That is what I call a friend,' faid fhe, 'and not those base adulators, whom vice keeps in pay in order to flatter and ferve it. I am very fure, for example, that you have told Melidor to his face all that you have just now faid to me.'- Yes, Madam, and a great deal more.'- You will, then, to be fure, have the courage to reproach him with his wrongs before me; to overwhelm him with them.'-Before you, Madam! Ah, beware of making a noise! that would be to alienate him irrecoverably. He is proud; he would be hurt at having cause to blush before you. He would confider me only as a perfidious friend. And who knows to what hidden motive he would impute our correspondence?'- 'No matter; I will convict him, and confront him, in you, with a witness whom he cannot disprove.'-No, Madam, no; you will be undone. It is by diffembling wrongs that a woman governs: discretion, gentleness, and your charms, these are your advantages over us. Complaint and reproach only ferve to exasperate us; and of all the methods of correcting, the worlt is to put us to confusion. He was in the right, but to no purpose. Acelia would hear nothing. 'I know, said she, 'all my risk; but though it were to come to a rupture, I would not act, by my filence, the convenient woman to my husband.' He strove in vain to diffuade her; he was reduced to ask her pardon, and to entreat her not to punish him for a zeal which, perhaps, was imprudent. 'And this, then, said Acelia, 'is that courageous free-dom of yours which nothing can intimidate? I shall be more discreet than you; but remember, Duranson, never hereafter to say any thing of your friends that you would not have them hear again. As to me, whatever injury my husband does me, I forbid you ever to speak to me about it.'

Duranson, enraged at so scurvy a reception, vowed the destruction of Acelia; but it was necessary first to involve her in the ruin of her husband.

Nobody at Paris has so many friends as an opulent and prodigal man. Mehdor's friends, at his suppers, never failed to commend him to his face; and they had the kindness to wait till they were withdrawn from table, before they ridiculed him. His creditors, who daily increased, were not so complaisant; but his friend Duranson kept off the throng. He knew, he faid, the way to impose on those knaves. However, as they were not all equally timid, there was a necelfity from time to time, in order to appease the most turbulent, to have recourfe to expedients; and Duranson, under a fictitious name, coming to the

The more Melidor's affairs became disordered, the less he wished to hear of them. 'Manage it,' said he to his steward; 'I will sign, but leave me at peace.' At last the steward came to tell him that his capital was exhausted, and his effects were going to be seized. Melidor fell on his agent, and told him he was a rogue. 'Call me what you please,' replied the cool steward, 'but you are 'in debt, and must pay; and because 'you fail, they are going to sue you.'

fuccour of his friend, lent him money

on pledges, on the most usurious con-

tracts.

Melidor ordered the faithful Duranfon to be called, and asked him if he
had no resource. You have one very
fure one: let your wise engage herfels.—! Ah! but will she consent to
it?'—' To be sure! can she hesitate,
when your honour is at stake? However, do not alarm her; treat the matter as a trisle, and let her see in this
engagement nothing more than a common form, which she cannot avoid
fulfilling.' Melidor embraced his
friend, and repaired to his wife.

Acelia, wholly devoted to her amuse, ments, knew nothing of what passed, But, happily, Heaven had endued her with a just way of thinking, and a firm soul. 'I am just come, Madam,' said her husband, 'from seeing your new carriage: it will be exquisite. Your new horses are arrived. Ah, my dear, what a beautiful set! the Count De Pisa trains them. They are full of spirit; but he will break them: he is the best driver in all Paris.'

Though Acelia was accustomed to the gallantries of her husband, she could not help being furprized and pleased with this last. 'I ruin you!' said she. Pr'ythee, my dear, what better use can I make of my fortune than to employ it in what pleases you? Give a loofe to your defires, and enjoy them at your eafe. I have nothing which is not at your service; and I flatter myself that you think so. Apropos,' added he carelessly, ' I have some deeds to settle, which the common forms of business will require you to fign. But we will talk of that this evening. At present I can think of nothing but the colour of your car-' riage; the varnisher only waits for your directions.'- 'I will consider of ' it,' faid she. And as soon as he was gone, the fell into reflections on what had paffed between them.

Acelia was a rich heires, and the law secured her the disposal of her fortune. She perceived the consequences of the engagement proposed to her; and in the evening, instead of going to the play, she went to her attorney. What was her surprize, on learning that Melidor was reduced to the most ruinous expedients! She employed the time of the play in getting intelligence and advice.

At her return she concealed her uneasiness before the company at supper;
but when her husband, tête-à-tête with
her, proposed to her to engage for him,
I will not abandon you, said she, sif
you will deign to trust yourself to me;
but I require an entire confidence, a
full power of ruling my house.

Melidor was humbled at the thought of having his wife for a tutor: he told her that she had no reason to be alarmed, and that he would not suffer her to take so disagreeable a charge upon herself. No, Sir, I have neglected it too long: it is a fault which I will no longer be guilty

guilty of.' He gave up the point; and the creditors being affembled the next day- Gentlemen,' faid he to them, your visits are troublesome to me; my wife would be glad to talk with you; fee and settle with her.'- Gen-tlemen,' said Acelia to them, in a prudent, but affured tone, 'though my eftate be my children's, I am sensible that I ought to affilt their father with it; but I will have it done fairly. Those who are honest shall find me punctual; but I will not fatisfy knaves for the follies of a spendthrift. Bring me your demands to-morrow. I require only time to examine them; I will not let you wait.

From the moment that Acelia faw herself at the head of her house, she was no longer the same woman. She cast her eyes on her past life, and saw nothing in it but the flutter of a thousand idle occupations. 'Are these,' faid she, the duties of a mother of a family? Is it, then, at the price of her honour and of her peace, that she must pay for handsome suppers, rich equipages,

and brilliant trifles?'

' Sir,' said she to her husband, ' tos morrow I shall have the state of your debts; I must have that of your revenues: order your fleward to come to The steward came and gave in his accounts. Nothing was more clear; far from having money in hand, it was found that he had advanced, and there was due to him above double the amount of his accumulated wages. I fee,' faid Acelia, ' that the steward understands his accounts better than we do. We have nothing to do but to pay him, thanking him at the fame s time that we are not more in his debt.' - To pay him!' said Melider in a low voice, 'and with what?' Out of my fund. The first step in ceco- nomy is to turn off the steward.' A reformation was instantly made in

the houshold, and in the expence; and Acelia fetting the example, 'Courage, Sir,' faid she, ! let us cut to the quicka we facrifice only our vanity. - But decency, Madam?'- Decency, Sir, confifts in not diffipating the fubstance of another, and the innocent enjoyment of one's own.'- But, Madam, at discharging your people you pay them; and that is exhaulting our only resource. - ' Be easy, my dear: I have trinkets and diamonds; and by

' facrificing only these ornaments, I make myself one which is well worth them all.

Next day the creditors arrive, and Acelia gives them audience. Those of whom Melidor had purchased moveables of value, or superfluous knick-knacks, confented to take them back again, with a fair allowance. The rest, enchanted with the reception and good intentions of Acelia, unanimously agreed to abide by her decisions; and her conciliatory

graces united all minds.

One alone, with an air fomewhat confused, said that he could not abate any thing. He had valuable effects in pledge; and on the lift of monies borrowed, he was fet down for an enormous usury. Acelia detained him by himself, in order to bend him, if polfible. 'I, Madam!' faid he, preffed by her reproaches; 'I come not here on my own account, and M. Duranson had better have excused me from playing this villainous part.'- Duranfon, fay you! What, is it he who under your name- 'He himfelf.'- 'So our pledges are in his hands.'- 'Yes, and a writing from me, in which I declare there is nothing due to me.'-And may I have a duplicate of that writing? - Certainly, and prefently if you will, for the name of an uturer This was a weafits heavy on me.' pon for Acelia; but it was not yet time to enlighten Melidor, and incense Duranson. She thought it necessary to disfemble some time longer.

Her lawyer, who came to see her, found that in twenty-four hours she had laid by a good part of her revenue, and discharged a multitude of debts. 'You proceed,' faid he, 'upon good principles. Oeconomy is, of all resources, the most fure and the easiest. It enriches one in an instant with all the wealth that has been dislipated.'

While they were discoursing, Melidor in confusion afflicted himself at seeing his house stripped. 'Nay, Sir,' said his wife, 'console yourself: I retrench nothing but your follies.' But he confidered only the world, and the humi-liation of a fall. He retired in confternation, leaving Acelia with her lawyer.

A young woman has in bulinels a prodigious advantage: besides inspiring hope and the defire of pleafing, the interests and disposes to a kind of eatiness which men have not for one another.

Nature contrives a secret intelligence between the two sexes. Every obstacle is removed before them, every difficulty vanishes; and instead of treating one another as enemies, like man to man, with a woman we deliver ourselves up as friends. Acelia was more than once a proof of it; and her lawyer exerted a zeal and affection in serving her, which he would not have had for her husband.

Madam, faid he to her, on stating the balance of Melidor's estate with his debts, 'I find enough to acquit them. But effects sold in a hurry commonly go at a low price. Let us suppose that his are free; they will more than answer the two hundred thousand crowns which he owes; and if you will engage yourself for him, it is not impossible to reduce this multitude of ruinous debts to a small number of more simple and less burdensome articles.'— Do it, Sir, said Acelia; 'I consent: I engage myself for my husband; but let it be without his knowledge.' The lawyer acted with prudence; and Acelia was authorized to contract in Melidor's name.

Melidor had acted openly with her in every article but one, which he had not dared to declare to his wife. In the night Acelia, hearing him groan, endeavoured tenderly to comfort him. You'do not know all!' faid he; and thefe words were followed with a pro-Acelia preffed him in found filence. vain; shame stopped his mouth. " What!" faid she, 'have you forrows which you dare not confide to me! have you a friend more tender, more fure, more indulgent?'—' The greater right you have to my efteem,' replied Melidor, the more I ought to blush at the confession which I have yet to make to you. You have heard of the courtezan Eleonora-What shall I say to you? She has notes from me for upwards of fifty thousand crowns.' Acelia faw with joy the moment to regain the heart of her husband. 'It is not a time for reproaching you,' faid the, with a folly of which your are ashamed, and to which my own diffipation has perhaps exposed you. Let us repair and forget our wrongs: this last is not without remedy.' Melidor had no conception that a woman, till that time so full of levity, should all of a sudden have acquired fo much confideration, Acelia was not less surprized that a man, fo haughty and vain, should suddenly become so modest. May it not be happy for us, faid they to each other, that we have fallen into misfortune?

The next day Acelia, having confidered well, went in person to Eleo-nora's. 'You know not,' said she to her, 'who is come to see you? It is a ' rival.' And without any farther preparation she told her her name. ' Madam, faid Eleonora, I am confounded at the honour you do me. I am sensible I have done you wrong, but my condition must be my excuse. Melidor is to blame, and on feeing you I blame him myfelf: he is more unjust than I imagined.'—' Madam,' faid Acelia, 'I complain neither of you nor of him. It is a punishment due to a thoughtless woman to have a libertine husband; and I have at least the pleasure of seeing that Melidor has still some delicacy in his taste. You haveunderstanding, and an appearance of decency and graces worthy to embellift virtue.'- You view me, Madam, with two much indulgence; which convinces me of the truth of what has been often told me, that the most virtuous women are not those who are most severe on us. As they have nothing to envy us, they have the goodness to pity us. These who resemble us are much more rigid! they tear us to pieces, while they imitate us.'- I will tell you,' replied Acelia, meaning to bring her to her purpole, what we blame most in persons of your way of life; it is not that weakness of which so many women have cause to blush, but a passion still more odious. The fire of youth, the relish of pleasures, the attraction of a voluptuous and unconfined life, fometimes even fentiment itself, for I can believe you susceptible of it, all this may have it's excuse; but in renouncing the modesty of a woman, you are at least the more obliged to have that of a man; and is there not a kind of honefty which you do not renounce?'- Yes, without doubt.'- Very well; tell me, then, does that honesty permit you to make an ill use of the intoxication and folly of a lover, to fuch a degree as to require, and to accept of his mad engagements, that are ruinous to his family? Melidor, for example, has given you

you notes for fifty thousand crowns; and do you perceive the consequence of them, and how much room there is to be fevere against fuch a feduction?'- 'Madam,' replied Eleonora, it was a voluntary gift; and M. Du-ranson can witness for me that I have refused much larger. - You know M. Duranson? - Yes, Madam; it was he that put Melidor into my hands; and I was willing on that account to acquit him of all his own promises. — Very well: he has set down his own article, then, to his friend's account?- He told me fo, and I imagined that Melidor had approved of it. As to the rest, Melidor was at his own liberty; I have no-thing of his but what he has given me, and nothing, in my opinion, can be more fairly acquired.'- 'You think fo; but would you think fo, if you were the child that is stripped for it? Put yourself in the place of a mother of a family, whose husband ruins her in this manner; who is on the point of feeing him dishonoured, pursued, driven from his house, de-prived of his estate, obliged to con-ceal himself from the eyes of the world, and to leave his wife and children a prey to shame and grief; put yourself for one moment in the place of that miserable and distressed woman, and judge yourfelf, in that condition. What steps would not you take, Mademoiselle? You would, without doubt, have recourse to the laws which superintend our morals. Your complaints, and your tears, would put in their claim against an odious surprize, and the voice of nature and of equity would rife up in your favour. Yes, Mademoifelle, the laws would rage against poison; and the gift of pleasing is poison, when we make an ill use of it. It attacks not life; but it attacks reason and . honour; and if, in the intoxication which it occasions, mad facrifices are required and obtained of a man, what you call free gifts are in reality rob-beries. This is what any other would fay; what you would fay, perhaps, in my place, yourfelf. But I am more moderate. There is fomewhat due to you: I am come to pay you; but nobly, and not madly. It is fix months that Melidor has been your lover, and in giving you a thousand guineas, you

will confess that he is magnificent.' Eleonora, foftened and confounded, had not the courage to refuse. She took Melidor's notes, and followed Acelia to her lawyer.

Would not you like, faid Acelia to her, on arriving there, an annuity of a hundred guineas, rather than this fum in hand, which will foon be diffipated? The way to detach one's felf from vice, child, is to fet one's felf above want; and I am of opinion, that you will one day be glad to have it in your power to be virtuous.

it in your power to be virtuous.'
Eleonora kissing Acelia's hand, and
letting fall some tears; Ah, Madam,'
said she, 'under your features how amiable and touching is virtue! If I have
the happiness to return to it, my heart
will owe that return to you.'

The lawyer, charmed with Acelia, informed her that the two hundred thoufand crowns were ready in his hands, and that they waited her orders. She departed transported with joy, and on feeing Melidor again, 'There are your notes,' faid she: 'it was very hard to part with them. Write no more fo tender!' His friend Duranson was present; and by the dull air of Melidor, the plainly faw that he had made him ashamed of having refigned himself to his wife. 'You receive them very cold-' ly,' said she to her husband, 'considering they come from so dear a hand.'
Would you have me, Madam, rejoice at being the talk of all Paris? They speak of nothing but my ruin; and you make it so very publick, that my friends themselves are not able to deny it.'- Your friends, then, Sir, had fome way of remedying it without noise? They are come probably to offer you their credit, and their good offices? M. Duranson, for example-' 'I, Madam! I can do nothing; but I think that without fuch a difgraceful publication, it would have been eafy to find resources.'-Yes, resources which leave none! My husband has made too much use of them: you know it better than any-body. As for the difgrace which you affix to the publication of our miffortune, I know how great your delicacy is, and I efteem it as I ought.'-. Madam! I am an honest man, and it is well known.'- It ought to be known, for you tell all the world of it; but as Melidor will have no more grows useless. Melidor, at these words, took fire himself, and told his wife, that it was an affront to him to insult his friend. She was about to answer; but, without deigning to hear her, he retired in a rage, and Duranson followed him.

Acelia was not the least shaken by this; and leaving them to conspire together, devoted herself entirely to the care of her family. Her son's governor, since their failure, thought his office beneath him, and plainly told them his mind. He was discharged that very evening; and in his place came a good abbé, simple, modest, and sufficiently learned, whom she entreated to be their friend, and to infuse his own morals in-

to his pupil.

Melidor, whom Duranson had taught to consider the ascendent which his wife had assumed, as the utmost mortification, was incensed at hearing that the governor was discharged. 'Yes, Sir,' faid fhe to him, 'I give my fon the example and direction of a wife man inflead of a coxcomb; I mean also to rid you of an insolent parasite, who makes you pay for his pleasures. These are the injuries I do you, I confeis them, and you may make them publick.'- 'It is odious, replied Melidor, without listening to her; 'it is odious to avail yourself of the condition to which I am reduced, to prescribe laws to me. No, Madam, my misfortune is not fuch as to degrade me into your flave. It was your duty to enter into the engagement which I proposed to you: you have declined it; you are no longer dear to me, and your cares are useless. If I have run out, it was for you: the only remedy to my misfortune, is to remove the cause, and to-morrow we separate.' No, Sir, this is not the proper juncture. In a little time you shall peaceably enjoy a reputable fortune; you shall be free, and easy, and happy. Then, after having re-established your honour and your peace, I shall see whether I ought to give place to the workers of your ruin, and to leave you, by way of punishment, at the brink of the abys, whence I am now going to draw you. Till then we are inseparable; and my duty and your misfortune are inviolable ties to me. For the rest, you shall judge

to-morrow what a man he is whom you prefer to me. I will give you proofs of his perfidy, before his face; and I renounce all claim to your esteem

if he dares disavow them.

Melidor, shaken by the generous firmness of Acelia, was distracted all night between anger and gratitude. But in the morning he received a letter, which threw him into despair. writ to him that nothing was talked of at court but his luxury, his extravagance, and the misfortune which was the fruit of it; that every-body blamed him loudly; and that they proposed no-thing less than to oblige him to quit his charge. 'Read,' said he, on seeing Acelia; ' read, Madam, and tremble at the condition to which you have reduced me .- Oh, my friend,' faid he to Duranson, who arrived just at that instant, ' I am undone; you foretold it to me. The buftle fhe has made dishonours me. They are dishonours me. Duranson pretend-They are taking ed to be overcome with the news. 'Be not afraid, 'faid Acelia to him; 'your fecurity is good. You will lose nothing by it, but the monstrous usury which you would extort from your friend .- Yes, Melidor, he is our usurer, our lender upon pledges.'-I, Madam!'- Yes, Sir, you yourfelf, and I have the proof in my hands.

There it is,' faid she to her husband; ' but this is not all: this worthy friend made you pay Eleonora for the favours which he had received from her; he had the presumption to want to seduce your wife, by informing her of your amours, at the same time that he ruined you under a borrowed name. Ah, this is too much!' faid Duranson, and he rose to depart. ' One word more,' said Acelia to him. You shall be unmasked in an hour, known by the city and the court, and marked every-where with infamy, if you do not this very instant carry to my lawyer's, where I am going to wait for you, both the pledges and the notes which you have of Melidor's.' Duranson turned pale, was confused, disappeared, and left Melidor confounded and immoveable with indignation and astonishment.

'Courage, my dear,' said Acelia to her husband. 'I answer for laying the form. Adieu. This evening it shall

be appealed.

She repairs to the attorney's, becomes bound, receives the two hundred thou-fand crowns, discharges his debts, tears the bills, beginning with those of Duranson, who had prudently done as he was ordered. From thence she takes a post-chaise, and repairs immediately to court.

The minister did not dissemble his discontent, nor the resolution which had been taken to oblige Melidor to fell his place. 'I do not attempt to excuse him,' said the: 'luxury is a folly in our fituation, I confess; but it has been my folly rather than my hufband's. His complaisance has been his only fault; and ah, Sir, what will not men do for a wife whom they love! I was young and handsome in his eyes; my husband consulted my defires rather than his own means; he knew no fear, nor misfortune, but that of displeasing me: this was his imprudence; it is now repaired; he owes nothing more than my por-tion, and I make him the facrifice of it.'- 'What, Madam,' cried the minister, ' have you become bound for him?'- Yes, Sir, who ought to repair his misfortune, but the who occasioned it? Yes, Sir, I have engaged myself, but thereby I have acquired the right of managing his estate, and of ensuring my children's fortune. He does not know what I have done for him, and he allows me full power to dispose of every thing. I am at the head of my family, and the whole of it is already reduced to the most severe œconomy. Here, in two words, is what I have done, and what I propose to do.' She then entered into some details, which the minister was graciously pleased to hear. 'But,' continued the, ' the friendship, the esteem, the confidence of my husband, all is lost to me, if you punish him for a fault with which he must reproach me till I shall have effaced it. You are just, senfible, and humane; for what would you punish him? For having loved the other half of himself too much? for having forgot himself, and sacri-ficed himself for me? I shall then be odious to him; and he will have reafon perpetually to repeat to my children the error and dishonour into which their mother shall have plunged him. To whom would you make fatisfaction by punishing him? To

the publick? Ah, Sirl it is an envious, wicked publick, unworthy of that complaisance. As to that part of the publick which is indifferent and just, leave us to give it a fight much more useful, and more touching, than that of our ruin. It shall fee that a discreet woman can reclaim an honest husband; and that there are, to well-disposed hearts, inexhaustible resources in courage and virtue. Our reformation will be an example; and if it be honourable to us to fet it, it will be glorious to follow it; whereas, if the punishment of an imprudence which hurts us alone, exceeds the fault, and furvives it, they will, perhaps, be incensed to no purpose, at feeing us unhappy without being criminal.

The minister listened with astonishent. 'Far from being any obstacle to your intentions,' said he, 'Madam, I will second them, even in punishing your husband. He must renounce all title to his place.'- 'Ah, Sirl'- 'I have disposed of it in favour of your fon; and it is out of regard, out of respect for you, that I leave the survivorship to the father.' Acelia's furprize, at obtaining from the minister a favour instead of a punishment, made her almost fall at his feet. 'Sir, fhe to him, ' it is worthy yourself to correct, in this manner, the father of a family. The tears which you fee flow are the expression of my gratitude. My children, my husband, and myself, shall never cease to bless you.'

Melidor waited Acelia with terror; and uneafiness gave place to joy, when he learned with what gentleness his disfipation was punished. 'Well,' said Acelia, embracing him, 'are we to part to-day? Have you still any good friend

It is well known with what ease reports in Paris are spread, and destroyed as soon as propagated: Melidor's misfortune had been the news of the day; his re-establishment, or rather the noble part which his wife had acted, caused a kind of revolution in people's minds, and in their conversation. They talked of nothing but the wisdom and resolution of Acelia; and when she appeared abroad, with the modest and free air of a person who neither braves nor fears the looks of the publick, she was received with a respect which she had never C c 2

before inspired. It was then that she perceived the value of the consideration which virtue gives, and the homages which had been paid to her youth and beauty, had never flattered her so much.

Melidor, more timid, or more vain, knew not what air to assume, nor what faid his wife, the air of confessing frankly, that we have been imprudent, and that we are become discreet. Nobody has any thing to reproach us with; let us not humiliate ourselves. If they fee us glad of being amended, they will esteem us the more.'—'And with what eyes,' said he, ' will you look upon that multitude of talse friends who have abandoned us?'-With the fame eyes that I have always feen them; as people whom pleafure attracts, and who fly away at it's departure. What right had you to depend upon them? Was it for them that your feasts were made? The house of a rich man is a theatre, in which every one thinks he has paid for his place, when he has filled it agreeably: the flew ended, every one retires, acquitted of all demands on them. This is a disagreeable reflection; but in losing the illusion of being loved, you convert an agreeable error into an useful experience. And it is with this remedy, as with many others: the bitterness forms it's efficacy. View, then, the world as it is, without being mortified at having miftaken it, without boafting that you know it better. Above all, let nobody be informed of our little quarrelse let neither of us feem to have given way to the other; but let itap-pear, that the same spirit animates and actuates us both. Though it be not o fo great a fhame as it is accounted, to fuffer one's felf to be guided by a wife, I would not have them know that it was I who determined you.

Melidorowed every-thing to his wife, but nothing touched him so sensibly as this mark of delicacy, and he was so ingenuous as to confess it. Acelia had another view besides flattering the vanity of her husband. She wanted to engage him, by his vanity itself, to follow the plan which she had traced out to him.

If he sees all the world persuaded, said she, that he has acted only acted to his own pleasure, he will soon believe it himself, as well as the

the rest of the world: we stand to our own resolutions by this sentiment of liberty, which resists those of others; and the most essential point in the art of leading people, is that of concealing from them that they are led. Accelia took care, therefore, to restect on her husband those praises which were bestowed on her; and Melidor, on his side, spoke of her with nothing but esteem.

However, she dreaded, on his account. the folitude and filence of her house. There is no keeping in a man who grows dull and weary; and before Me-lidor could fall into fome employment; it was necessary he should have amusements. Acelia took care to form for him a fociety, not numerous, but wellchosen. ' I invite you not to feafts,' faid she to the ladies whom she engaged; but instead of pomp, we shall have pleasure. I will give you a hearty supper, which shall cost nothing; we will there drink in freedom to the health of our friends; perhaps, also, we shall laugh there, a circumstance uncommon enough in the world.' She kept her promise; and her husband alone still regretted the opulence in which he had lived. Not that he did not try to accustom himself to a plain way of life; but one would have thought that the same void had taken possession of his foul and of his house. His eyes and ears, habituated to tumult, were stupified as it were with calm and repose. He fill viewed with envy those who were ruining themselves, like himself; and Paris, where he found himself condemned to privations, in the midst of enjoyments, became odious to him.

Acelia, who perceived it, and who pursued her plan with that constancy which is found only in women, proposed to him to go and see the lands which they had bought. But, before setting out, she charged her lawyer to hire her, instead of the hotel which they occupied, a house genteelly plain, to live in at their return.

Of three estates, which Melidor had, the two most honourable produced scarce a third of the interest of the purchase-money. It was resolved, therefore, that he should sell them. The other having been long neglected, required only improvement to become an excellent estate.

This is the estate we must keep, said Acelia: I let us employ all our care in raising

railing it's value. It is a wholesome air, an agreeable prospect, and a fertile foil: we will pais the pleasant part of the year there; and, believe me, we will love one another there. Your wife will not have the airs, the caprices, the art of coquettes, but a fincere and tender friendship; which will constitute, if you partake it, your happinels; mine, that of our children, and the joy of our family. I know not how it is, but fince I breathe the air of the country, my pleasures are more fimple and natural; happinels feems more within my reach, more accessible to my desires; I see it pure, and without clouds, in the innocence of rural manners; and I have, for the first time, the idea of the serenity of an innocent life, which flows in peace to the very end. Melidor heard his wife with complaifance, and confolation diffused itself over his soul like a delicious balm.

He consented, not without repugnance, to the sale of those of his lands, the rights of which had flattered him the most; and the good lawyer managed so well, that in the space of six months, Melidor found himself indebted to

nobody in the world.

Nothing now remained, but to ftrengthen him against the bent of habit; and Acelia, who knew his foible, did not despair of extinguishing in him the relish of luxury, by a taste more discreet and satisfactory. The estate which they had referved, presented a vast field for useful labours; and Acelia bethought her of forming a little council of hufbandmen for the direction of them. This council was composed of seven honest, sensible villagers, to whom she gave a dinner every Sunday. This dinner was called, The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. The council was held at table, and Melidor, Acelia, and the little abbé, affisted at the deliberations. The quality of foils, and the culture which fuited them; the choice of the plants and seeds; the establishment of new farms, and the division of the ground into woods, pasturages, and corn-fields; the distribution of the slocks, destined for fattening and labour; the direction and employment of the waters, plantations, and enclosures, and even the smallest particulars of rural economy; were treated in this council. Our lages, glass in hand, ani-

mated and enlightened each other; to hear them, one might have imagined that one faw treasures buried in the earth, which waited only for hands to

come and dig them out.

Melidor was flattered with this hope, and above all with the kind of domination which he should exercise in the conduct of these labours; but he did not think that he had means sufficient to carry them into execution. 'Let us begin,' said Acelia, 'and the ground will assist us.' They did but sittle the first year, but sufficient to give Melidor a foretaste of the pleasure of creating.

The council, at Acelia's departure, received from her a small recompence, and the good grace with which she gave

it enhanced the value.

Melidor, on his return to town, was enchanted with his new house. It was commodious and pleasing, furnished without pomp, but with taste. 'This, 'my dear, is what suits us,' said his wife. 'There is enough of it to be happy in it, if we are wife.' She had the pleasure of seeing him grow dull at Paris, where he found himself confounded in the crowd, and sigh after the country, where the desire of reigning recalled him.

They went down there before the return of fpring; and the fages being affembled, they regulated the labours

of the year.

From the moment that Melidor faw the ground enlivened by his influence, and a multitude of people employed in fertilizing it for him, he felt himself lifted above himself. A new farm, which he had established, was adjudged by the council, and Melidor had the sensible joy of seeing the first crop.

Their joy was renewed every day, on feeing those very fields, which two years before languished uncultivated and unpeopled, covered with labourers and flocks, with wood, harvests, and herbages; and Melidor saw with regret the arrival of the season which recalled

him to Paris.

Acelia could not resist the inclination of visiting the minister, who, in her missortune, had stretched out his hand to her. She gave him so touching a pieture of the happiness which they enjoyed, that he was moved to the bottom of his soul. You are, said he to her, the model of women; may such an example

example make, on all hearts, the impreffion which it makes on mine! Go

on, Madam, and depend on me. It is too much honour to be able to con-

tribute to the happiness which you

occasion.'

That fortunate country, to which our couple were recalled by the fine weather, became a smiling picture of eco-nomy and abundance. But a picture, still more touching, was that of the edu-

cation which they gave to their children. They talked in the neighbourhood of a couple like themselves, withdrawn from the world, and who, in a pleasing solitude, made it their delight to cultivate the tender fruits of their love. Let us go and fee them,' faid Acelia; let us go and take lessons from them. On arriving, they saw the image of happinels and of virtue; M. and Madame de Lisbé, in the midst of their young family, solely occupied with the care of forming the understanding and the heart.

Acelia was touched at the grace, the decency, and, above all, with the air of gaiety which she remarked in these chil-dren. They had neither the rustick bashfulness nor the indiscreet familiarity of childhood. In their address, their conversation, their language, nothing appeared but a natural excellence; so very easy had habit rendered all the movements which it had directed.

'This is not a visit of ceremony,' said Acelia to Madame De Lisbé: ' we come to take instructions from you in the art of bringing up our children, and to entreat you to teach us the princifollowed with fo much success.'

Alas, Madam! nothing is more plain,' replied Madame De Lisbé. Our principles confilt in treating chil-dren as children; to make useful things a play to them; to make plain what we teach them, and to teach them only what they are able to conceive. Our method is equally simple: it consists in leading them to instruction by curiofity; in concealing from them, under that allurement, the idea of labour and constraint, and in directing their very curiofity, by certain thoughts very curiofity, by certain thoughts thrown in their way, and which we give them an inclination of seizing.
The most difficult is that of exciting emulation without jealoufy; and in that, " perhaps, we have less merit than good fortune.'- You have given them,

without doubt, excellent masters?"-No, Madam, we learned whatever we wished to teach them. See how the dove digests the nourishment of her young ones. Let us imitate her; and from thence result two advantages, and two pleasures; that of instructing ourselves, and that of instructing our

This little labour is fo much the more amufing,' faid Monsieur De isbé, ' as we have reserved all the abstracted studies for the age of reason; and as our lessons are, at present, confined to what falls beneath the fenses. Childhood is the age in which the imagination is most lively, and the memory most docile; it is to objects of these two organs that we apply the minds of our children. The furface of the ground is an image; the history of men, and that of nature, are a fuccession of pictures; the natural philosophy of tongues is only sounds; the part of the mathematicks, to be perceived by the fenfes, is reduced to lines; all the arts may be described. Religion itself, and moral philosophy, are better learned by our feelings than they are conceived in idea; in a word, all our simple and primitive perceptions come to us by the fenses. Now, the senses of children have more fineness, delicacy, and vivacity, than those of maturer age. It is taking nature, then, in her strength, to take her in childhood; to perceive and seize every thing which requires not the combinations of the understanding; besides, that the foul, free from all other care, is entirely at leifure to attend to this; that it is greedy of knowledge, exempt from prejudice, and that all the cells of the understanding and the memory being empty, we range ideas there at pleasure, especially if, in the art of introducing them, we follow their natural order, if we are not in too much hafte to accumulate them, and if we give them leifure to fettle themselves

each in their place.'
I fee,' faid Acelia, ' but without terrifying myself at it, that all this demands a continued attention.'-That attention,' replied Madame De Lisbé, ' has nothing constraining nor ' painful. We live with our children, we have them under our eyes, we con-verse with them, we accustom them to examine and to reflect; we affift them,

" without

without impatience, in developing their ideas; we never discourage them by a tone of ill-humour or contempt; serverity, which is only of service to remedying the fault of negligence, has scarce ever place in an unremitted education; and as we do not suffer nature to take any vicious bent, we are not obliged to put it under confirmant.

'Shall I not be indifcreet,' said Acelia to her, 'in testifying to you the define I have of being present at one of your lessons?' Madame De Lisbé called her children, who were employed together in a corner of the hall. They slew to the arms of their mother with a natural joy, at which Acelia was touched. 'Children,' said the mother, 'the lady would willingly hear you: we are going to question each other.'

Acelia admired the order and clearness of the knowledge which they had acquired; but she was still more enchanted at the grace and modesty with which they replied in their turns, at the good understanding which reigned among them, and at the lively interest which they took at the success of each

Acelia's object was to interest Melidor in this fight, and he was moved even to tears. 'How happy are you,' faid he continually to Madame De Lisbé; 'how happy are you in having 'fuch children! It is the sweetest of all 'enjoyments.'

Acelia, on quitting her neighbours, requested their friendship; she embraced a thousand times their children, and prayed them to give her leave to come sometimes to instruct herself by their studies.

'What can be more aftonishing, and more plain?' said she to Melidor, on going away. 'Can it be that a pleasure for pure is so little known, and that what is most natural should be what is most uncommon? People have children, and grow tired of them! and seek abroad for amusements, when they have such touching pleasures at home!'—'True,' said Melidor; all children are not so well endowed.'—'And who has told us,' replied Acelia, that Heaven has not granted us the same favour? Ah, my dear, it is for the sake of sparing ourselves, that we so often reproach Nature. We generally blame her, in order to justify

ourselves. Before we have a right to think her incorrigible, we should have done every thing to correct her. We are neither weak nor wicked; our children ought not to be so. Let us live with them, and for them; and I promise you that they will resemble us.

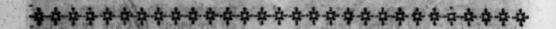
'You are going to have two affiftants,' said she in the evening to the abbé. 'We have just had a foretaste of the
pleasure of educating our children.'
And she related what they had seen and
heard. 'We would follow the same
plan,' added she. 'You, my good
abbé, you shall teach them the languages; Melidor is going to apply
shimself to the study of the arts, and
of nature, in order to be able to give
lessons on them. I reserve to myself
what is easiest and most simple, the
manners, the objects of sentiment;
and I hope, in a year, to be able to
keep pace with you. You must shew
us the sources, and direct our studies,
step by step, on the shortest plan.'

The abbé applauded this emulation, and each of them set about filling his task with an ardour, which, far from weakening itself, only redoubled.

Melidor found no farther vacancy in the leisure of the country. It seemed to him as if time hastened his course. The days were not long enough to attend to the cares of agriculture, and the studies of the closet. One might have said, that these employments stole from one another. Acelia was divided, in like manner, between the cares of her houshold and the instruction of her children. Natureseconded her views. Her children, full of application and docile, whether by the example of their parents, or through a mutual emulation, made their little exercises their diversion.

But this success, satisfying as it was to the heart of a good mother, was not her most serious object. She had ensured to Melidor the only inexhaustible resource against the dullness of solitude, and the attraction of dissipation. 'I am easy,' said she, 'at last,' when she saw in him a determined liking for study.' It is a pleasure which costs little, which we find every-where, which here is never tires, and with which we are sure of not being obliged to say ourselves.'

Melidor, restored to himself, far from being ashamed to confess that he owed his reformation to his wife, took a pride in relating all the had done to reclaim bim from his errors: he ceased not to commend the courage, the understanding, the sweetness, the firmness, she had mingled in it; and all the world, on hearing him, faid, 'This is a Wife of 'Ten Thousand!'



FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE

None of those schools of morality to which the English youth go to study the duties of a man and a citizen, to enlighten the understanding and elevate the foul, Nelson and Blanford were diftinguished by a friendship worthy of the first ages. As it was founded on a per-fect agreement of sentiments and principles, time only ferved to confirm it; and the more it was enlightened every day, the more intimate it every day beame. But this friendship was put to a telt, which it had some difficulty to

Support, Their studies being finished, each of them took to that way of life to which Nature invited him. Blanford, active, robust, and courageous, determined for the profession of arms, and for the sea-service. Voyages were his school. Inured to fatigues, instructed by dangers, he arrived, from rank to rank, to the

command of a veffel.

Nelfon, endowed with a manly eloquence, and of a genius wife and profound, was of the number of those deputies, of whom the national senate is composed; and in a short time he ren-dered himself famous there.

Thus each of them served his country, happy in the good which he did its while Blanford sustained the shock of war, and of the elements, Nelson stood proof against favour and ambition. Examples of an heroick zeal, one ould have thought that, jealous of each. ther, they contended for virtue and lory; or rather that, at two extreminated them both.

· Courage,' said Nelson, in his letters to Blanford, ' does honour to friendship by preserving it's country; live for the one, if it be possible, and die for the other, if there be occasion: a death, worthy of it's tears, is more valuable than the longest life. — Courage, faid Blanford, in his letters to Nelson,

defends the rights of the people ' and of liberty: a smile from one's

country is of more value than the fa-" vour of kings."

Blanford enriched himself by doing his duty: he returned to London with the prizes he had taken on the Indian feas; but the most valuable part of his treasure was a young Indian, of a beau-ty that would have been uncommon in any climate. A Bramin, to whom Heaven had given this only daughter in reward for his virtues, had configned her up, in his dying moments, to the hands of the generous Englishman.

Coraly had not yet attained her fifteenth year; her father made her his delight, and the tenderest object of his cares. The village in which he dwelt was taken and pillaged by the English. Solinzeb (that was the Bramin's name) presents himself on the threshold of his habitation. 'Hold!' faid he to the foldiers, who were come quite up to his humble fanctuary; 'hold! Whoever you be, the God of Nature, the beneficent God, is yours and mine: respect in me his minister.'

These words, the found of his voice, his venerable air, impress respect; but the fatal stroke is given, and the Bra-min falls, mortally wounded, into the arms of his trembling daughter.

At that instant Blanford arrives. He

comes to repress the fury of the soldiery. He cries out; he makes a paffage through them; he fees the Bramin leaning on a young girl scarce able to support him, and who, tottering herfelf, bathes the old man with her tears. At this fight, nature, beauty, love, exercise all their influence on Blanford's soul. He easily discovers in Solinzeb the father of her who embraces him with fuch affectionate forrow.

Barbarians,' faid he to the foldiers, be gone! Is it feebleness and innocence, old age and childhood, that

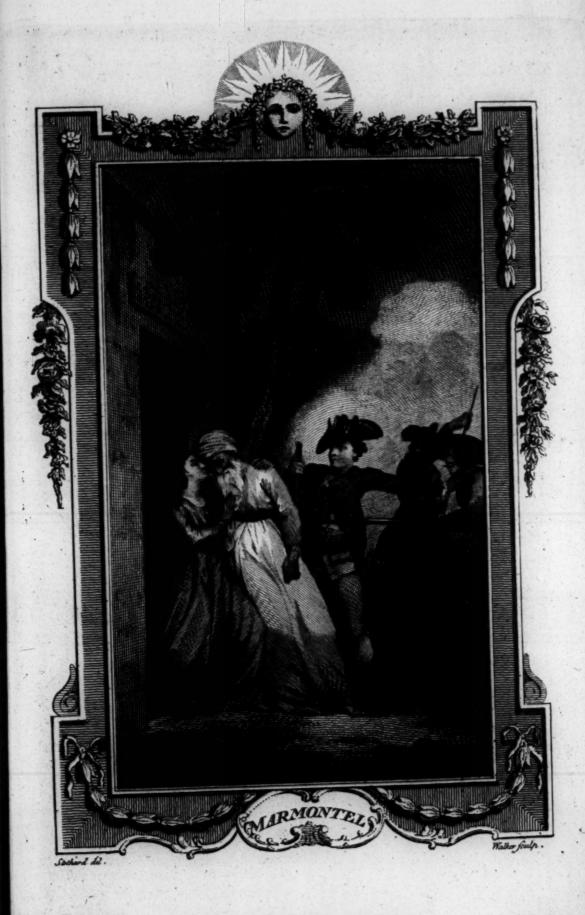


Plate. V.



you ought to attack?-Mortal, facred to me, faid he to the Bramin, live, live; fuffer me to repair the crime of those savages! At these words he takes him into his arms, makes him lie down, examines the wound, and procures him all the affistance of art. Coraly, witness to the piety, the sensibility of this stranger, thought she saw a god descended from Heaven to succour and comfort her father.

Blanford, who did not quit Solinzeb, endeavoured to soften the sorrow of his daughter; but she seemed to have a presage of her misfortune, and passed

the nights and days in tears.

The Bramin perceiving his end to approach- I would fain, faid he to Blanford, 'go and die on the border of the Ganges, and purify myself in it's waves.'- Father,' replied the young Englishman to him, 'it would be easy to give you that consolation, if all hope was loft: but wherefore add to the peril in which you are, that of so painful a removal? It is so far from hence to the Ganges! And, then, (be not offended at my fincerity) it is the purity of the heart which the God of nature requires; and if you have ob-ferved the law which he has engraven on our fouls, if you have done mankind all the good that you have been able, if you have avoided doing them ill, the God who loves them will love you.

Thou art full of consolation,' said the Bramin. But thou, who reducest the duties of mankind to a plain piety and purity of manners, how can it be that thou art at the head of those robbers who ravage India, and who bathe themselves in blood?

' You have feen,' faid Blanford, whether I authorize those ravages. Commerce draws us to India; and if men acted uprightly, that mutual exchange of conveniences would be just and peaceable. The violence of your matters obliged us to take arms; and the transition is so quick from defence to attack, that at the first success, at the smallest advantage, the oppressed becomes the oppressor. War is a violent state, which it is not easy to foften. Alas! when man becomes unnatural, how can he be just? It is my dutyhere to protect the commerce of the English, to make my country honoured and respected. In the discharge of

this duty, I spare, as far as possible, the effusion of blood and tears which war occasions: happy if the death of a good man, the death of Coraly's father, be one of those crimes and misfortunes which I am destined to fave the world!' Thus spoke the virtuous Blanford, and embraced the old man. Thou wouldest persuade me,' said Solinzeb, 'that virtue is every where the fame. But thou believest not in the god Vistnou and his nine metamorphoses: how can a good man refuse his affent to them? - Father, replied the Englishman, ' there are millions of people upon the earth who have never heard either of Viftnou, or his adventures; for whom, however, the fun rifes every day, who breathe a pure air, who drink wholesome waters, and to whom the earth lavishes the fruits of the seasons. Would you believe it! There are among these people, as well as among the children of Brachma, virtuous hearts, and good men. Equity, candour, uprightness, beneficence, and piety, are in veneration among them, and even among the wicked. O, my father! the dreams of the imagination differ according to climates; but the mind is every where the fame, and the light which is it's fource, is as widely diffused as that of the fun.'

' This stranger enlightens and astonishes me, faid Solinzeb within himfelf: 'all that my heart, my reason, the inward voice of nature, tell me to believe, he believes also; and of my worthip he denies only that part which I have so much trouble myself not to deem absurd.'- 'Thou thinkest, then, faid he to Blanford, 'that a good man may die in peace?'—' Certainly.'— I think so too, and I wait death as a gentle sleep. But when I am gone, what will become of my daughter? I fee nothing in my country but flavery and desolation. My daughter had only me in the world, and in a few moments I shall be no more.'- 'Ah!' faid the young Englishman, ' if to her misfortune, death deprives her of a father, deign to confide her to my cares. I call Heaven to witness that her chastity, innocence, and liberty, shall be a deposit guarded by honour, and for ever inviolable. "And in what principles shall she be brought up?'- In yours, if you please; in

mine, if you will allow me; but at all events in that modesty and virtue which are every where the glory of a woman.'—'Young man,' replied the Bramin with an august and threatening air, 'God has just heard thy words; and the old man with whom thou now fpeakest will perhaps in an hour be with him.'- You have no need,' faid Blanford to him, to make me perceive the sacredness of my promises. I am but a feeble mortal; but nothing under Heavenis more immoveable than the honesty of my heart. He spoke these words with such firmness, that the Bramin was penetrated with them. Come, Coraly, faid he to his daughter; ' come, embrace thy dying father: e let him be, after me, thy guide and thy support. There, my daughter, added he, e is the book of the law of thy forefathers, the Veidam: after having well meditated on it, fuffer thyself to be instructed in the creed of this virtuous stranger, and chuse that of the two forms of worship which fhall feem to thee the most proper to " make people virtuous."

The night following the Bramin ex-pired. His daughter, who filled the air with her cries, was not able to detach herself from that livid and cold corpse, which she watered with her tears. At laft, forrow exhausted her strength, and the attendants availed themselves of her fainting, to carry her away from the

melancholy place.

Blanford, whom his duty recalled from Asia to Europe, carried thither with him his pupil; and though she was beautiful and easy to seduce, though he was young and strongly taken, he re-spected her innotence. During the voyage, he employed himself in teaching her a little English, in giving her an idea of the manners of Europe, and in dilengaging her docile mind from the

prejudices of her country.

Nelson was gone to meet his friend. They saw each other again with the most sensible joy. But the first fight of Coraly struck and afflicted Nelson, 'What do you do with this girl? faid he to Blanford in a severe tone. Is she a captive, a slave? Have you carried her off from her parents? Have you made nature mourn? Blanford re-tated what had passed; he gave him so touching a portrait of the innocence, candour, and fenfibility of the young Indian, that Nelson himself was moved ' This is my defign,' continued Blanford; 'at my mother's, and under her eyes, fhe shall be instructed in our manners: I will form that simple and docile heart; and if the can be happy with me, I will marrry her.'- 'I am easy, and acknowledge my friend.

The surprizes and different emotions of a young stranger, to whom every thing is new, have been often described; Coraly experienced them all. But her happy facility in feizing and comprehending every thing, even outftripped the pains which they took to inftruct Genius, talents, and the graces, were in her innate gifts: they had only the trouble of developing them by a flight culture. She was near fixteen, and Blanford was going to marry her, when death deprived him of his mother. Coraly lamented her as if she had been her own; and the pains which she took to confole Blanford, touched him fenfibly. But during the mourning, which retarded the nuptials, he had orders to embark on a new expedition. He went to see Nelson, and he confided to him not the grief which he felt at quitting the young Indian; Nelson would have made him blush at that; but the grief of leaving her to herself, in the midst of a world which was unknown to her.
' If my mother,' faid he, ' were still living, the would be her guide; but the ill fortune which purfues this poor girl, has taken away from her her only support,"—' Have you, then, for-got,' faid Nelson, ' that I have a sis-ter, and that my house is your own?' Ah, Nelfon, replied Blanford, fix-ing his eyes on his, ' if you knew what that charge is which you would have me confide to you!' At these words Nelfon smiled with disdain. ' This uneasiness,' said he, ' is a fine compli-ment to us both. You dare not trust ment to us both. You dare not trust me with a woman! Blanford, in confusion, blufted. Pardon my weak-ness, said hei it made me see danger where thy virtue finds none. judged of your heart by my own: it is me whom my fear humbles. Let us fay no more of it: I shall set out in peace, leaving the pledge of my love under the guard of friendship. But, my dear Nelson, if I die, let me request you to take my place,'- 'Yes. that of father, I promise you: ask o no more.'- Enough: nothing far-

ther detains me.

The adieus of Coraly and Blanford were mingled with tears; but Coraly's tears were not those of love. A lively gratitude, a respectful friendship, were the tenderest sentiments which Blanford had inspired her with. Her own sensibility was not known to her: the dangerous advantage of unfolding it was referved for Nelson.

Blanford was handsomer than his friend; but his figure, like his temper, had a manly and auttere fierceness in it. The fentiments which he had conceived for his pupil feemed to have given him rather the disposition of a father than of a lover: his attentions were without complaisance, his goodness without charms, his concern tender but solemn, and his defire was that of rendering her happy with him, rather than of being happy

with her.

Nelfon, who was of a more engaging temper, had also more sweetness in his features and his language. His eyes, especially; his eyes expressed the eloquence of the foul. His look, the most touching in the world, seemed to penetrate to the bottom of people's hearts, and to procure him a fecret correspondence with them. His voice thundered when there was a necessity to defend the interests of his country, her laws, her glory, her liberty; but in familiar conversation it was full of fensibility and charms. rendered him still more engaging, was an air of modesty diffused over his whole person. This man, who at the head of his nation would have made a tyrant tremble, was, in company, of a timid bashfulness: one fingle word of commendation made him blush.

Lady Juliet Albury, his fifter, was a widow of great prudence, and an excellent heart; but of that kind of unhappy prudence which always anticipates miffortune, and accelerates instead of preventing it. It was she who was charged with confoling the young Indian. have loft my fecond father,' faid that amiable girl to her; 'I have now only you and Nelson in the world. I will love you, I will obey you. My life and heart are yours. While she was yet embracing Juliet, Nelson arrives, and Coraly rises with a smiling and heavenly countenance, but still bedewed with tears with tears.

Well,' faid Nelson to his fifter, have you confoled her a little?'-'Yes, I am consoled, I have no farther complaint; cried the young Indian, at the fame time wiping her fine black eyes. Then making Nelson seat himself by the fide of Juliet, and falling on her knees before them, she took them by their hands, put them one in the other, and refling them tenderly in her own, There is my mother, faid she to Nelfon, with a look which would have foftened marble; 'and you, Nelson, 'what will you be to me?'—'I, Madam—your good friend.'—My good friend! that is charming! then I shall be your good friend too? Give me only that name. Yes, my good friend, my dear Coraly, your frank-ness delights me. My God,' said he to his fifter, 'what a beautiful girl! She will be the delight of your life. Yes, if she is not the misery of yours, replied the provident sister. Nelfon smiled with disdain. ' No,' faid he, ' love never disputes in my foul the rights of facred friendship. Be easy, fifter, and employ yourself in peace, in the care of cultivating this beautiful innocent. Blanford will be enchanted with her, if, at his return, the is mistress of our language; for we may perceive in her ideas, shadows of sentiment, which she is unhappy at not being able to express. Her eyes, her gestures, her features, every thing about her, proclaims in-genious thoughts, which only want words to call them forth. This, fifter, will be an amusement to you, and you will fee her mind open like a flower.'- Yes, my brother, as a flower with a multitude of thorns.

Lady Albury constantly gave English lessons to her pupil, and the latter rendered them every day more interesting, by intermingling with them strokes of fentiment, of a vivacity and delicacy which belongs only to pure nature. was a triumph to her but to make difgentle affection of the foul. She made the most natural, the most touching applications of them. Nelson arrived; she flew to him, and repeated her lesson to him with a joy and fimplicity, which yet he found only amusing. Juliet alone faw the danger, and wanted to prevent it.

She began, by making Coraly understand, that it was not polite to thee and Dd 2 thou leaft, unless it were a brother and a sister. Coraly made her explain what politeness was, and asked what it was good for, if brother and sister had no need of it? They told her, that in the world it supplied the place of good-humour. She concluded, that it was useless to those who wished well to each other. They added, that it displayed a desire of obliging and of pleasing. She replied, that this desire displayed itself without politeness: then giving for an example Juliet's little dog, which never quitted her, and caressed her perpetually, she asked if he was polite. Juliet entrenched herself behind the punctilios of decorum, which approved not, said she, the too free and joyous air of Coraly towards Nelson; and the latter, who had the idea of jealousy, because Nature gives us the sensation of it, imagined within herself that the sister was jealous of the kindnesses which her brother did her. 'No,' said she to her, 'I will afflict you no longer. I love you, I submit, and I will say you to Nelfon.'

He was furprized at this change in Coraly's language, and complained of it to Juliet. 'The you,' faid he, 'difpleases me in her mouth: it agrees not with her simplicity.'— It displeases me too,' replied the Indian: it has fomething rebuffing and severe; whereas the thou is so soft! fo intimate! fo attracting!'—' Do you hear, fifter? She begins to understand the language.'—' Ha! it is not that which makes me uneafy: with a foul like her's, we express ourselves but too well.'—' Explain to me,' said Coraly to Nelson, ' whence can arise the ridiculous custom of faying you, in fpeaking to a fingle person.'- It arises, child, from the pride and weakness of man: he perceives that he is infignificant, being but one; he endeavours to double himself, to multiply himself in idea.'- Yes, I comprehend that folly; but thou, Nelson, thou art not vain enough-' 'Again!' interrupted Juliet with a fevere tone. Hey! what, fifter, are you going to chide her!—Come, Coraly, come to me. '—' I forbid her. '—' How cruel you are? Is the in danger with me? Do you suspect me of laying snares for her? Ah! leave her that pure nature; leave her the amiable candour

of her country and age. Wherefore tarnish in her that flower of innocence, more precious than virtue itself, and which our factitious manners have so much difficulty to supply? It seems to me that Nature is afflicted when the idea of evil penetrates into the foul. Alas! it is a venomous plant, which grows wild but too readily, without our giving ourselves the trouble of fowing it. — What you fay is very fine, to be fure; but fince evil exists we must avoid it; and in order to avoid it, we must know it.'- 'Ah! my poor little Coraly,' faid Nelson, ' into what a world art thou transplanted! What manners are those, in which we are obliged to lose one half of our innocence, in order to fave the other!'

In proportion as the moral ideas increased in the young Indian's mind, she lost her gaiety, and natural ingenuousness. Every new institution seemed to her a new fetter. 'Another duty!' faid she; 'another prohibition! My · foul is enveloped as with a net; they are going foon to render it immove-able.' That they made a crime of what was hurtful, Coraly comprehended without difficulty; but she could not imagine any harm in what did no harm to any body. 'What greater happito fee one another with pleasure? and why conceal from ourselves so sweet an impression? Is not pleasure a blessing? Why then hide it from the perfon who occasions it? They pretend to feel it with those whom they do not love, and to feel none with those whom they do! Some enemy of truth

devised these manners. Reflections of this fort plunged her into melancholy; and when Juliet reproached her with it, ' You know the cause of it,' said she: ' every thing that is contrary to Nature must make her forrowful; and in your manners every thing is contrary to Nature. Coraly, in her little impatiences had fomething so soft and touching, that Lady Albury accused herself of afflicting her by too much rigour. Her manner of consoling her, and of restoring to her her good-humour, was by employing her in little fervices, and by commanding her as her child. The pleafure of thinking that she was useful, flattered her sensibly: she foresaw the instant, in order to seize it; but the

fame attentions that the paid to Juliet, the wanted to pay to Nelson, and they diffressed her by moderating her zeal. ' The good offices of servitude,' said the, ' are low and vile, because they are not voluntary; but from the moment that they are free, there is no longer hame, and friend hip ennobles them. Fear not, my good friend, that I shall fuffer myself to be abased. Though Though very young, before I quitted India, I knew the dignity of the tribe in which I was born; and when your fine ladies and young lords come to examine me with fuch familiar curiofity, their difdain only elevates my foul, and I perceive that I am well worth them all. But with you and Nelson, who love me as your daughter, what can there

be humiliating to me?

Nelson himself seemed sometimes confused at the trouble she took. 'You are very vain, then,' said she to him, fince you blush at having need of me!

I am not so proud as you; serve me;

I shall be flattered with it."

All these strokes of an ingenuous and sensible soul, made Lady Albury uneasy. I tremble,' faid she to Nelson, when they were alone; 'I tremble, lest she love you, and lest that love occasion her unhappiness. He took this hint for an injury to innocence. ' See there, now,' faid he, how the abuse of words alters and displaces ideas. Coraly loves me, I know it; but she loves me as you do. Is there any thing more natural than to attach one's felf to the person who does us good? Is it a fault in this girl, if the tender and lively expression of a sentiment so just, and so laudable, is profaned in our manners? Whatever criminality we affix to it, has it ever come into her thought?'- ' No, brother, you do not understand me. Nothing more innocent than her love for you; but- 'But, fifter, why fuppose, why want it to belove? It is true and pure friendship for me, which she has for you likewise.' You perfuade yourself, Nelson, that it is the fame fentiment; will you make trial of it? Let us have the appearance of separating, and of reducing her to the choice of quitting the one or the other.' - See there, now: fnares! wiles! Why impose them on her? Why teach her to dissemble? Alas! does her soul practise disguise? Yes, I begin to constrain her: she is grown afraid of me, ever fince the has loved you.'-And why have you inspired her with that fear? You would have us be ingenuous, and you make it dangerous to be fo: you recommend truth, and if it escape, you make it a reproach. Ah! Nature is not to blame: fue would be frank if the had liberty; it is the art which is employed to constrain her that gives her a bias to falfity.'- These are very grave reflections for what is in fact a mere jeft! For, after all, what does the whole amount to? To make Coraly uneafy for a moment, in order to fee to which fide her heart will incline: that is all." - That is all: but that is a fallity; and, which is worse, an afflicting one.'-Let us think no more of it: it answers no end to examine what we would not fee.'- ' I, fifter! I only want information to know how to behave. The manner alone has displeated me; but no matter: what do you require of me?'- Silence, and a ferious air. Coraly comes; now you shall hear. What is the matter, now?' faid Co-

'What is the matter, now?' faid Coraly, on coming up to them: 'Nelfon' in one corner! Juliet in the other! 'Are you displeased?' We have just taken,' faid Juliet to her, 'a resolution which afflicts us; but there was a necessity of coming to it. We are no longer to live together; each of us is to have an house of our own; and we are agreed to leave you the

choice.

At these words, Coraly viewed Juliet with eyes immoveable, with forrow and aftonishment. 'It is I,' faid he, ' that am the cause of your wanting to quit Nelion, You are displeased that he loves me; you are jealous of the pity. which a young orphan inspires him with. Alast what will you not envy, if you envy pity, if you envy her who loves you, and who would give her life for you, the only valuable thing which is left her? You are unjust, my lady; yes, you are unjust. Your brother, in loving me, loves not you less; and if it were possible he would love you more, for my fentiments would pass into his soul, and I have nothing to inspire into him towards you but complaifance and love.

Juliet would fain have persuaded her, that she and Nelson parted good friends. It is impossible, faid she: 'you

made

made it your delight to live together; and fince when is it become necessary that you should have two houses? People who love one another are never put to straits; distance pleases only those who hate each other.—You, O Heaven! You to hate!' resumed she, And who will love, if two hearts, so good, so virtuous, do not. It is I, wretch as I am, that have brought trouble into the house of peace. I will banish myself from it: yes, I besech you, send me back into my own country. I shall there find souls sensible to my missortune and to my tears, who will not make it a crime in me to inspire a little pity.'

'You forget,' faid Juliet to her, 'that' you are our charge.'- I am free, replied the young Indian fiercely: 'I may dispose of myself. What should I do here? With whom should I live? With what eyes would one of you regard me, after having deprived you of the other? Should I supply the place of a fifter to Nelson? Should I console you for the loss of a brother? To occasion the unhappiness of what alone I love! No, you shall not part: my arms shall be a chain to you.' Then running towards Nelson, and seizing him by the hand; 'Come,' said she to him, ' swear to your fifter, that you love nothing in the world fo well as her.' Nelson, touched to the bottom of his soul, suffered himself to be led to his fister's feet; and Coraly, throwing herself on Juliet's neck, 'You,' con-tinued she, 'if you are my mother, pardon him for having loved your child: his heart has enough for us both; and if you are any loser there, mine shall indemnify you for it.'—' Ah! dangerous girl,' said Juliet, 'what forrows will you foon occasion us!'—
Ah, fifter, cried Nelson, who felt himself pressed by Coraly against Juliet's bosom, have you the heart to afflict

Coraly, enchanted at her triumph, kissed Juliet tenderly, at the very instant when Nelson put his face to his sister's. He selt his cheek touch the glowing cheek of Coraly, still wet with tears. He was surprized at the confusion and extasy which this accident occasioned him. 'Happily, that,' said he, 'is only a simple emotion of the senses: it goes not to the soul. I am myself, and I am sure of myself. He dis-

fembled, however, from his fifter, what he would fain have concealed from himfelf. He tenderly confoled Coraly, in confessing to her that all they had just faid to her, to make her uneasy, was nothing more than a jest. 'But what is 'no jest,' added he, 'is the counsel' which I give you of distrusting, my dear Coraly, your own heart, which is too innocent, and too sensible. Nothing more charming than this affecting and tender disposition; but the best things very often become dangerous by their excess.'

'Will you not quiet my uneafinesses?' faid Coraly to Juliet, as foon as Nelson was retired. 'Though you tell me so, it is not natural to make sport of my forrow. There is fomething ferious in this pastime. I see you deeply moved; Nelson himself was seized with I know not what terror; I felt his hand tremble in mine; my eyes met his, and I faw there fomething fo tender, and so sorrowful at the same time! He dreads my fenfibility. feems to be afraid that I should deliver myself up to it. My good friend, would it be any harm to love?'—
Yes, child, fince we must tell you so; it is a misfortune both for you and for him. A woman; you may have feen it in the Indies as well as among us; a woman is destined for the society of one man alone; and by that union, solemnized and facred, the pleafure of loving becomes a duty to her.' 'Iknow it.' faid Coraly ingenuoufly: that is what they call marriage. Yes, Coraly; and that friendship is laudable between two married perfons; but till then it is forbidden.'-' That is not reasonable,' said the young

Indian: 'for before uniting one to the other, we must know whether we love each other; and it is but in proportion to our love before hand, that we are sure of loving afterwards. For example, if Nelson loved me as I love him, it would be clear that each of ushad met their counter-part.'—'And do you not see in how many respects, and by how many compacts, we are slaves; and that you are not destined for Nelson?'—'I understand you,' faid Coraly, looking down; 'I am poor, and Nelson is rich; but my ill fortune at least does not forbid me to honour and cherish beneficent virtue.

If a tree had fentiment, it would please

itself in seeing the person who cultivates it repose himself under it's shade,
breathe the persume of it's flowers,
and taste the sweetness of it's fruits:

I am that tree, cultivated by you two,

Juliet smiled at the comparison; but she soon gave her to understand, that nothing would be less decent, than what to her seemed so just. Coraly heard her, and blushed; from that time, to her gaiety, to her natural ingenuousness, succeeded an air the most reserved, and a conversation the most timid. What hurt her most in our manners, though she might have seeen examples of it in India, was the excessive inequality of riches: but she had not yet been humiliated by it; she was so now for the first

' Madam,' faid she, the next day, to Juliet, 'my life is spent in instructing myself in things which are rather superfluous. An industry, which furnishes bread, would be much more useful to me. It is a resource, which I beseech you to be pleased to procure me.'- You will never be reduced to that,' faid Lady Albury; 'and, not to mention us, it is not for no-thing that Blanford has assumed towards you the quality of father.'-' Favours,' replied Coraly, ' bind us much oftener than we would chuse. It is not difgraceful to receive them; but I clearly perceive that it is still more reputable to do without them. It was in vain that Juliet complained of this excess of delicacy: Coraly would not hear of amusements, or of useless studies. Amidst the labours which suit feeble hands, she chose those which required the most address and understanding; and, on applying herself to them, her only anxiety was to know whether they afforded a subsistence. 'You will ' leave me then?' said Juliet. 'I would put myself, replied Coraly, above all wants, except that of loving you. I would have it in my power to rid you of me, if I am any obstacle to your happiness; but if I can contribute to it, entertain no fear of my removing myself. I am useless, and yet I am dear to you; that difinterestedness is an example which I think myself worthy of imitating.

Nelson knew not what to think of Coraly's application to a labour merely mechanical, and of the disgust which had seized her for matters of pure entertainment. He saw with the same surprize, the modest simplicity which she had assumed in her dress; he asked her the reason. 'I am trying what it is to be poor,' replied she, with a smile; and casting her eyes downwards, bedewed them with her tears. These words, and involuntary tears, touched him to the soul. 'O Heaven!' said he, can my sister have made her asraid of seeing herself poor and desolate!' As soon as he was alone with Juliet, he pressed her to clear up the matter to him.

' Alas!' said he, after having heard her, 'what cruel pains you take to ' poison her life and mine! Though you were less certain of her innocence, are you not persuaded of my honour? - Ah, Nelson! it is not the crime, it is the misfortune which terrifies me. You fee with what dangerous fecurity fhe delivers herself up to the pleasure of feeing you; how she attaches herfelf infenfibly to you; how Nature leads her, without her knowledge, into the fnare. Ah, brother! at your age and her's, the name of friendship is but a veil. And why can I not leave you both under the illusion! No, Nelfon, your duty is dearer to me than your ease. Coraly is destined for your friend; he himself has confided her to you; and, without intending it, you take her from him.'- 'I, fifter! what is it you dare to warn me of?'- Of what you ought to shun. I would have her, at the same time that the loves you, confent to give herself to Blanford; I would have him flatter himself with being loved by her, and be happy with her; but will she be happy with him? Were you senfible only of pity, of which the is fo worthy, what forrow would you not feel at having troubled, perhaps for ever, the repose of this unfortunate young creature? But it would be a prodigy to see her consume with love, and you do nothing more than pity her. You will love her-Will, pity her. do I say? Ah, Nelson! Heaven grant that you do not already!'- Yes, fifter, it is time to take whatever refolution you please. I only beg of you to spare the sensibility of that innocent foul, and not to afflict her too much. · Your absence will afflict her without doubt; yet that alone can cure c her. her. This is the time of the year for • the country; I was to follow you there, and to bring Coraly; do you go alone: we will remain at London. Write, however, to Blanford, that we

· have occasion for his return.

From the moment the Indian faw that Nelson left her at London with Juliet, she thought herself cast into a delart, and abandoned by all nature. But as the had learned to be ashamed, and of course to dissemble, she pretended, as an excuse for her forrow, the blame the took to herself of having se-parated them from each other. 'You was to have followed him,' faid the to Lady Albury; 'it is I that keep you here. Ah, wretch that I am! leave me alone, abandon me!' And in faying these words she wept bitterly. The more Juliet tried to divert her, the more the increased her forrows. All the objects which furrounded her, ferved only just to touch her senses; one idea alone poffeffed her foul. There was a necesfity for a kind of violence to draw her from it; but the instant they left her to herself, it seemed as if one saw her thought fly back again to the object which the had been made to quit. If the name of Nelson was pronounced before her, a deep blush overspread her vifage, her bosom heaved, her lips trem-bled, her whole body was feized with a fensible shivering. Juliet surprized her in a walk, tracing out on the fand, from place to place, the letters of that dear name. Nelfon's picture decorated Juliet's apartment; Coraly's eyes never failed to fix themselves upon it, as soon as they were free: it was in vain fhe wanted to turn them afide; they foon returned there again, as it were of themselves, and by one of those emotions, in which the foul is accomplice, and not confidante. The gloominess into which the was plunged dispersed at this fight, her work fell out of her hands, and the utmost tenderness of forrow and love animated her beauty.

Lady Albury thought it her duty to remove this feeble image. This was to Coraly the most distressful misfortune. Her despair now broke all bounds. Cruel friend!' faid the to Juliet, ' you delight in afflicting me. You would have all my life be only forrow and bitterness. If any thing softens my troubles, you cruelly take it from me. Mot content to banish from me the

man I love, his very fhadow has too many charms for me; you envy me the pleasure, the feeble pleasure, of feeing it. - Ah, unhappy girl! what would you?'-' Love, adore him! live for him, while he shall live for another. I hope nothing, I ask no-thing. My hands are sufficient to enable me to live, my heart is sufficient to enable me to love. I am troublesome to you, perhaps odious; remove me from you, and leave me only that image wherein his foul breathes, or wherein I think at least I see it breathe. I will fee it, I will speak to it; I will persuade myself that it sees my tears flow, that it hears my fighs, and that it is touched by them. - And wherefore, my dear Coraly, nourish this cruel flame, which devours you? I afflict you! but it is for your good, and Nelson's peace. Would you ren-der him unhappy? He will be so, if he knows that you love him; and still more so if he loves you. You are not in a condition to hear my reasons; but this inclination which we think fo fweet, would be the poison of his life. Have pity, my dear child, of your friend, and my brother: spare him the remorse, the complaints, which would bring him to his grave.' raly trembled at this discourse. preffed Lady Albury to tell her how Nelson's love for her could be so fatal to him. 'To explain myself farther,' faid Juliet, ' would be to render odious to you, what you ought for ever to But the most facred of all cherish. duties forbids him the hope of being yours.'

How is it possible to express the distress into which Coraly's soul was plunged! 'What manners! what a country!' faid fhe, ' wherein one cannot dispose of one's self; wherein the first of all bleffings, mutual love, is a terrible evil! I must tremble, then, at feeing Nelson again! I must tremble at pleasing him! At pleasing him! Alas! I would give my life to be one moment, in his eyes, as amiable as he is in mine. Let me banish myself from this fatal shore, where it is made

a misfortune to be loved.

Coraly heard, every day, of veffels failing for her country. She resolved to embark, without taking leave of Juliet. Only one evening, on going to bed, Juliet perceived that in kiffing her

hand, her lips pressed her more tenderly than usual, and that some profound fighs escaped her. 'She leaves me more ' moved than ever before,' faid Juliet, alarmed. 'Her eyes are fixed on mine with the most lively expression of tendernefs and forrow. What paffes in her foul?' This uneafiness difturbed her the whole night, and the next morning she fent to know if Coraly was not yet up. They told her that she was gone out alone, and in a very plain dress, and that she had taken the way to the water fide. Lady Albury gets up in diffress, and orders them to go in pursuit of the Indian. They find her on board a vessel, begging her passage, environed by failors whom her beauty, her graces, her youth, the found of her voice, and, above all, the native simplicity of her request, ravished with furprize and admiration. She had nothing with her but bare necessaries. Every thing they had given her which was valuable, the had left behind, excepting a little heart of crystal, which she had received from Nelson.

At the name of Lady Albury, she submitted without resistance, and suffered herself to be conveyed home. She appeared before her a little confused at her elopement; but to her reproaches she answered, that she was unhappy and free. 'What, my dear Coraly! do you fee nothing here but unhappines?'—
If I saw here only my own,' said she, I should never leave you. It is Nelfon's unhappines that frights me, and it is for his peace that I would sly.'

Juliet knew not what to reply: she durst not talk to her of the rights which Blanford had acquired over her: this would have been to make her hate him, as the cause of her unhappiness. She chose rather to lessen her fears. ' I could not conceal from you,' faid the to her, all the danger of a fruitless love; but ' the evil is not without remedy. months of absence, reason, friendship, how can we tell? Another object, perhaps ___ ' The Indian interrupted her. 'Say death; there is my only ' remedy. What! will reason cure me of loving the most accomplished, the · most worthy of men? Will fix months of absence give me a soul that loves him not? Does time change nature? Friendship will pity me: but will it cure me? Another object! You do not think fo. You do not do me that

injustice. There are not two Nelfons in the world; but though there were a thousand, I have but one heart; that is given away. It is, you fay, a fatal gift: that I do not comprehend; but if it be fo, fuffer me to banish myself from Nelson, to hide from him my person and my tears. He is not insensible, he would be moved at it; and if it be a misfortune to him to love me, pity might lead him to it. Alas! who can, with indifference, fee himself cherished as a father, revered as a god? Who can fee himfelf loved, as I love him, and not love in his turn?'- 'You will not expose him to that danger,' replied Juliet; ' you will conceal your weakness from him, and you will triumph over it. No, Coraly, it is not the strength that is wanting to you, but the courage of virtue. - 'Alas! I have courage against misfortune; but is there any against love? And what virtue would you have me oppose to him? They all act in concert with him. No, my lady, you talk to no purpose: you throw clouds over my understanding; you shed not the least light on it. Let me see and hear Nelson; he shall decide upon my life.'

Lady Albury, in the most cruel perplexity, feeing the unhappy Coraly withering and pining in tears, and begging to be suffered to depart, resolved to write to Nelson, that he might come and diffuade the poor girl from her defign of returning to India, and preferve her from that difgust of life which daily confumed her. But Nelson himself was not less to be pitied. Scarce had he quitted Coraly, but he perceived the danger of seeing her, by the repugnance which he had to leave her. All that had appeared only play to him with her became ferious on being deprived of her. In the filence of folitude, he had interrogated his foul: he had found there friendship languishing, zeal for the publick good weakened, nay almost extinguished, and Love alone ruling there, with that fweet and terrible fway which he exercises over good hearts. He perceived, with horror, that his very reason had suffered itself to be seduced. The rights of Blanford were no longer fo facred; and the involuntary crime of depriving him of Coraly's heart was at least very excuseable: after all, the Indian was free, and Blanford himself would. E e

would not have wished to impose it on her as a duty to be his. 'Ah, wretch!' cried Nelson, terrified at these ideas, whither does a blind passion lead me astray! The poison of vice gains upon me: my heart is already corrupted. Is it for me to examine whether the charge, which is committed to me, belongs to the person who commits it? And am I made the judge, to whom it belongs, when I have promised to keep it? The Indian is free; but am I fo? Should I doubt the rights of Blanford, if it were not in order to usurp them? My crime was, at first, involuntary; but it is no longer so, the moment I consent to it. I justify perjury! I think a faithless friend excusable! Who would have told thee, Nelfon, who would have told thee, that on embracing the virtuous Blanford, thou shouldest call in doubt, whether it were permitted thee to ravish from him the woman who is to be his wife, and whom he delivered up to thy trust? To what a degree does Love debase a man; and what a ftrange revolution it's intoxication makes in a heart! Ah, let him rend " mine if he will; he shall not make it either perfidious or base: and if my reason abandon me, my conscience, at least, shall not betray me. It's light is incorruptible; the cloud of passions cannot obscure it: there is my guide; and friendship, honour, and fidelity, · have still some support.

In the mean time Coraly's image purfued him perpetually. If he had only feen her with all her charms, arrayed in simple beauty, bearing in her countenance the ferenity of innocence, the fmile of candour on her lips, the fire of defire in her eyes, and in all the graces of her person the attracting air of voluptuousness, he would have found in his principles, in the severity of his manners, fufficient force to withstand seduction; but he thought he faw that amiable girl as sensible as himself, more feeble, with no other defence than a prudence which was not her own, innocently abandoning herfelf to an inclination which would be her unhappiness; and the pity which she inspired him with, served as fuel to his love. Nelson blamed himself for loving Coraly, but forgave him-felf for pitying her. Senfible of the evils which he was on the point of being the

cause of, he could not paint to himself her tears, without thinking of the fine eyes which were to shed them, and the heaving bosom which they would be-dew: thus the resolution of forgetting her rendered her still dearer to him. He attached himself to her by renouncing her: but in proportion as he perceived himself weaker, he became more courageous. ' Let me give over,' faid he, ' the thoughts of a cure : I exhauft myself in fruitless efforts. It is a fit which I must suffer to go off. I burn, I languish, I die; but all that is mere fuffering, and I am answerable to nobody but myself for what passes within. Provided nothing escape me from without that discovers my pasfion, my friend has no reason to complain. It is only a misfortune to be

unhappy.

weak; and I have the courage to be It was in this resolution of dying, rather than betraying his friendship, that he received the letter from his fifter. He read it with emotion, an extafy that was inexpressible. Oh, sweet and tender victim,' said he, ' thou groanest, thou wouldest sacrifice thyself to my repose, and to my duty! Pardon! Heaven is my witness, that I feel, more strongly than thyself, all the pangs which I occasion thee. Oh, may my friend, thy husband, soon arrive, and wipe away thy precious tears! He will love thee as I love thee; he will make his own happiness thine. However, I must see her, in order to detain and console her. Why should I fee her? To what do I expose myfelf? Her touching graces, her forrow, her love; her tears, which I occasion to flow, and which it would be fo fweet to dry up; those sighs, which a heart sim-ple and artless suffers to escape; that language of nature, in which a foul the most sensible paints itself with so much candour: what trials to fupport! What will become of me; and what can I fay to her! No matter: I must see her, and talk to her as a friend and a father. After feeing her, I only shall be the more uneasy, the more unhappy for it; but it is not my own peace that is in question, it is her's: and, above all, the happiness of a friend depends on it; a friend for whom she must live. I am certain of subduing myself, and how · painful

painful foever the contest may be, it would be a weakness and shame to avoid it.

At Nelson's arrival, Coraly, trembling and confused, scarce dare present herself to him. She had wished his return with ardour; and at seeing him, a mortal chilness glided through her veins. She appeared, as it were, before a judge who was preparing, with one single word, to decide her fate. What were Nelson's feelings, on see-

What were Nelson's feelings, on seeing the roses of youth faded on her beautiful cheeks, and the fire of her eyes almost extinguished! 'Come,' said Juliet to her brother, 'appease the mind of this poor girl, and cure her of her melancholy. She is eaten up with the vapours with me; she wants to return to India.'

Nelson speaking to her in a friendly manner, wanted to engage her, by gentle reproaches, to explain herself before his sister: but Coraly kept silence, and

Juliet perceiving that she was a restraint

upon her, went away. What is the matter with you, Cofaid Nelson. 'What forrow presses you?' Do not you know it? Must you not have feen that my joy and my forrow can no longer have more than one cause? Cruel friend! I live only through you, and you fly me: you would have me die! But you would onot have it so; they make you do it: they do more, they require of me to renounce you, and to forget you. They fright me, they damp my very foul, and they oblige you to make me distracted. I ask of you but one favour,' continued she, throwing herfelf at his knees; 'it is totell me whom ' I offend in loving you, what duty I betray, and what evil I occasion. Are there here laws so cruel, are there tyrants fo rigorous, as to forbid me the most worthy use of my heart and my e reason? Must we love nothing in the world? or, if I may love, can I make a better choice?'

'My dear Coraly,' replied Nelfon,
'nothing is truer, nothing is more tender, than the friendship which attaches
me to you. It would be impossible,
it would be even unjust, that you
should not be sensible of it.'—'Ah!
I revive, this is talking reason.'—
But though it would be extremely
agreeable to me to be what you hold

dearest in the world, it is what I cannot pretend, neither ought I even to consent to it.'- 'Alas! now I don't understand you.'- 'When my friend confided you to my care, he was dear to you?'- He is fo ftill.'- You would have thought yourself happy to be his?'- 'I believe it.'- 'You loved nothing fo much as him in the world?' your deliverer, the depositary of your innocence, in loving you has a right to be loved.'- 'His favours are always present to me: I cherish him as a second father.'- 'Very well: know that he has refolved to unite you to him, by a tie still more sweet and sacred than that of his favours. He has confided to me the half of himself, and at his return he aspires only to ' the happiness of being your husband.' 'Ah,' faid Coraly, comforted; 'this then is the obstacle which separates us? ' Be easy, it is removed.'- 'How?' - Never, never, I swear to you, will Coraly be the wife of Blanford!'-It must be fo. '- 'Impossible! Blanford himself will confess it.'- What! he who received you from the hand of a dying father, and who himself has ' acted as a father to you!'- ' Under that facred title I revere Blanford; but let him not require more. - 'You have then refolved his unhappiness?" ' I have resolved to deceive nobody. If I were given to Blanford, and Nelson demanded my life of me, I would lay down my life for Nelfon; I should be perjured to Blanford.'-What fay you?'- What I will dare to tell Blanford himself. And why should I dissemble it? Does love depend on myself?'—' Ah, how culpable you make me!'—' You! in
what? In being amiable in my eyes?
Ave. Heaven disposes of us. Heaven has given to Nelson those graces, those virtues which charm me : Heaven has given to me this foul, which it has made expressly for Nelfon. they knew how full it is of him, how impossible that it should love any thing but you, any thing like you!-Let them never talk to me of living, if it be not for you that I live.'- And With what this is what distresses me. reproaches has not my friend a right to overwhelm me?'—' He! of what can he complain? What has he loft? What have you taken from him? I Ee 2

· love Blanford as a tender father; I · love Nelson as myself, and more than myself: these sentiments are not incompatible. If Blanford delivered me into your hands as a deposit which was his own, it is not you, it is he that is unjust.'- 'Alas! it is me, who oblige you to reclaim from him that treasure of which I rob him: it would be his if it were not mine; and the keeper becomes the purloiner.'-No, my friend, be equitable. I was ' my own, I am yours. I alone could give myself away, and have given myfelf 10 you. By attributing to friendfhip rights which it has not, it is you that usurp them in it's behalf, and you render yourfelf an accomplice of the violence which they do me.'-He, my friend! do you violence?'-What fignifies it to me whether he does it himself, or that you do it for him? Am I treated the less like a flave? One fingle interest occupies and touches you; but if another than your friend wanted to retain me captive, far from subscribing to it, would not you make it your glory to fet me free? It is, then, only for the fake of friendship that you betray nature! What do I say? Nature!—and Love, Nelfon, Love, has not that also it's rights? Is there not some law among you in favour of fensible fouls? Is it just and generous to overwhelm, to drive to despair a fond female, and to tear, without pity, a heart whose only crime is loving you?"

Sobs interrupted her voice; and Nelfon, who faw her choaked with them, had not even time to call his fifter. He haftens to untie the ribbands which bound her bosome; and then all the charms of youth in it's flower were unveiled to the eyes of this passionate lover. The terfor with which he was fe zed, rendered him at first insensible of them; but when the Indian, refurning her spirits, and perceiving herfelf pressed in his arms, thiriled with love and transport, and when on opening her fine languishing eyes she fought the eyes of Nelson; Heaverly ' powers,' faid he, ' support me! all my virtue abandons me. Live, my dear Coraly!'- Would you that I should ! live, Nelson! would you then, that I love you !- No, I should be s perjured to friendship, I should be unworthy to fee the light; unworthy

of feeing my friend again. Alas! he foretold me this, and I vouchfafed not to believe him. I have prefumed too much on my own heart. Have pity on it, Coraly, of that heart which you rend to pieces. Suffer me to fly you and to fubdue myfelf. — Ah! you would have my death, faid she to him, falling into a fit at his feet. Nelfon, who thinks he fees what he loves expiring, rushes to embrace her, and restraining himself suddenly at the fight of Juliet, 'My sister,' faid he, 'assist her! it is for me to die!' On saying these words he withdraws.

Where is he?' demanded Coraly, on opening her eyes. 'What have I done to him? Why fly me?—And you, Juliet, more cruel still, why recal me to life?' Her forrow redoubled, when she learned that Nelson was just gone; but reflection gave her a little hope and courage. The concern and tenderness which Nelson had not been able to conceal, the terror with which she had feen him seized, the tender words which had escaped him, and the violence which it was to him to fubdue himseif and withdraw, all persuaded her that she was beloved. 'If it be true,' faid she, 'I am happy. Blan-ford will resorn, I will confess the whole to him; he is too just and too generous to want to tyrannize over me.' But this illusion was foon dissipated.

Nelson received in the country a letter from his friend, announcing his return. 'I hope,' taid he, at the end of his letter, ' to fee myfelf, in three days, united to ail that I love. Pardon, my friend, if I affociate to thee in my heart the amiable and tender Coraly. My foul was a long time folely devoted to thee; now she partakes, of it. I have confided to thee the fweetest of my wishes, and I have seen friendship applaud love. I form my happinets both of one and the other; I make it my felicity to think that by thy cares and those of thy fifter, I shall see my dear pupil again; her mind ornamented with new acquirements, her foul enriched with new virtues, more amiable, if possible, and more disposed to love. It will be the f pureft blifs to me to possess her as a bef nefit conferred by you.'
Read this letter,' writ Nelson to his

'Read this letter,' writ Nelson to his fister, 'and make Coraly read it. What

a lesson for me! What a reproach to her!'

'It is over,' said Coraly, after having read; 'I shall never be Nelson's; 'but let him not ask me to be another's. 'The liberty of loving is a good which 'I am not able to renounce.' This resolution supported her; and Nelson in his solitude was much more unhappy than she.

By what fatality,' faid he, ' is it, that what forms the charm of nature and the delight of all hearts, the happinels of being loved, forms my torment? What fay I? Of being loved? ' That is nothing; but to be loved of what I love! To touch on happiness! To have only to deliver myself up to it! Ah, all that I am able to do, is to fly! inviolable and facred friendthip aiks no more. In what a condition have I feen this poor girl! In what a condition did I abandon her! · She may well fay, that the is the flave of my virtues. I facrifice her as a victim, and I am generous at her expence. There are, then, virtues which wound nature; and to be honest, one is fometimes obliged to be unjust and cruel! Oh, my friend! mayest thou gather the fruit of the efforts which it costs me; enjoy the good which I refign to thee, and live happy from my misfortune! Yes, I wish that she may · love thee; I wish it, Heaven is my witness; and the most fenfible of ail ' my pain is, that of doubting the fuccels of my wishes.

It was impossible for Nature to support herself in a state so violent. Nelfon, after long struggles, fought repose; alas! there was no more repose for him. His constancy was at last exhausted, and his discouraged foul fell into a mortal The weakness of his reason, languor. the inefficacy of his virtue, the image of a painful and forrowful life, the void and the state of annihilation into which his foul would fall if it ceased to love Coraly, the evils without intermission which he was to fuffer if he continued to love her; and, above all, the terrifying idea of feeing, of envying, of hating, perhaps a rival in his faithful friend; all rendered his life a torment to him, all urged him to shorten the course of it. Motives more strongrestrained him. It was not a part of Nelson's principles, that a man, a citizen, might dispose of himself. He made it a law to himself

to live, confoled in his misery if he could still be useful to the world, but confumed with heaviness and forrow, and become as it were insensible to every thing.

The time appointed for Blanford's return approached. It was necessary that every thing should be so disposed as to conceal from him the mischief which his absence had occasioned; and who should determine Coraly to conceal it, but Nelson? He returned therefore to London, but languishing, dejected, to fuch a degree, as not to be known. The fight of him overwhelmed Juliet with grief, and what impression did it not make on the foul of Coraly! Nelfon took upon him to re-encourage them; but that very effort only ferved to compleat his own dejection. Theflow tever which confumed him redoubled; he was forced to give way to it; and this furnished occasion for a new contest between his fister and the young Indian. The latter would not quit Nelfon's pillow. She urgently entreated them to accept of her care and attendance. They kept her out of the way from pity to herfelf, and for the fake of fparing him; but the tafted not the repole which they meant to procure her. Every moment of the night they found her wandering round the apartment of the difeafed, or motionless on the threshold of his door, with tears in her eyes, her foul on her lips, her ear attentive to the flightest noises, every one of which congealed her with fear.

Nelson perceived that his fifter fuffered her to fee him with regret. 'Afflict her not,' faid he to her; 'it is to no parpole: severity is no longer necesfary. It is by gentleness and patience ' that we must endeavour at our cure. - Coraly, my good friend, faid he to her one day when they were alone with Juliet, 'you would readily give fomething to restore my health, would not you?'- O Heaven! I would give my life.'- 'You can cure meat leaft. Our prejudices are, perhaps, unjust, and our principles inhuman; but the honest man is a slave to them. I have been Blanford's friend from my infancy, He depends on me as on himfelf, and the chagrin of taking from him a heart of which he has made me the keeper, is every day digging my grave. You may see whether I exaggerate. I do not conceal from you . the fource of the flow poison which confumes me. You alone can dry it up. I require it not: you fall be ftill free; but there is no other remedy for my Blanford arrives. disease. · perceive your difinclination for him, if you refuse him that hand which but for me would have been granted him, be affured that I shall not survive his misfortune and my own remorfe. Our embraces will be our adieus. Confult yourfelf, my dear child; and if you would that I live, reconcile me with · myfelf, justify me towards my friend.' _. Ah! live, and dispose of me!' faid Coraly to him, forgetting herfelf; and these words, distressing to love, bore joy

to the bosom of friendship. But,' refumed the Indian, after a long filence, 'how can I give myfelf to him whom I do not love, with a heart full of him whom I do love?'-. My dear, in an honest foul, duty tri-· umphs over every thing. By lofing · the hope of being mine, you will foon · lose the thought. I will give you some pain, without doubt; but my Iffe depends on it, and you will have the consolation of having saved it.'-· That is every thing to me: I give my-· felf up at that price. Sacrifice your victim: it will groan, but it will obey. But you, Nelson, you, who are truth itself, would you have me difguise my inclinations, and impose thus on your friend? Will you instruct me in the art of dissembling?'- No, Coraly; dissimulation is useles. I have not had the misfortune of extinguishing in you gratitude, esteem, and tender friendship; these sentiments are due to your benefactor, and they are fuf-

Juliet interrupted this scene, too painful to both, by leading away Coraly, whom the employed every endearment and commendation to console. 'It is thus,' faid the young Indian, with a smile of forrow, 'that on the Ganges they flatter the grief of a widow, who is going to devote herself to the flames of her husband's suneral pile. They

ficient for your husband : only display

thefe towards him. As to that in-

clination which leans not towards

him, you owe him the facrifice of it,

but not the confession. That which

would hurt if it were known, ought

to remain for ever concealed; and dangerous truth has filence for it's

dorn her, they crown her with flowers, they stupify her with songs of
praise. Alas! her facrifice is soon siinshed; mine will be cruel and lasting.
My good friend, I am not eighteen
years of age! What tears have I yet to
shed till the moment when my eyes
shall shot themselves for ever! This
melancholy idea painted to Juliet a soul
absorbed in sorrow. Sheemployed herfelf no longer in consoling her, but in
grieving along with her. Complaisance,
persuasion, indulgent and feeling compassion, all that triendship has most delicate, was put in practice to no effect.

licate, was put in practice to no effect.
At last, they inform her that Blanford is landed; and Nelson, enfeebled and faint as he is, goes to receive and embrace him at the harbour. Blanford, on feeing him, could not conceal his aftonisment and his uneafiness. 'Courage, man,' faid Nelson; 'I have been very ill, but my health is returning. I fee you again, and joy is a balm which will foon revive me. I am not the only one whose health has suffered by your absence. Your pupil is a little changed: the air of our climate may contribute to it. As to the reft, she has made a great progress: her understanding, her talents, have unfolded themselves; and if the kind of languor into which the is fallen vanishes, you will poffess what is pretty uncommon, a woman in whom Nature has left nothing wanting."

Blanford, therefore, was not surprized to find Coraly weak and languishing; but he was much affected at it. 'It feems, faid he, 'as if Heaven wanted to moderate my joy, and to punish me for the impatience which my duty excited in me at a distance from you. I am now here again, free, and restored to love and friendship.' The word love made Coraly tremble: Blanford perceived her concern. ' My friend,' faid he to her, ' ought to have prepared you for the confession which you have just heard.'- 'Yes, your goodness is well known to me: but can I approve the excess of it?'- This is a language which favours of the politeness of Europe: join with me to forget it. Frank and tender, Coraly, I have leen the time when if I had faid, "Shall " Hymen unite us?" you would have answered me without difguise, "With " all my heart;" or possibly, "I can-

dom

dom now. I love you, Coraly, but I love to make you happy: your mif-fortune would be mine.' Nelion, trembling, looked at Coraly, and durst not guess her answer. 'I hesitate,' said she to Blanford, 'through a fear · like yours. While I faw you only as a friend, a second father, I said to myfelf, "He will be content with my " veneration and affectionate regard; but if the name of husband mingle with titles already facred, what have you not a right to expect? Have I wherewith to acquit me towards you?' - Ah! that amiable modesty is wor hy of adorning thy virtues. Yes, thou half of myfelf, your duties are fulfilled, if you return my affection. Thy image has followed me every-where. My foul flew back towards thee across the depths which feparated us: I have s taught the name of Coraly to the echoes of another world .- Madam, faid he to Juliet, ' pardon me, if I envy ' you the happiness of possessing her.

who have made me know the value of life; and, in exposing it, I have often experienced by what strong ties I was

It will foon be my turn to watch over a health which is fo precious to me.

' I will leave you the care of Nelson's:

it is a charge not less dear to me. Let

us live happy, my friends: it is you

attached to you.'

It was fettled, that in less than a week Coraly should be married to Blanford. In the mean time, the remained with Juliet, and Nelson never quitted her. But his courage was exhaufted in supporting the young Indian's. To be perpetually constrained to suppress his own tears, to dry up those of a fond girl, who sometimes distressed at his feet, sometimes fainting and falling into his arms, conjuring him to have pity on her, without allowing one moment to his own weakness, and without ceasing to recal to his mind his cruel refolution, this trial appears above the strength of nature: accordingly, Nelion's virtue abandoned him every moment. 'Leave me,' faid he to her, 'unhappy girl! I am 'not a tiger; I have a feeling foul, and · you distract it. Dispose of yourself, dispose of my life; but leave me to die faithful to my friend.'- And can I, at the hazard of your life, use " my own will? Ah, Nelfon! at least promise me to live; no longer for me, but for a fifter who adores you.'-

I should deceive you, Coraly. Not that I would make any attempt upon myself; but see the condition to which my grief has reduced me; see the effect of my remorse and shame anticipated: shall I be the less odious, less inexorable to myself, when the crime shall be accomplished?— Alas! you talk of a crime! Is it not one, then, to tyrannize over me? — You are free; I no longer require any thing; I know not even what are your duties; but I know too well my own, and I

will not betray them. It was thus that their private converfation ferved only to diffress them. But Blanford's presence was still more painful He came every day to converse with them, not on the barren topicks of love, but the care he took, that every thing in his house should breathe chearfulness and ease; that every thing there should forestal the desires of his wife, and contribute to her happiness. ' If I die without children,' faid he, the half of my wealth is her's, the other half is his who, after me, shall know how to please and to console her for having loft me. That, Nelson, is your place; there is no growing old in my profession: take my place when I shall be no more. I have not the odious pride of wanting my wife to ' continue faithful to my shade. Co-' raly is formed to embellish the world, and to enrich Nature with the fruits of her fecundity.

It is more easy to conceive than deferibe the situation of our two lovers.
Their concern and confusion were the
fame in both; but it was a kind of confolation to Nelson, to see Corally in such
worthy hands, whereas Blanford's favours and love were an additional torment to her. On losing Nelson, she
would have preferred the desertion of all
nature, to the cares, the favours, the
love of all the world beside. It was decided, however, even with the consent
of this unfortunate girl, that there was
no longer time to hesitate, and that it
was necessary she should submit to her
fate.

She was led, then, as a victim to that house, which she had cherished as her first asylum, but which she now dreaded as her grave. Blanford received her there as a sovereign; and what she could not conceal of the violent state of her soul, he attributes to timidity, to

the concern which, at her age, the ap-

proach of marriage inspires.

Nelson had summoned up all the strength of a stoical soul, in order to present himself at this festival with a serene countenance.

They read the fettlement which Blanford had made. It was, from one end to the other, a monument of love, efteem, and beneficence. Tears flowed from every eye, even from Coraly's.

Blanford approaches respectfully, and stretching out his hand to her; 'Come,' faid he, 'my best beloved, give to this 'pledge of your fidelity, to this title of the happiness of my life, the inviolable fanctity with which it is to be

· cloathed.'

Coraly, on doing herfelf the utmost violence, had scarce strength to advance, and put her hand to the pen. At the instant she would have signed, her eyes were covered with a mift; her whole body was feized with a fudden trembling; her knees bent under her, and the was on the point of falling, if Blanford had not supported her. Shocked, congealed with fear, he looks at Nelfon, and fees him with the paleness of death on his countenance. Lady Albury had ran up to Coraly, in order to affift her. 'O Heaven,' cries Blanford, 'what is it that I see! Sorrow, death, O Heaven, furround me. What was I going to do? What have you concealed from " me?-Ah, my friend, could it be pof-' fible!-See the light again, my dear · Coraly; I am not cruel, I am not unjust; I wish only for your happie ness! The women who furrounded Coraly,

exerted themselves to revive her; and decency obliged Nelson and Blanford to keep at a distance. But Nelson remained immoveable, with his eyes fixed on the ground like a criminal. comes up to him, and clasps him in his Am I no longer thy friend?' arms. faid he. 'Art thou not still the half of myfelf? Open thy heart to me, and tell me what has passed. No, tell me nothing: I know all. This poor girl could not fee thee, hear thee, and live with thee, without loving thee. She has fenfibility, she has been touched with thy goodness and thy virtues. · Thou hast condemned her to silence; thou hast required of her the most grievous facrifice. Ah, Nelfon! had f it been accomplished, what a misfor-

tune! Just Heaven would not permit it! Nature, to whom thou didit violence, has refumed her rights. not afflict thyself: it is a crime which she has spared thee. Yes, the devotion of Coraly was the crime of friendthip.'- ' I confess it,' replied Nelson, throwing himself at his knees: 'I have been the innocent cause of thy unhappiness, of my own, and that of this amiable girl; but I call fidelity, friendship, honour, to witness--'
No oaths,' interrupted Blanford; 'they wrong us both. Go, my friend, continued he, raifing him, 'thou wouldest not be in my arms, if I had been able to suspect thee of a shameful perfidy. What I forefaw is come to pass, but without thy consent. What I have just now seen is a proof of it, and that very proof is unnecessary: thy friend has no need of it.'- 'It is certain,' replied Nelson, 'that I have nothing to reproach myself, but my presumption and imprudence. But that is enough, and I shall be punished for it. Coraly will not be thine, but I will not be her's.'- 'Is it thus that you anfwer a generous friend?' replied Blanford to him in a firm and grave tone of 'Do you think yourself obliged voice. to observe childish punctilios with me? Coraly shall not be mine, because she would not be happy with me. But an honest man for a husband, whom but for you she would have loved, is a loss to her, of which you are the cause, and which you must repair. The contract is drawn up, they shall change the names; but I infit that What I meant the articles remain. to give Coraly as a husband, I now give her as a father. Nelson, make me not blush by an humiliating refusal.'- I am confounded, and not furprized,' faid Nelfon, 'at this generosity, which overpowers me. I must fubscribe to it with confusion, and revere it in filence. If I knew not how well respect reconciles itself to friendship, I should no longer dare to call you my friend.'

During this conversation Coraly had recovered, and again saw with terror the light which was restored to her. But what was her surprize, and the revolution which was suddenly wrought in her soul! 'All is known, all is forgiven!' faid Nelson, embracing her, 'fall at the feet of our benefactor: from his hand

· I re-

- I receive yours.' Coraly would have been profuse in her acknowledgments.
- You are a child, faid Blanford to her.
- ' You hould have told me every thing.
- Let us talk no more of it, but let us
- never forget that there are trials, to
- . which virtue itself would do well not
- ' to expose herself.'



THE MISANTHROPE CORRECTED.

HERE is no correcting the natural disposition, they will tell me, and I agree to it; but among a thousand combined accidents which compose a character, what eye is sufficiently fine to. distinguish that indelible characteristick? How many vices and irregularities are attributed to Nature, which she never oscasioned? Such is, in man, the hatred of mankind: it is a factitious character; a part which we take up out of whim, and maintain through habit; but in acting which, the foul is under refraint, from which the struggles to be delivered. What happened to the mifanthrope, whom Moliere has painted, is an instance of it; and we are now going to see how he was brought to him-felf again.

Alcestes, dissatisfied as you know with his mistress and his judges, detested the city and the court, and refolved to fly mankind, retired very far from Paris, into the Voges, near Loval, on the banks of the Vologne. This river, whose shells contain the pearl, is still more valuable, on account of the fertility which it communicates, to it's borders. The valley which it waters. is a beautiful meadow. On one fide. arise smiling hills, interspersed with woods and hamlets; on the other extend, in a plain, vast fields, covered with corn. Thither Alcestes retired, to live forgotten by all nature. Free from cares and duties, wholly refigned to himfelf, and at length delivered from the hateful fight

little study, much exercise, the less lively but tranquil pleasures of a gentle vegetation; in one word, a life peaceably active, preferved him from the dullness of solitude: he desired, he regretted no-

of the world, he praised Heaven for

having broken all his connections.

One of the pleasures of his retreat was to fee around him the earth, cul-

tivated and fertile, nourish a people who feemed to be happy. A misanthrope, who is fuch from virtue, thinks that he hates men, only because he loves them. Alcestes felt an emotion mingled with joy, at the fight of his fellow-creatures rich by the labour of their own hands. 'These people,' said he, 'are very hap-'py in being yet half savages; they would foon be corrupted if they were more civilized.

Walking in the fields, he accosts a labourer, ploughing and finging. ' God ' preserve you, good man,' said he to. him; 'you are very merry!'- 'According to custom, replied the villager. - I am very glad of it: it proves that ' you are content with your condition.' And well I may.'- Are you mar-' ried?'-'Yes, thank Heaven.'-'Have you any children?'- I had five: I have loft one; but that lofs may be ' repaired.'- 'Is your wife young?'-' Twenty five.'- ' Is the handfome?' - She is to to me; but the is better than handsome, she is good.'- 'And you love her?'- Love her! who would not love her?'- 'She loves you too, without doub!?'- 'O, as to that, most heartily, and as well as before marriage. - 'You loved one another, then before marriage? - 'Orelfeshould we have taken each other?'- And your children, do they come on well?" Ah, that is a pleasure! The eldest is but five; he has more wit than his father already. And my two girls! they are charming. It would be a very great pity if they flould want husbands! The youngest boy sucks still; but the little rogue will be a flurdy fellow. Would you believe it? he beats his fitters when they go to kiss their mother. He is afraid that they are coming to take the breaft from him.'- All this is very happy?" - Happy! I think fo. You should fee our joy, when I return from work.
You would think they had not feen
me for a year: I know not which to listen to. My wife hangs upon my neck, my daughters jump into my arms, my eldest boy seizes me by the legs; not one of them neglects meeven to little Jacky himself, who rolling on his mother's bed, stretches out his little hands to me; while I laugh, and cry, and kiss them; for all this moves me.'- ' I believe it.'- ' You ought to feel it, for to befure you are a father. " I have not that happiness.'- 'So much the worse: there is no other joy.'- And how do you live?'-Very well; upon excellent bread, good milk, and the fruits of our orchard. My wife, with a little bacon, makes a fupper of cabbage, of which the king himself might eat. Then we have the eggs of our fowls; and on Sundays we regale ourselves, and drink a cup of wine.'- 'Yes, but when the year "turns out bad ? - We are prepared for it, and live comfortably on what " we have faved in a good one. '- 'Aye, but the rigour of the weather, the cold, the rain, the heats?'- We are accustomed to them; and if you knew what pleafure we have in com-" ing in the evening to breathe the fielh air after a summer's day; or, in winter, to un-numb one's hands at a fire of good brush-wood, between one's wife and one's children! And then we fup heartily, and go to fleep; and do you think that we ever bestow a thought upon the bad weather? Sometimes my wife fays to me, " My good er man, do you hear the wind and the " ftorm? Ah, if you were now in the " fields!"-" I am not there, I am with thee," I tell her; and in order to affure her of it, I press her against " my bosom. Ah, Sir! there are a great many of the fine people who do not · live to happy as we.'- And the * taxes?'-. We pay them chearfully : it must be so. All the country can-not be noble. The lord of the manor, and the judge, cannot come to labour. · They supply our wants, we supply theirs; and every state of life, as it is faid, has it's troubles.'-'What equity!' faid the milanthrope. 'There, now, in two words, is the whole œco. nomy of primitive lociety. O Nature! there is nothing just but thee: it is in thy uncultivated simplicity that we

find found reason! - But in paying the tribute so well, do not you give room to be charged more heavily?'- 'We used to fear it formerly; but, thank God! the lord of the manor has freed us from that uneafinefs. He performs the duty of our good king: he imposes, he receives himself, and in cases of necessity he makes the advances. He takes care of us, as if we were his children.'- 'And who is this gallant man?'- 'The Viscount de Laval. He is well enough known; the whole country respects him.'- 'Does he refide in his castle?'- 'He paffes eight months of the year there.'- 'And the rest?'- At Paris, I believe.'-Does he fee company ?'- The townfmen of Bruyers, and sometimes our old folks, who go to eat his foup, and to chatter with him.'- 'And does he bring any body from Paris?'- 'Nobody but his daughter.'- 'He is very much in the right!—And how does he employ himfelf?'—' In judging us, reconciling us, marrying our children, maintaining peace in our families, and affifting them when the feafons are bad.'-' I will go,' faid Alcestes, ' to see his village: it must be moving.

He was surprized to find the roads, even the cross-roads, bordered with hedges, and kept with care; but having met people busied in keeping them even; 'Ah,' said he, 'there are the ftatute-labourers.'— Statute-labourers!' replied an old man, who prefided over thefe works; we know none fuch here: these people are paid: nohody is constrained. Only, if there come to the village a vagabond, an idle fellow, I am fent to him; and if he wants bread, he earns it, or he goes to feek it elfewhere.'- 'And who has established this happy policy?'- Our good lord the father to us all.'- 'And the funds for this expence, who provides them?'-' The community; and as fhe imposes them hertelf, it comes not to pass, as is feen elsewhere, that the rich are exempred at the charge of the poor.'

Alcestes redoubled his esteem for the wife and beneficent man who governed this little people. 'How powerful would 'a king be,' said he, 'and a state how happy, if all the great proprietors of lands would follow the example of this nobleman! But Paris absorbs both

" the

the wealth and the men: it strips, it

carries away every thing.

The first glance of the village prefented him with the image of ease and health. He enters into a plain and large building, which was to appearance a publick edifice, and there he finds a multitude of children, women, and old men, employed in useful labours. Idleness was not permitted, excepting to the last weakness. Infancy, almost at it's iffuing from the cradle, acquired the habit and relish of labour; and old age, at the brink of the grave, still ex-ercised it's trembling hands. The seafon in which the earth refts, affembled to the workhouse the vigorous men; and then the shuttle, the saw, and the hatchet, give a new value to the produc-tions of Nature. I am not surprized, faid Alcestes, ' that these people " should be exempt from vice and want. · They are laborious, and perpetually He enquired how the employed. workhouse had been established. ' Our good lord,' faid they to him, ' advanced the money. It was but a small " matter at first; and all was done at his risk, at his expence, and his profit; but after being well affured that it was advantageous, he gave up the undertaking to us: he interferes no · longer, except in protecting it; and every year he gives to the village the ' tools of some one of our arts: it is the present he makes at the first wedding that is celebrated in the year.'- 'I must fee this man,' said Alcestes: · his character pleases me.

He advances into the village, and he observes a house into which the people are going and coming with uneafinels. He demands the cause of these movements; they tell him that the head of the family is at the point of death. He enters, and fees an old man, who with an expiring, but ferene eye, feems to bid adieu to his children, who melt into tears around him. He distinguishes, in the midst of the crowd, a person moved, but less afflicted, who encourages, and confoles them. By his plain and grave dress, he takes him for the phylician of the village. 'Sir,' said he to him, be not surprized at seeing here a franger. It is not an idle curiofity that brings me hither. These good people may have need of affiftance at fo melancholy a juncture; and I come Sir, faid the viscount to him, 'my peafants thank you: I hope, as long as I live, they will have need of nobody; and if money could pro-' long the days of a good man, this worthy father of a family should be restored to his children. '- 'Ah, Sir,' faid Alcestes, on discovering Monsieur De Laval by this talk, 'pardon an un-'easiness which I ought not to have ' had.'- ' I am not offended,' replied M. De Laval, 'that a good deed should be disputed with me; but may I know who you are, and what brings you here? At the name of Alcestes, he recollected that cenfor of human nature, whose rigour was so well known; but without being intimidated, 'Sir,' faid he, 'I am very glad to have you in ' my neighbourhood, and if I can be of ' fervice to you in any thing, I beg you ' to command me.'

Alcestes went to visit M. De Laval, and was received by him with that plain and ferious gentility which proclaims neither the want, nor the desire, of being connected. 'There, now,' said he, is a man of some reserve. I like him ' the better for it.' He felicitated M. De Laval on the pleasures of his folitude. 'You come to live here,' said he, 'far from mankind, and you are very much in the right to fly from them!'- ' I, Sir! I do not fly from mankind. I have neither the weakness to fear them, the pride to de-' fpife them, nor the misfortune to hate them.' This answer came so home, that Alcestes was disconcerted atit. But he would support what he fet out with, and he began the fatire of the world. ' I have lived in the world, as well as others,' faid M. De Laval, 'and I have not found it so wicked. There are vices and virtues in it, good and evil, I confels; but nature is fo compounded, we must know how to accommodate ourselves to it.'- Aye, but,' said Alcestes, ' in that compound, the good is fo very fmall, and the evil fo predominant, that the latter choaks up the former.'- 'Ah, Sir,' replied the viscount, ' if we were as strongly fired with the good as with the evil, if we used the same warmth in publishing it, and good examples were poster up as bad ones are, can you doubt but that the good ones would carry it on the balance? But gratitude Ipeaks fo low, and complaint declaims fo loud, that we only

· hear

hear the latter. Esteem and friendship are commonly moderate in their
commendations: they imitate the modesty of the virtuous in praising them;
whereas resentment and injury exaggerate every thing to excess. Thus
we see not the good, but through a
medium which lessens it, and we view
the evil through a vapour which mag-

nifies it.'

' Sir,' faid Alcestes to the viscount, you make me wish to think like you; and though I might have on my fide the melancholy truth, your mittake would be preferable. - Why, yes, without doubt: fretfulness is of no fervice. A fine part for a man to play get into a corner to pout at all the world! and why? For the bickerings of the circle in which we live; as if all nature were an accomplice and responsible for the injuries at which we are hurt!'- 'You are right,' faid Alcestes; ' it would be unjuit to render mana folitary animal; but how many griefs have we not to reproach them with in common? Believe me, Sir, my prejudice has ferious and weighty motives. You will do me justice, when you know me. Per-" mit me to fee you often.'- 'Often; that is difficult,' faid the viscount: my time is very much taken up; and my daughter and I have our studies, which leave us little leifure; but sometimes, if you please, we will enjoy our neighbourhood, at our ease, and without laying any constraint on each other; for the privilege of the country is to have it in our power to be alone when we have a mind.'

This man is rare in his species,' faid Alcettes, on going away. 'And his daughter, who listened to us with the air of so tender a veneration for her father: this daughter, brought up under his eyes, accustomed to a plain life, pure manners, and pleasures that are innocent, will be an inestimable woman, or I am very much mistaken—at least, resumed he, unless they lead her astray in that Paris, where every thing is ruined.'

If we were to represent to ourselves delicacy and sentiment personified, we should have the idea of Ursula's beauty. (It was thus that Mademoiselle De Laval was called.) Her figure was such as imagination gives to the youngest of

the Graces. She was eighteen years compleat; and by the freshness and regularity of her charms, one might fee that Nature had just put the last hand to When unmoved, the lilies of her complexion prevailed over the rofes; but on the flightest emotion of her foul, the roses effaced the lilies. It was little to have the colouring of flowers; her fkin had also that fineness, and that down fo fott, fo velvet-like, which nothing has yet tarnished. But it was in the features of Urfula's countenance that a thousand charms, varied perpetually, displayed themselves successively. her eyes, fometimes a modelt languor, a timid fenfibility, feemed to iffue from her foul, and to express itself by her looks; fometimes a noble feverity, and commanding with sweetness, moderated the touching luftre of it; and we faw there reigning, by turns, severe decency, fearful modelty, and lively and tender voluptuousness. Her voice and mouth were of that kind which embellish every thing; her lips could not move without discovering new attractions; and when fhe condescended to smile, her very filence was ingenuous. Nothing more fimple than her attire, and nothing more elegant. In the country, she let grow her hair, which was of a pale white, of the foftest tint; and ringlets, which art could not hold captive, floated around her ivory neck, and waved down upon her beautiful bosom. The misanthrope had found in her the genteelest air, and the most decent conversation. 'It would be a pity, faid he, that she should fall into bad hands: the might make an accomplished woman. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I congratulate myself in having her father tor a neighbour; he is an upright man, a gallant man: I do not believe that he has a very right way of thinking, but he has an excellent heart.

Some days after, M. De Laval in walking out returned his visit; and Alcestes talked to him of the pleasure which he must have in making people happy. 'It is a fine example,' added he, 'and to the shame of mankind a 'pretty rare one! How many folks, 'richer and more powerful than you, 'are only a burden to the people.'—'I neither excuse them, nor blame them,' replied M. De Laval. 'To do good, 'there must be the power; and when 'we can, we ought to know how to seize

feize it. But think not that it is fo eafy to effect it. It is not sufficient to be dexterous enough; we must be also happy enough; we must know how to treat just, sensible, docile, minds; and frequently a great deal of address and patience is necessary to lead on a people, naturally diffident and fearful, to what is advantageous to them.'—' Truly,' faid Alcestes, 'it is the excuse which they make; but do you think it a very folid one? And the obstacles which you have overcome, cannot they also conquer them?' I have been,' faid M. De Laval, folicited by opportunity, and fecond-ed by circumstances. This people, ed by circumstances. newly conquered, thought themselves undone without resource, and the moment that I held open my arms to them, their despair made them rush into them. At the mercy of an arbitrary impost, they had conceived fo much terror, that they chose rather to endure their vexations than to fhew a little ease. The expences of the levy aggravated the impost: these good people were over-rated; and poverty was the afylum into which discouragement had thrown them. On my arrival here I found established this distreffing and destructive maxim to the country: The more we labour, the more we shall be trampled upon. The men durst not be laborious, the wo-men trembled at becoming fruitful. I went back to the fource of the evil: I addressed myself to the man appointed to collect the tribute .- " Sir, "faid ' I to him, " my vaffals groan under the " burdens of constraint: I would wish " to hear no more of it. Let us fee " what they owe out of the year's impost; I am come to acquit them."-.. Sir," replied the receiver to me, "that " cannot be."—" Why fo?" faid I. "It " to pay the king the tribute which he demands? to pay it him with the least expence poffible, and with the least de-" lay?"-" Yes," faid he, " that is the king's interest, but not mine. What " would become of me, if it were to be " paid down ? The expences are the per-" quifites of my office."-To fo good a reason I had no reply; and without insisting farther, went to see the intendant.—" I beg two favours of you," faid I to him: " one, that I may be permitted, every year, to pay

" the tribute for my vaffals; the other, that their district may experience on-" ly the variations of the publick tax." ' I obtained what I asked.

" Friends," faid I to my peafants, whom I affembled at my arrival, "I " now give you notice, that it is in my " hands you are to deposit for the fu-" ture the just tribute which you owe " to the king. No more vexations, no " more expence. Every Sunday, at " the parish-bank, your wives shall " bring their favings, and you will be infenfibly cleared. Labour, cultivate your estates, increase their value to a hundred fold; may the ground en-66 " rich you; you shall not be charged the more for it : I, your father, will " be answerable to you for it. " who shall be deficient, I will affift: " and a few days of the dead feafon of "the year, employed on my works, will re-imburse me what I advance." This plan was approved, and we

have followed it. Our farmers wives never fail to bring me their little offering. On receiving it, I encourage them; I tell them of our good king; they go away with tears in their eyes: thus I make an act of love, of what they looked upon, before my time, as

an act of fervitude.

The statute works had their turn, and the intendant, who detelted them, but knew not how to remedy them, was enchanted at the method which I had taken to exempt my village from them.

· Laftly, as there was here a great deal of superfluous time, and uteless hands, I established the workhouse, which you may have feen. It is the property of the community; they administer it under their own eyes: every one works there; but that labour is not sufficiently paid to divert them from working in the fields. The hufbandman employs in it only the time which would otherwise be loft. profit which they draw from it forms a fund which is employed in contributing to the militia, and to the expences of publick works. But an advantage more precious still, from this establishment, is to have increased the human race. When children are a charge, we get no more than we are able to maintain; but from the moment that, at theiriffue from the cradle, they are able to provide for their own fubfistence. ' subsistence, Nature delivers herself up to her attraction, without reserve or uneafiness. We seek the means of

population: there is but one; the sub-fistence, the employment of mankind.

As they are born only to live, we must ensure them a livelihood at their birth.'

· Nothing wifer than your principles, e nothing more virtuous than your cares; but confess,' replied the misanthrope, that this good, important as it is, is not fo difficult as to discourage those who love it; and that if there were men like you-' Say, rather, if they were so situated. I have had circumstances in my favour, and every thing depends upon that. · We fee what is right; we love it; we wish to effect it; but obstacles arise on every step we take. There needs but one to prevent it; and instead of I was one, there arise a thousand. here very much at my eafe: not a man of credit had an interest in the evil * which I meant to destroy; and how Iittle would have been sufficient to · prevent my being able to remedy it? Suppose, instead of a tractable in-tendant, I had been under the neces-' fity of feeing, persuading, prevailing on an absolute man, jealous of his opower, entirely led by his own opinions, or swayed by the counsels of his fubaltern officers. Nothing of all ' this scheme could have taken place: they would have told me not to bufy " myfelf, but to let things of this kind Thus it is that good-will realone. mains often useless on the part of the rich. I know that you do not suspect 'it; but there is in your prejudices · more caprice than you imagine,'

Alcestes, touched to the quick by this reproach, from a man whose esteem was to him of so great value, endeavoured to justify himself. He told him of the law-fuit he had loft, of the coquette who had deceived him, and of all his subjects of complaint against human

nature.

' Truly,' faid the viscount to him, this was a mighty matter to make one uneafy! You go to chuse among a f thousand women a giddy creature, who amuses herself, and makes a fool of you, as it were with reason; you take most seriously, that love of which she makes a mere diversion: who is to blame? But granting her wrong, are all women like her? What! because

there are knaves among the men, are you and I the less honest on that account? In the individual, who hurts you, you hate the species! There is caprice, neighbour; there is caprice in

this, you must agree.

' You have loft a cause which you thought just; but does not a fuitor, who is a person of integrity, always think that he has a good cause? Are you alone more difinterested, more infallible, than your judges? And if they have wanted lights, are they criminal for that? I, Sir, when I fee men devote themselves to a state of life which has many troubles in it, and very few pleafures, which imposes on their manners all the constraint of the most severe decorum, which requires an unremitted application, a steady recollection, a labour without any salary, where virtue herfelf is almost without lustre; when I see them environed with the luxury and pleasures of an opulent city, live retired, folitary, in the frugality, fimplicity, and modefty of the first ages; I consider, as a facrilege, the reproach of their equity. Now, such is the life of the greater part of the judges whom you accuse upon such Aight foundations. It is not some giddy persons, whom you see fluttering in the world, that hold the balance of the laws. fuch time as they become more prudent, they have at least the modesty to be filent before consummate judges. The latter are fometimes mistaken, without doubt, because they are not angels; but they are less of men than you and I; and I will never be perfuaded, that a venerable old man, who at the break of day drags himself to the hall with a to:tering pace, goes there to commit injustice.

With regard to the court, there are fo many interests in it, so complicated, and so powerful, which thwart and oppose each other, that it is natural that men should there be more delivered up to their passions, and more wicked than elsewhere. But neither you nor I have paffed through these great trials of ambition and envy; and it has depended, perhaps, on but a trifle, that we have not been, as well as others, false friends and base flatterers. Believe me, Sir, few people have a right to fettle the police

of the world.'

All honest people have that right,' faid Alcestes; 'and if they would league 'themselves together, the wicked would 'not have so much audaciousness and credit in the world,'—'When that 'league is formed,' faid M. De Laval, going away, 'we will both enrol ourselves in it. Till then, neighbour, I advise you to do, without noise, in 'your little corner, the utmost good you can, by taking for a rule the love of mankind, and in reserving your hatred for a few sad exceptions.'

'It is a very great pity,' faid Alcestes, when M. De Laval was gone, that goodness should be always accompanied with weakness, while wickedness has so much strength and vigour!'—'It is a very great pity,' faid M. De Laval, 'that this honest man has taken a bias, which renders him useless to himself and others! He has uprightness, he loves virtue; but virtue is but a chimera without the love of human nature.' Thus both, judging each other, were displeased with one another.

An incident, pretty fingular, rendered Alcestes still less at his ease with M. De Laval. The Baron of Blonzac, a right Gascon, a man of honour, but haughty, and a misanthrope in his manner, had married the Canoness of Remirement, a relation of the viscount. His garrison was in Lorraine. He came to see M. De Laval; and whether it was to amuse himself, or to correct two misanthropes by means of each other, M. De Laval wanted to set them by the ears. He sent to invite Alcestes to dinner.

Among men, table-talk turns pretty often upon politicks; and the Gascon, from the moment they had dined, began laying on, and drinking at a great rate. I make no point of concealing it, 'faid he, ' I have taken an aversion to the world. I would be two thousand · leagues out of my own country, and . two thousand years removed from my own age. It is the country of whores and knaves; it is the age of favour-' ites; intrigue and favour have done their parts, and have forgot nothing but merit. He that pays his court · obtains every thing, and he that does his duty has nothing. Myself, for example, who have never known but to march where honour calls, and to fight as becomes a foldier, I am known by the enemy; but may the

devil take me if either the ministry, or the court, know that I exist! If they were to hear any mention of me, they would take me for one of my grandsathers; and if they should be told that a cannon ball had taken off my head, I will lay a wager they would ask if there were any more Blonzacs.'—' Why do you not shew yourself?' said M. De Laval to him. There is no necessity to let one's self be forgot.'—' Why, my lord, I shew myself in the day of battle. Is it at Paris that the colours are slying?"

In the midst of this talk, letters were brought M. De Laval from Paris. He asks leave to read them, 'In order to know,' said he, ' if there be any thing new:' and one of his letters informs him, that the command of the citadel, which he solicited for M. De Blonzac, without his knowledge, had just been granted him. ' Hold,' faid he to him, there now is one who regards you. Blonzac read, leaped with joy, and ran to embrace the viscount; but after the fally he had made, he durst not mention what had happened to him. Alcestes, believing he had found in him a second, did not fail in urging him. ' There,' faid he, ' there, now, is an example of those acts of injustice which shock me: a man of birth, a good foldier, after having ferved the ftate, remains forgotten, unrewarded; and let them tell me, now, that all goes well.'—' Why, replied Blonzac, we must be just: every thing goes not so ill as is said. Rewards are to be waited for a little; but they come in time. It is not the fault of the ministry, if more services are performed than there are rewards to be beflowed; and, in fact, they do what they can.' Alcestes was a little furprized at this change of language, and the apologetical tone which Blonzac affumed during the rest of the entertainment. ' Come,' faid the viscount, ' in order to reconcile you, let us drink ' the commandant's health:' and he published what he had just learned. 'I ' ask the gentleman's pardon,' faid Al-cestes, ' for having dwelt on his complaints : I did not know the reasons which he had to retract them.'- ' I,' faid Blonzac, ' have no animofity, and ' I come to like a child.'- ' You fee,' refumed M. De Laval, ' that a misanthrope is to be brought back to reafon. - Yes, replied Alcestes, when he regulates his fentiments on his own personal intereft.'- 'Ah, Sir!' said Blonzac, ' do you know any one who is warm for what touches him neither nearly nor at a distance?'- Every thing that concerns humanity,' replied Alcestes, ' touches a good man nearly; and doubt not but there are friends enough of the order, to hate the evil as evil, without any respect to themfelves.'- ' I will believe it, replied the Gascon, when I see any one uneafy at what paffes in China; but as long as people are afflicted only at the hurt which they feel themselves, or which they may feel, I shall believe that they think only of themfelves, while they have the air of being taken up with the thought of others. As for me, I am fincere: I never gave myfelf up as an advocate for the difcontented. Let every one plead his own cause. I complained while I had reason to complain; I now make my peace with the world, as foon as I · have reason to be satisfied with it.'

As much as the scene with Blonzac disturbed Alcestes, so much did it rejoice M. De Laval and his daughter.
There, said they, has our misanthrope received a good lesson.

Whether it was shame or policy, he was some days without seeing them. He came again, however, one afternoon. The viscount was gone to the village: Mademoiselle De Laval received him; and on seeing himself alone with her, a transport seized him; which he had some

difficulty to conceal.

· We have not had the honour of feeing you,' faid the to him, ' fince M.
De Blonzac's vifit; what fay you to
that gentleman?'—' Why, he is a
man like the reft.'—' Not so much like the reft: he speaks with an open heart; he fays what others conceal; and that frankness makes him, in my opinion, a pretty fingular character. Yes, Mademoiselle, frankness is frare; and I am very glad to fee that at your age you are convinced of it. You will often have occasion to recole lect it, I promise you. Ah, in what a world you are going to fall! My lord excuses it in the best manner he is sable; his own beautiful foul does the rest of mankind the honour to judge of them according to itself; but if you knew how dangerous and hateful the greater part are !'- You, for example,' faid Urfula, fmiling, ' you have very great reason to complain of it, is it not true?'- Spare me, I pray you, and attribute not to me the personalities of M. De Blonzac. think as he does in certain respects; but our motives are not the same.'-I believe it; but explain to me what I am not able to conceive. Vice and virtue, I have been told, are nothing more than relative terms. The one is vice, because it hurts mankind; the other virtue, on account of the good which it occasions.'- 'Exactly fo.'-To hate vice, to love virtue, is therefore only to interest ourselves in the welfare of mankind; and in order to interest ourselves we must love them. For how can you at once interest yourfelf, and hate them ?'- I interest myself in the welfare of the good whom I love, and I detest the wicked who hurt them; but the good are fo very few in number, and the world is fo full of bad people.'- ' See there, now. Your hatred at least extends not to all mankind. But do you think that those whom you love are every where so few in number? Let us make a voyage together in idea. Do you agree to it?'-' With all my heart.'-' First, in the country, are you not perfuaded that there are morals; and if not virtues, at least simplicity, goodness, innocence?'- There is also commonly distrust and craft.'- ' Alas! I can eafily conceive what my father has faid more than once: craft and distrust are the consequence of weakness. find them in the villagers, as in wo-men and children. They have every thing to fear; they escape, they defend themselves as well as they can; and we observe the same instinct in most animals.'- 'Yes,' faid Alcestes, and that very circumstance forms the fatyr of the cruel and rapacious animals which they have to guard against. fpeaking only of the country people, and you will agree with me, that they are more worthy of pity than of hatred.'- 'Oh, I agree.'- 'Let us pass to the cities, and take Paris for example.'- 'My God! what an example you chufe.'- ' Very well; even in that same Paris, the common people are good: my father frequents them; he goes often into those obscure receffes,

caffes, where poor families, crouded together, groan in want; he lays that he finds there a modely, patience, an honefty, and fometimes even a noble-ness of thinking, which moves and aftonishes him:— And this it is which ought to fet us against an unpitying world, which forfakes fuffering-virtue, and pays respect to successful and infolent vice. - Not to fast : we are at the common people. Agree that, in general, they are good, dotile, courteous, honelt, and that their own fincerity gives them a confidence which s is very often abused.'- Oh, very ple, then? And in all places the common people form the greater number.' Notevery where . We are speaksing only of our own country: it is with that which I would reconcile you at prefent. Now let us come to the great folks; and tell me, first, if my father has imposed on me in it, when he has painted the manners of the women. "As their duties," faid he, "are se included in the interior of a private life, their virtues have nothing daz-" zling : it is only their vices that are conspicuous; and the folly of one woman makes more noise than the dis-" rifes in evidence, and the good re-mains buried." My father adds, that one moment of weakness, one imprudence, ruins a woman, and that this blemish has sometimes tarnished a thousand excellent qualities. confesses, in short, that the vice which we most reproach women with, and which does them the most injury, hurts only themselves, and that there is no reason for hating them. For the reft, what is it you reproach us with? A little falshood? But that is all by agreement. Instructed from our infancy to endeavour to please you, we have no other care but to conceal what will not please you. If we difguise ourselves, it is only under those charms which you love better than our own. And do you know that nothing is more humiliating to us? I am young; but I can eafily perceive, that the most beautiful art of our freedom is, to shew ourselves I fuch as we are; but to disguise one's foul, and to disavow one's felf, is of all the acts of fervitude the most degrading; and we must do to self-love

the most painful violence, to debase one's felf to a lye, and to diffimulation. This is what I find woman a flave in a and it is a yoke which has been im-posed on us. - If all women thought as nobly as you do, beautiful Urfula, they would not fo lightly, and in gaiety of heart, make a mere pastime of deceiving us. - If they deceive you, it is your own fault. You are our kings: convince us that you love nothing so much as truth, that truth alone pleases and touches you, and we will tell it you always. What is the will tell it you always. ambition of a woman? To be lovely, and to be loved. Very well, write on the apple, To the most fincere; they will all dispute it with each other in unaffected simplicity. But you have written, To the most seducing; and each tries, who shall seduce you the best. As for our jealousies, our little animolities, our tattlings, our bickerings; all these things are only amusing to you; and you will agree that your wars are of very different consequence. Nothing remains, then, but the frivolousness of our tastes and humours; but whenever you please, we shall be more folid; and, perhaps, there are many women who have feized, as it were by flealth, lights and principles which custom envied them. are a proof of it,' faid Alcestes to her, you whose soul is so much above your fex and your age. '- 'I am young,' eplied Urfula, 'and I have a right to your indulgence; but the question is not concerning me; it is the world which you fly, which you abandon, without well knowing why. I have attempted the defence of the women; I leave to my father the care of accomplishing that of the men; but I tell you before-hand, that in giving me the picture of their fociety, he has often told me, that there were almost as few perverse minds as there are heroick fouls, and that the majority was composed of weak, harmless people, who required nothing but peace and quiet. — Yes, peace and quiet, every one for himself, and at the expence of the person to whom it belongs. The world, Mademo lelle, is composed only of dupes and knaves: now, nobody would be a dupe; and to speak only of what concerns yourfelf, I must tell you, that all the idle people there are at Paris of an age to · please, Gg

please, are employed morning and evening in nothing else but in laying finares for the women. — Good! faid Ursula, they know it; and my father is persuaded that this contest of gallantry on the one side, and coquetry on the other, is nothing but a diversion, in which both are agreed. Let who will be of the party: those who like not the sport, have only to keep themselves in their own corners; and nothing, he says, is in less danger than virtue, when it is real. — You think so? — I am so thoroughly persuaded of it, that if ever I commit an indiscretion, I declare to you beforehand, it will be because I shall have liked it. — Without doubt they like it; but they like it when seduced by an enchanter who makes you like it. — That also is an excuse which at present I renounce: I have no faith in enchantments.

They were got so far, when Monsieur De Laval arrived from his walk. 'What fay you to Alcestes?' continued Ur-· He would have me tremble at being exposed in the world to the feduction of the men.'- Why,' faid the father, ' we must not be too confident; I do not think thee infallible.' No, but you shall be my guard; and if you lose fight of me, you know what you have promifed me. — I will endeavour to keep my word. — May I be in the secret?' demanded Alceftes, with a timid air. 'There is no fecret in it,' replied Ursula: 'my father has had the goodness to instruct me in my duties; and if he could guide me perpetually, I should be very sure of not going aftray. If I forgot myself, he would not forget me; accustomed to read my foul, he would regulate all it's motions; but as he will not always have his eyes upon me, he has promised me another guide, a husband, which may be his friend and mine, and who shall supply the place of a father.'- Add also, and of a lover; for a young woman must have love. I would have you be discreet, but I would likewise have you be happy; and if I had the imprudence to give you's husband who did not love you, or knew not how to please you, I should no longer have the right of taking it ill, that the defire of enjoying the greatest of felicities, that of

loving and being loved, should make you forget my lessons.

Alcestes went away, charmed at the wisdom of so good a father, and more ftill with the candour and honefty of the daughter. ' A distinction has been made,' faid he, ' between the age of innocence and of reason; but in her happy disposition, innocence and reafon unite. Her foul purifies, at the fame time that it enlightens itself. Ah! if there were a man worthy of cultivating gifts fo precious, what a fource of delicious enjoyments to him! There is nothing but this world, filled with shelves, from which it is necef-fary to keep her at a distance. But if she loved, what would it be to her? A virtuous and tender husband would fuffice her, would be to her instead of every thing. I dare believe, that at twenty-five, I was the man who fuited -At twenty-five! and what did I know then? To amuse myself, and run into diffipations! Was I capable of filling the place of a wife and vigi-lant father, I should have loved her to distraction; but what confidence should I have inspired into her? It is not, perliaps, too much yet to have fifteen years more experience. But from eighteen to forty, the interval must be frightful to her. There is no thinking of it.

He thought of it, however, all night long; the next day he did nothing else; and the day following, the first idea which presented itself to him was that of his amiable Urfula. 'Ah, what a pity, faid he, ' what a pity, if she were to take to the vices of the world! her foul is pure as her beauty. What sweetness in her temper! what touching fimplicity in her manners and language! They talk of eloquence; is there any truer? It was impossible for her to convince me; but she has perfuaded me. I have defired to think like her: I could have wished that the illusion, which she spread before me, were never diffipated. Why have I not over her, or rather over her father, that foft empire which the has over me? I would engage them to live here in the simplicity of nature. And what need should we have of the world? Ah! three hearts, thoroughly united, two lovers and a father, have they not, in the intimacy of a mutual tenderness, sufficient to render themselves fully hap-

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In the evening, on walking out, his steps turned, as it were of themselves, towards M. De Laval's gardens. He found him there with the pruning-knife in his hand, amidft his espaliers. 'Confels, faid he to him, that thefe tranquil pleasures are well worth those noify ones which people like, or think they like, at Paris. - Every thing has it's feafon, replied the vifcount. I love the country, while it is alive: I am useless at Paris, and my village has need of me; I enjoy myself there, and the good which I do; my daughter is pleased and amused there; this is what attracts and retains me. But think not that I live there alone. Our little town of Bruyers is full of honest people, who love and cultivate letters. There is no part of the world where the inhabitants have gentler manners. They are polite with freedom; plain, yet informed. Candour, uprightness, and gaiety, are the character of that amiable people: they are focial, hu-Hospitality is a mane, beneficent. virtue, which the father transmits to The women are sprightly his fon. and virtuous; and fociety, embellished by them, unites the charms of decency to the pleasures of liberty. But in enjoying to sweet a commerce, I cease not still to love Paris; and if friendship, the love of letters, connections which I hold dear, did not recal me there, the attraction of variety alone would carry me back every year. The most lively pleasures lan-guish at last, and the sweetest become infipid to him who knows not how to vary them.'- 'I can conceive, however,' faid the mifanthrope, 'that a fociety, not numerous, intimately connected with ease and truth, might fupply every thing to itself; and if an offer, agreeable to Mademoiselle De Laval, had no other inconvenience in it than that of fixing her in the country, I am perfuaded that you your-felf-' 'Why, truly,' faid M. De Laval, ' if my daughter could be happy there, I should make her happiness mine: that is most certain. It is now fifty years fince I have lived for myself; it is high time now that I should live for her. But we are not come to 5 that. My daughter loves Paris, and I am rich enough to fettle her there decently.

This was enough for Alcestes; and for fear of discovering himself, he turned the conversation to gardening, by asking M. De Laval if he did not cultivate flowers. They pass away too soon, replied the viscount. The pleasure and regret of them border so nearly on each other, and the idea of destruction intermingles I know not what of melancholy in the fentiment of enjoyment. In a word, I feel more chagrin in feeing a role-bush stripped, than joy in seeing it flourish. The culture of kitchen herbs has an interest more gradual, more supported, and, to fay the truth, more fatisfactory; for it terminates in the useful. While Art exercises and fatigues itself in varying the scenes of a flowergarden, Nature herself changes the decorations of the kitchen-garden. How many metamorphoses, for example, have these peach-trees experienced, from the very budding of their leaves to the full maturity of their fruits! Talk to me, neighbour, of lafting pleasures: those which, like flowers, endure but a day, cost too much to renew.

Master of the father's temper, Alceftes wanted to inform himself of that of the daughter, and it was easy for him to have a private conversation with ' The more I penetrate,' faid he to her, 'into your father's heart, the more I admire and love him.'- So much the better,' faid Urfula; ' his examples will foften your manners; he will reconcile you with those like him.'- Like him! Ah, how few there are of them! It is to him, without doubt, a favour from Heaven to have a daughter like you, beautiful Ursula; but it is a happiness as rare to have a father like him. May the husband which the Almighty deftines you, be worthy both of one and the other!'- Pray to Heaven,' faid she, smiling, that he be not a mifanthrope! Men of that cast are too difficult to correct.'- Would you like better,' said Alcestes, ' one of those cold and trifling men, whom every thing amuses, and nothing interests; one of those weak and easy men, whom the mode bends and fashions to her own taste; who are Gg 2

wax, with respect to the manners of the time, and to whom custom is the fupreme law? A misanthrope loves but few; but when he loves, he loves truly. — Yes, I perceive that such a conquest is flattering to vanity; but I am plain, and not vain. I would not find in a heart devoted to me afperity or morofeness; I would wish to be able to communicate to it the formers of my own temper, and that fentiment of universal benevolence, which makes me fee men and things on the most comfortable side. I could not spend my life in loving a man who would pass his in hatred. - That is not civil, for they accuse me of being a infanthrope. Why, it is from you, and you alone, that I have taken the idea of that character: for M. De Blonzac's humour was nothing but a fit of the pours; and you have feen . to himfelf again; but a hatred of mankind, arifing from reflection and founded on principles, is horrible; and this is what you profess. I am perfunded that your aversion for the world is nothing but whim, an excels of virtue: you are not wicked, you are only rigid; and I believe you as little indulgent to yourfelf as to another; but this too fevere and impatient probity renders you unfociable; and you must confess, that a husband of that temper would not be entertaining.'-You would have a husband entertain you, then?'- And entertain him-felf,' replied the, with the fame things as me; for if marriage be a participation of cares, it ought, in re-

Nothing clearer, faid Alcestes to himself, after their conversation: 's she could not have told me her thoughts more plainly, though she had divined mine. This is for me and my comrades a discharge before hand. And what am I thinking of? I am forty years, free and easy, it depends on myself only to be happy. Happy! And can I be so alone, with a soul so sensible? I sly the men! Ah, it was the women, the handsome women, whom I ought to have flown. I thought I knew them sufficiently to have no more to sear from them; but who could have expected what has happened to me? I must, to my missor-

time, in the corner of a province, and beauty, youth, graces, wildom, virtue herfelf, united in one and the fame object. It feems as if Love purfued me, and that he had purpolely made this dear girl to confound and distress me. And what a way she takes to trouble my reposel I detell airs; nothing more simple than she. I despite coquetry; the thinks not even of pleasing. I love, I adore candour; her four flews refelf quite naked. She tells me, to my face, the most cruel truths: what would she do more, if fire had resolved to turn my brain? She is very young; the will change : launched into the world, which the loves, the will foon affirme the manners of it; and it is to be believed that the will at last be a woman like the reft-To be believed! Alr, I do not believe it; and if I believed it, I should be too unjust. She will be the happiness and glory of her husband, if he be worthy of her. And I, I half live alone, detached from every thing, in a ftate of folitude and annihilation; for it must be confessed, the foul is annihilated as foon as it loves nothing any longer. What do I fay? Alas! if I loved no longer, would that repose, that sleep of the foul, be frightful to me? Flattering idea of a greater happines! It is thou, thou that makest me perceive the void and dulness of myfelf. Ah, to cherifh my folitude for ever, I should never have gone out of it!

These reflections, and these struggles, plunged him into a melancholy, which he thought it his duty to bury. Eight days having rolled away, the viscount, surprized at not seeing him again, sent to know if he was sick. Alcestes returned answer, that in fact he had not been well for some time past. The sensible soul of Urfula was affected at this answer. She had entertained, since his absence, some suspicion of the truth; she was now the more persuaded of it, and reproached herself for having afflicted him. 'Let us go and see him,' faid the viscount; 'his condition moves my pity. Ah, daughter, what a gloomy and painful resolution is that of siving and painful resolution is that of siving alone, and of being sufficient to one's self? Man is too weak to support it.'

When Alcestes saw Mademorfelle De Laval, for the first time, enter his

house,

house, it seemed as if his habitation had transformed itself into a temple. He was feized with joy and respect; but the impression of melancholy still made an alteration in his features. 'What is the matter, Alcestes?' said M. De Laval to him. ' I find you afflicted; and you lay hold of that moment to fly me. Do you think us some of those people who do not love forrowfut countenances, and who must always be accosted with a laugh? Whenyou are eafy and happy, keep at home; very well; but when you have any grief, come to me, either to pity or confole you.' Alcestes listened, and admired in filence. 'Yes,' faid he, ' I am Aruck with a thought which purfues and afflicts me: I would not, and I ought not, to conceal it from you. Heaven is my witness, that after having renounced the world, I regretted nothing when I knew you. Since, I perceive that I deliver myfelf up to the pleasure of your company; that my soul is attached to you by all the ties of efteem and friendship; and that when they must be broken, alas! perhaps for ever, this retreat, which I fliould have cherished, will be my grave. My refolution, therefore, is taken, not to wait till the charms of of fo fweet a connection render the folitude in which I am to live compleatly odious; and in revering you, in loving both the one and the other, as two beings by which Nature is to procure honour to herfelf, and of which the world is not worthy, I beg you to permit me to bid you an eternal farewel.' Then taking the viscount's hands, and kissing them respectfully, he watered them with his tears. will fee you no more, Sir,' added he, but I will hold you dearforever.'

Nonsense! said M. De Laval to him; and who hinders us to live together, if you like my acquaintance? You have taken an aversion to the world: a mere whim; but no matter. I know you have a good heart; and though our tempers may not be the same, I see nothing incompatible in them; and perhaps they resemble each other more than you imagine. Why, then, take a resolution which afflicts you, and which would afflict me? You think with forrow on the moment of our separation; it depends

only on yourself to follow us. Nothing more easy than to live at Paris, free, folitary, and detached from the world. My company is not tumultuous: it shall be yours; and I promife you, I will not force you to fea any but such as you shall esteem."-Your goodness penetrates me, faid Alcestes; and I know what I owe to fuch kindness. — Nothing in it, replied the viscount; 'fuch as you are, you suit me. I esteem you, I pity you; and if I deliver you up to your own melancholy, you are a loft man. That would be a pity; and the condition which you are in, permits me not to abandon you. In a month I quit the country; I have room for you; and whether under the title of friendship or gratitude, I infift on your accepting it.'- 'Ah!' faid Alcestes, 'that it were possible!'- 'Have you,' demanded the viscount, 'any obstacle?' If your fortune were out of order, I flatter myfelf that you are not the man to blush at confessing it.'- 'No.' faid Alcestes, 'I am richer than a single person has need to be. I have ten thoufand crowns a year, and owe nothing. But a more serious motive retains me here: you shall judge of it.'- ' Come and fup with us, then, and I will disperse all these clouds, if I can. You make a hydra, faid he to Al-cestes on the road, of the vice and wickedness you have feen in the world. Would you try, now, to what a small number this class of men, who terrify you, are reduced, make out a lift of them with me this evening; and I dety you to name a hundred persons whom you have a right to hate.'-O Heaven! I could name a thousand." We'll fee. Remember only to be juft, and to establish your complaints well.'- 'Nay, it is not on particular facts that I judge them, but by the gress of their manners. For example; it is pride which I condemn in some, meanness in others. I object to them, the abuse of riches, of credit, of authority, an exclusive love of themfelves, a cruel infensibility to the miffortunes and wants of others : and although these vices, in every stage of life, have not features sufficiently marked, formally to exclude a man from the number of honest people, they authorize me to banish him from

the number of those whom I esteem and love.'- From the instant that we talk in general,' faid the viscount, we declaim as much as we pleafe; but we render ourselves liable to be unjuft. Our esteem is a possession of which we are but the depositaries, and which appertains of right to him who deserves it : our contempt is a punishment, which it depends on us to inflict, but not according to our own caprice; and every one of us, in judg-ing of his fellow, owes him the examination which he would require, if it were himself were to be judged; for, in regard to manners, publick censure is a tribunal where we all fit, but to which we are also all cited. Now, who of us consents that we should be accused there on vague prefumptions, and to be condemned without proofs? Confult your own heart, and fee in yourfelf whether you duly observe the first of all laws."

Alcestes walked with his eyes cast down, and sighed deeply. 'You have in your mind,' said the viscount, 'some deep wound, which I do not probe.' I only combat your opinions; and it is, perhaps, to your sensations that I ought to apply the remedy.'

On these words, they arrive at the eastle of Laval; and, whether through penetration or delicacy. Ursula steals away, and leaves them together.

· Sir,' faid Alcestes to the viscount, I am now going to talk to you as to * a friend of twenty years: your good-· ness engages me, and my duty obliges me to it. It is but too true, that I "must renounce what formed the confolation and the charm of my life, the pleasure of feeing you, and living with you. Another man would makeuse of circumlocution, and blush " to break filence; but I fee nothing in " my misfortune which I ought to diffemble. I have not been able to fee with indifference, what Nature has formed the most accomplished in it's * kind: I confess it to Ursula's father; and I beseech him to forget it after I have taken my leave.'- How!' faid the viscount, 'is this the great secret?'
Very well, now we have it; you are
in love: is there any thing in that to make you unhappy? Ah! I would fain be so yet; and, far from being ashamed, I should glory in it. Come,

we must endeavour to please, to be very tender, very complaifant : we are fill amiableat your age; perhaps you will be beloved. Ah, Sir, you do not understand me. Pardon me; I believe I do. You are in love with " Urfula?'- 'Alas! yes, Sir.'- 'Vee ry well; who hinders you from trying, at least, if so good a heart will be touched with the feelings of yours?" What, Sir, do you authorize me!" Why not? Sure you think me very difficult! you have by inheritance a handsome fortune; and if my daughter consents, I do not see what can ' happen better.' Alcestes fell, in amaze, at the viscount's knees. 'Your goodness, Sir, overpowers me!' faid he; 'but it is of no service to me. Mademoiselle De Laval has declared to me, that a mifanthrope was her averfion; and this is the idea she has formed of my character.'- That does not fignify: you will change. " I cannot dissemble.'- You shall onot; you shall reconcile yourself to mankind in good earnest. You will onot be the first bear that has been f tamed by the women.

Supper being served up, they seated themselves at table; and never before was M. De Laval in fo sprightly an humour. ' Come, neighbour,' faid he, chear up: nothing fets us off like spi-crits. Alcestes, thus encouraged, took heart. He made the most touching eulogy on the intimate commerce of fouls, whom the relish of virtue, the love of truth, the fentiment of what is just and honest, unites. ' What an attraction,' faid he, 'have they for each other! With what effusion they communicate! What agreement, and what harmony they form in uniting! I find here but two that are like me; and they are a whole world to me. My foul is full; I could wish to be able to fix my existence in this delicious state, or that my life were a chain of incidents refembling this.'- 'I would lay a wager,' replied the viscount, that if Heaven were to take you at your word, you would be very forry not to have asked more.'- I confess it, and if I were worthy of forming yet one wish-' Did not I say so? Such is man. He has always some-what to wish for. We are but three; and yet there is not one of us who

does not wish for fomething—What fay you, daughter? For my part, I confess I ask of Heaven, with ardour, a husband whom you may love, and who may render you happy.'—' I ask also,' faid she, 'a husband, who may affish me in making you happy.'—' And you, Alcestes?'—' And I, if I durst, would ask to be that husband.'—' There are now three wishes,' faid M. De Laval, 'which might easily be made one.'

I have already given fome intimation, that Urfula had conceived for Alcestes an esteem and good-will: the trouble she had taken to soften his temper, proclaimed it; but it was only in this instant that she perceived how sensibly that disposition, which we must either love or

hate, had touched her.

" Hey!' faid her father, after a long filence, ' we are all three struck dumb! That Alcestes, at forty, should be confused at having made a declaration to a lady of eighteen, is natural enough; that Urfula should blush, look down, and observe a modest silence, is quite anatural too; but I, who am but a mere confident, why should I be grave? The scene is amusing.'- Sir,' faid Urfula, ' spare me, I beseech you. Alcestes gives me a mark of esteem, of which I am very sensible: and he would be angry that we should make a jest of it. Would you have me believe that he is in earnest?'- I am fure of it, and I am obliged to him. You do not think fo. Forty! A " man of his temper.'- His temper fhould estrange him from all forts of engagements, and he knows very well what I think of it.'- 'And his age!' - That is another thing; and I beg · you to forget age, when you chuse me a husband. - Ah, child, but you are fo young! - For that reason, I have " need of a husband who is not so.'-There is nothing, then, but this unfortunate mifanthropy, which you have to object to him; and I own that it is s incompatible with your temper.'-And more still with the plan which I have formed to myfelf.'- 'And what s is that plan?'- That of nature: to Iive happily with my husband; to facrifice my taste to him, if unlucke ily I have not his; to renounce all fociety, rather than deprive me of his, and not to take one step in

the world without his counsel and consent. Judge, therefore, of what concern it is to me, that his wisdom fhould have nothing favage in it, and that he should be pleased with that world in which I hope to live with him.'- Whoever he be, Mademoifelle,' replied Alceftes, 'I dare answer, that he will be pleafed wherever you are.'- 'My father,' continued Urfula, takes a pleasure in bringing together to his suppers a circle of genteel people, both of the city and court; I would wish my husband to be of all these suppers, I would have him in particular be agreeable. — Animated with the defire of pleafing you, he will certainly do his best. - I propose to myself to frequent the plays, the publick walks.'- 'Alas! these were my only pleasures; there are none more innocent.'- Balls, too, are my paf-fion. And I would have my hufband carry me there.'- In mask; nothing is more easy.'- In a mask, or without a mask, just as I like.'-Right: that is a matter of indifference, as long as one is there with one's wife.'- ' Nay, more, I would have him dance there.'- 'Very well, Mademoiselle, I will dance there,' said Alcestes with transport, throwing himfelf at her feet. 'Nay,' cried the vifcount, ' there is no relifting that; and ' fince he consents to dance at a ball, he will do impossibilities for you.'-My lord thinks me ridiculous, and he has reason, but I must compleat my being fo .- Yes, Mademoiselle, you fee at your feet, a friend, a lover, and fince you will have it so, a second father; a man, in short, who renounces life, if he is not to live for you.' Urfula enjoyed her triumph; but it was not the triumph of vanity. She restored to the world, and to himself, a virtuous man, an useful citizen, who but for her had been loft. Such was the conquest with which she was pleased; but her filence was her only confent. Her eyes, timidly cast on the ground, dared not raise themselves to those of Alcestes: one of her hands only was fuffered to drop into his, and the crimfon of her beautiful cheeks expressed the transport and emotion of her heart. ' Hey!' faid the father, 'you are motionless and dumb! What will you say to him?' - Whatever you please. - What I · please,

has been a happy evening, and I forebode well of a marriage, which is con-

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And the second section and the second section in the second section is the second section of the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the section is the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is the second section in the second section in the second section is section in the second section in the second section is section in the second section in the section is section in the section in the section in the section is section in the section in the section is section in the section in the section in the section is section in the section in the section is section in the section in the section in the section is

please, is to see him happy, provided the cluded as in the good old times.—
his power: he is virtuous, he reveres nued he; f be a man, and live with you, and you love him.—Let us mankind. It is the intention of Namembrace, then, my children. This ture. She has given faults to us all, that nobody may bedispensed with being indulgent to the faults of others.

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